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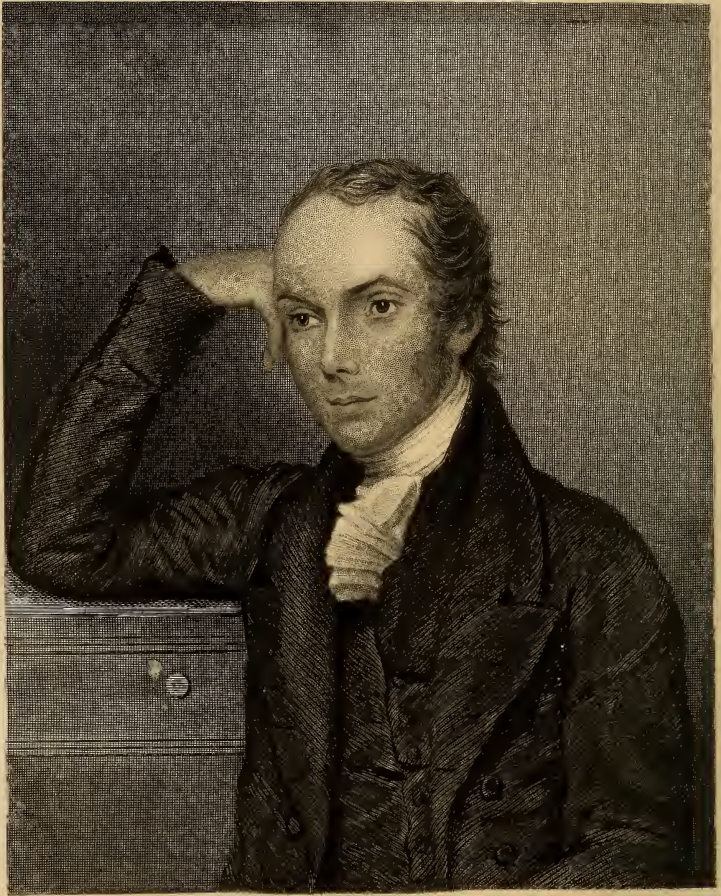
Yours very truly

W. D. P. P.

H. Alderman

Aug 20. 1792





Engraved by W. Finden.

Your truly
Wm. Temple

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS PRINGLE.



London
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET,
1837.



THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS PRINGLE.

WITH

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, BY LEITCH RITCHIE.



LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

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THIS Work is not published in the usual way, but entirely for the benefit of Mr. Pringle's Widow.

January 6, 1838.

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MEMOIRS
OF
THOMAS PRINGLE.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—His Ancestry, Birth, and Education—Lameness—Early Piety—Amusements—College Life and Attainments—Anecdote of his juvenile Chivalry—Entrance into the Register Office — Defence from the Charge of being an Author by Profession — His first Publication — Religious Studies — Hypochondria—Critical Attainments—Development of his Mind—Contributions to Albyn's Anthology and the Poetic Mirror—Projected Magazine — Retirement from the Register Office — Editorship of Blackwood's Magazine, the Star Newspaper, and Constable's Magazine—Marriage—Failure of his Literary Projects and return to the Register Office—Declension of his Pecuniary Resources—Resolution to try a New Country—Departure for Southern Africa at the head of a family band of Emigrants.

IT is usual to commence the life of an author with an apology for the want of events to interest or amuse. The history of such an individual, say the biographers, is the history of his mind, and its productions ; for, in

his personal career, it is rare to find a literary man travelling out of the beaten road of life. It is possible that I too might have this excuse for dulness, were Pringle's claims to distinction founded *only* on his literary genius; but, in reality, he did not covet so much the admiration as the gratitude of his fellows. He was never, at any period of his life, a mere author. Literature, with him, was inseparably connected with the practical amelioration of the human race—it was the armour he assumed in the great struggle of civilization. This was the case throughout his whole career, although more apparent to the public in the latter years of his life; when, owing to his double position as a literary man, and the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, he formed the connecting link between the press and the sacred cause of freedom—or, if I may use the expression in a restricted sense—between the moral and intellectual world.

In this point of view, it becomes a curious and interesting task to trace the history of such an individual; and I only regret that, owing to circumstances which do not at present appear susceptible of explanation, it should have fallen into my hands*. My intimacy,

* The circumstances are simply these. After Mr. Pringle's death, his widow, considering Mr. John Fairbairn to be, for many reasons,

however, with the subject of this memoir, although not extending through a period of many years, enabled me fully to appreciate his character; and I sit down to embody in these pages such information as I have been able to collect, and which would otherwise be dissipated and lost,—with the conviction on my mind, that I perform a task as acceptable to the chivalrous and high-minded, as it will be grateful to the feelings of the good and pure.

The ancestors of Thomas Pringle were Border farmers, and appear, for several generations back, to have been men of great respectability and private worth. His grandfather, William Pringle of Blaiklaw, was something

the most competent person to write her husband's memoirs, and also the individual most likely to regard the task in the light of a sacred duty, transmitted to him, to the Cape of Good Hope, all the materials she could collect, and more especially some papers of great value by the Rev. Robert Story. Now, I freely admit that Mr. Fairbairn, the champion of freedom and civilisation in that colony, may have had sufficient business on his hands to serve as a good excuse: but the singular thing is, that he never made any reply whatever to Mrs. Pringle's communication, nor to subsequent letters addressed to him on the subject by Mr. Allan Cunningham and Mr. Thomas Roscoe. He kept every thing he received, maintaining to this day a profound silence. On this conduct I do not venture any comment, being aware of the mistakes and misconceptions which so frequently arise from the mere circumstance of distance; but it was impossible to avoid adverting to an occurrence which has rendered my present task one of great difficulty to myself, and, I fear, of but little profit to the reader.

more than this. He was a genuine specimen of the Scottish farmer of the olden time, who, in our day, hardly exists, except in the pages of Sir Walter. He was himself the grandson of a William Pringle, who held the farm of Yair, probably, as it would appear, on a feudal tenure as a kinsman of the laird of Whytbank, and lived in an old tower, or peel, at the foot of the Craig-hill of Yair, on Tweedside.

In the fourth generation, the ancestral rudeness and severity of temper, had subsided into the calm, steady respectability of character which distinguished a class of men who have been long the boast of Scotland ; and the father of Thomas Pringle possessed all the strength of mind of one parent, tempered by all the true piety and human-kindliness of the other.

Thomas himself was born at Blaiklaw, otherwise called Easterstead, on the 5th of January, 1789.—“ I was the third child,” says he, in an epistolary fragment found among his papers, “ of a family of four sons and three daughters, which my father had by his first marriage. It is said that I was a remarkably healthy infant ; but when I was only a few months old, I met with an accident in the nurse’s arms, by which my right limb was dislocated at the hip-joint. The nurse, unfortunately, concealed the incident at the time ; and,

though it was speedily discovered that something was wrong with the limb, and I was carried to Kelso for medical advice, the nature of the injury was not ascertained until a very considerable period had elapsed, and it was no longer practicable to reduce the dislocation. I was thus rendered lame for life.

“ My early reminiscences reach back to a period when I must have been about three years old, or little more. I remember of being carried to Kelso when about that age, and being tormented by doctors examining my limb, and making me wear a red morocco boot, with steel bandages to keep it in some prescribed position. These appliances were of no advantage, and were, ere long, superseded by a pair of crutches. The latter I soon learned to use with such ease and adroitness, that, during my boyhood and youth, (when I generally enjoyed robust health,) I felt but little incommoded by my lameness. Nanny Potts, the old nurse in whose hands the accident had happened to me, never forgave herself for being the unintentional cause of my misfortune, and to make amends, indulged me, so far as she could, in every caprice. I consequently ruled her with despotic sway, and soon became sufficiently wayward and headstrong to require strict discipline on the part of my parents to prevent me from being quite spoiled.

“When I was about five years of age, I accompanied my two eldest brothers, William and John, daily to school. We rode, all three, on one stout galloway, the foremost guiding our steed, and the other two holding fast each by the jacket of the one before him. We carried our noon-tide meal, consisting usually of a barley bannock and a bottle of milk, in a wallet; and my crutches were slung, one on each side, to the pommel of the long padded saddle (called *sodds*) on which we sat. The road——.”

The dislocation of his limb will be noted as an important link in the chain of his history. With great buoyancy of spirits, and a strong predilection for all the manly sports, it is not improbable that, in the rustic seclusion of Blaiklaw, the physical might have carried it over the moral creature, or at least divided the sway. As it was, the useless limb, which he was destined to drag laboriously about for the rest of his life, served as a check and a memento; and must often, even when his youthful glee was at its highest, have sent his thoughts back to himself. His wildness of spirit was thus early chastened, and, without losing his relish for the toilsome pleasures of his age, he grew up a cheerful and yet meditative boy. This was his only personal defect, and even this was, in a great degree, overmastered by the spirit within.

When wandering with him, in later years, among the gentle hills of Highgate, I rarely remembered that my buoyant-minded friend was on crutches; and the fact of his lameness was as little observable when scouring the deserts of South Africa, to rouse the wild elephant from his lair.

His piety when a child was somewhat remarkable, as it appears to have existed as something altogether extraneous from the outward forms and observances that are usually inculcated by religious parents. His old nurse relates, that when she returned to the house, after an absence on business, she frequently found the boy on his knees, engaged in fervent prayer; and yet at the same time she accuses him of having been "not half so keen of *divinity* on a Sunday, as of history on a week day." The good woman, it is true, was accustomed to inflict what she called *divinity* as a punishment, which may account for the little relish he had for it; but the extraordinary thing is, that the child was able to separate so completely the idea of religion from that of the books which inculcate it.

At six years of age he lost his excellent mother, who was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Haitlie, a Berwickshire farmer; and to the memory of this revered parent, although so early removed, he seems to have clung

with extraordinary fondness. "His filial veneration seemed, indeed," says an intimate and early friend, "to increase with his distance from the time of his bereavement." So late as 1812, he thus expresses himself in one of his letters --- "I recollect her distinctly, and particularly all the circumstances connected with the last days of her life. How could I ever forget the last kind and solemn words, the farewell smile, the parting embrace of my mother—of such a mother !"

" And, when that gentlest human friend
 No more her anxious eye could bend
 On me, by young affliction prest
 More close to her maternal breast,
 I deem'd she still beheld afar
 My sorrows from some peaceful star ;
 In slumber heard her faintly speak,
 And felt her kiss upon my cheek*."

His earliest and favourite amusements were gardening, fishing, and working with mechanical tools. In the last-mentioned employment he exhibited considerable dexterity; and the same natural turn which enabled him to construct a fishing-rod out of a crutch, found exercise, in after years, in supplying his lonely African hut with at least substitutes for the conveni-

* Autumnal Excursion.

ences of civilised life. Books, however, were his grand resource—fairy tales, ghost stories, narratives of adventure and vicissitude, but especially of battles. “O that I had a book full of battles!” cried he; and his old nurse, delighted that she could gratify the taste of her darling, and at the same time insinuate “divinity,” hastened to put into his hands Bunyan’s “Holy War.”

In his fourteenth year he was sent to the grammar-school of Kelso, to learn the rudiments of Latin; and three years after he went to Edinburgh, to complete his studies at the university. Thither he was accompanied by Robert Story, a boy about his own age, now the Rev. Robert Story, minister of Roseneath, on the Clyde. The two lads lodged in the same room, where for a long time, amidst the novelties of a capital, they still continued to “remember their Creator in the days of their youth.” They performed religious service regularly, as they had been accustomed to see it done at home, taking the duty alternately. The sabbath they kept holy, as they had been taught to do; avoiding so much as opening a book on that day which was not of a directly religious character. Pringle greatly admired Dr. M’Crie, and usually attended public worship at his meeting-house.

“Among the remembrances of the first evening we

spent together," says his friend, "it may deserve notice, that, on comparing our attainments in literature, he mentioned with peculiar delight, Park's 'Travels' and Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope;' quoting that fine passage in the latter which ends with the line,

' And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuzko fell.'

It must have seemed very unlikely, at that time, that a young man suffering from incurable lameness should become a traveller; but the congenial enthusiasm which the adventures of the African traveller awakened in his mind, peculiarly fitted him for assisting in laying the foundations of a new colony in the wilds of Southern Africa; while, in his admiration of Campbell's verse, may be traced the germinating love of freedom and abhorrence of oppression, which became the ruling passion and determining motive of his future life."

"My first impressions of his mind and heart," continues this same friend, "were deepened by every opportunity I had during a long friendship and confidential intercourse with him. His warmth of affection, his ingenuousness, and his integrity, were, at the very commencement of our fellowship, as truly revealed to me in his sayings and doings, as if I had known him for years. There was such a reality in the beautiful *morale* of his nature, that conveyed to you at once the

impression of his being worthy of confidence and love. When at college, he was of studious habits, and attended diligently to the duties of his different classes; and although he did not make a brilliant figure, his appearance was altogether respectable, when examined by the Professor. He did not, however, although studious, extend as he might have done, his classical knowledge. His readings during the hours not engaged in the preparation of the lessons of the day, consisted chiefly in the belles-lettres of his mother tongue. He was much more conversant with English poetry and criticism at the time, than students of his standing generally were; and he had not been many months in town (Edinburgh), before he assisted in organising a small weekly club, where his general attainments were available, either in himself producing, or in criticising, an essay in prose or in verse, written by the members in turn. His habits were exceedingly correct, as his thoughts and feelings were most pure; while, amid the trials of an academic life, his devotional bias lost little of its power. During the whole session, alternately with his companion, he conducted worship in his apartment, after the fashion of devout Scottish families; thus reverently observing the practice of his fathers. On Sundays, he generally attended public

worship in the meeting-house of Dr. M'Crie, the well-known biographer of Knox and Melvil. The session closed, he returned, with an increased admiration and love, to the scene of his nativity. I never knew any one who had a more intense delight in looking at nature. He seemed to find a life and loveliness in every thing,—to have a capacity of sympathy with all the varieties of beauty and grandeur. Although lame, he had a passion for ascending hills. The top of Hounam-law was to him especially consecrated ground, from which he could command such prospects of the traditionary country, of the legends of which he was now acquiring rapidly the knowledge. He reluctantly left the country for the succeeding term, during which his habits were but little changed. To the country again returning, he made many a pilgrimage to classical spots in Teviot Dale. One of these, to St. Mary's Loch, in which I accompanied him, formed the subject of a poem afterwards published in the Poetic Mirror, under the title of 'The Autumnal Excursion.' ”

To this picture of his habits I may add, that he made numerous acquaintances, and more than the common number of friends; for his bland yet sprightly manners, and his kindliness of disposition, rendered

more striking by the haughty scorn he evinced of every thing mean or base, attracted at once respect and affection wherever he went.

One little instance of his hatred of oppression may be given; and the rather that it serves to distinguish the generous, yet passive and somewhat sulky, feeling, which is so common, from the active will and determination which was the peculiar character of his mind. When the "Family Legend" was about to be produced upon the Edinburgh stage, a report arose—and, though evidently without foundation, was believed—that the Edinburgh Reviewers and their numerous disciples had resolved, in order to vindicate the critical opinions of that celebrated work, to assemble in the theatre on the fateful night, and damn the play. Here was scope for the chivalry of Pringle. The drama, as an acting piece, was prejudged—its author was a woman. Others, more especially they who were forced to drag themselves through the business of life on crutches, may have been loud in their indignation: but our friend was active in his. Before the time came, he had organised a body of forty or fifty young men, armed with clubs, who, as soon as the doors were opened, rushed into the house, and took possession of the centre of the pit. Every murmur of disapprobation was drowned by a simulta-

neous shout from this formidable corps; and amidst their cheering, clapping, and ruffing, the sound of their leader's heavy crutches was heard as distinctly as the knocks of Addison's trunk-maker. To this circumstance was owing, in all probability, the fortunate career of a drama by no means worthy of the genius of Joanna Baillie.

It is stated in the Quarterly Review, that Pringle became a parochial schoolmaster, and afterwards devoted himself to literature as a profession. This is altogether a mistake. He never was a parochial schoolmaster, and never gave up a certainty for the uncertainties of literature. He had the usual difficulties in choosing a walk in life, and, owing to his lameness, more than the usual difficulties. He hesitated for some time between law and medicine; but, feeling a natural repugnancy at the idea of giving himself up to a study in which he felt no peculiar interest, but yet which must thenceforth become his fate through life, he came to no decision. It was necessary, however, to do something; and at length, when an opportunity presented itself, he entered, as a clerk, into the service of his Majesty's Commissioners on the Public Records of Scotland.

This is stated, even by his friend Mr. Story, to have been "the great practical error of his life—the rejec-

tion of the claims of each profession, and a too great confidence in the profitableness of literary employment of some kind or other." The employment he undertook, however,—that of copying the old records,—was rather mechanical than literary, and it was remunerated by a regular salary ; while the Register Office seemed to present a fair enough prospect to one who would climb gradually into competence, and even distinction. He looked to literature as a means of eking out a salary necessarily small at the beginning ; and, if he afterwards came to depend entirely upon this secondary means, it was only for a very brief space, and under the temptation of circumstances which seemed to render it the most prudent step he could take.

I am the more disposed to defend him from the charge of having chosen literature for a profession, as I conceive that such an imprudence would have been inconsistent with the usual correctness of his judgment. Pringle was never the victim of a truant and wandering disposition. His sufferings afterwards were for the sake of principle, and were submitted to from deliberate reflection, and not as the consequence of want of forethought. I have a very good right to express my opinion on this subject ; and I can say, that the choice of literature as a profession, although in a few cases it may

be the result of inevitable circumstances, arises nearly always either from disinclination to steady labour, or from sheer want of sense. If from the former of these two causes, the same idle habits are manifested even in literature itself; if from the latter, the same deficiency of judgment may be clearly traced throughout the entire history of the individual. A man is not idle because he is a literary man, but he is a literary man because he is idly inclined. He is not imprudent in the common occurrences of life because he is an author; but he is an author, because he is without prudence to direct his actions. As for the gentleman-like independence with which the literary profession is invested by the imagination of lazy, thoughtless lads, this is a dream that authors very soon learn to smile at—if so bitter an affection of the muscles can be called a smile. An author is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a mere huckster, and haggles with the purchasers of his small wares like a shopkeeper. He degrades literature by his meanness in selling his very mind for money, and endeavours to persuade himself that it is literature which degrades him. If there be those who retain some respect for themselves and their calling, they are the most unhappy of the tribe. Their reputation may be widely spread, their name may be associated where-

ever it is heard with ideas of moral beauty, or intellectual power; but they are worse remunerated than the very scavengers of the press. They stalk through society with a lofty brow, and unblanching cheek, admired or envied by the unthinking; and in a few years sink and pass away—one dares not inquire whither.

“His employment,” continues his friend, the Rev. Mr. Story, “unless when it occasionally gratified his antiquarian taste, was most repugnant to the natural bias of his mind, and altogether alien from those studies and mental exercises in which he especially delighted. He had, however, an ardent and enthusiastic temperament; and although often bodily exhaustion, after the daily labour of transcription, seemed to incapacitate him for every literary pursuit and enjoyment, he would, after a little interval of repose, with all the freshness of early morn, commence his reading or writing in prose or verse; and it was astonishing how the fruit would, from time to time, appear, in the various knowledge and information he would cast into the circulation of every literary party.

“The character of his daily occupation for several years,—his passionate love of nature and rural scenery, which he could but seldom gratify,—the dreamy tend-

ency of his fancy—the wanderings of his soul amid happier combinations of things,—may account for those feelings of a sombre description, to which, during this period, he was occasionally subject. The entire uncertainty of his future prospects,—the difficulty of fixing on any plan of life, from his unprofessional *status*,—the perils of a merely literary life,—the difficulties under which others were labouring, in whom he took a deep interest,—all conspired to render more frequent the attacks of depression alluded to. Notwithstanding all this, his private letters at this period are never without tokens of great buoyancy of spirit; and, after melancholy details, some lively stroke of wit or playful humour would at once originate an entirely different train of emotions.”

In 1811, Pringle and a friend published a poem—I presume a satirical one—called the “Institute,” which obtained for them more “empty praise” than “solid pudding.” “There’s for you now!” he writes, after retailing some of the encomiums he had heard, “but alas! ‘pecunia quærenda primum laus post nummos;’ I now long to see the solid pudding, for printers will not be paid with praise alone. But surely, my good fellow, there is some stuff in both our craniums capable of being beaten into something of higher temper and polish than the ‘Institute!’”

I am not well qualified to be the historian of what is called “religious experience;” but the details which I have gleaned here and there from Pringle’s letters are not only exceedingly interesting, but must be gratifying and consolatory in a high degree to that numerous class of persons who suspect Christianity to be a dream, merely because they will not take the trouble of *learning to believe*. His devotion, when a child and a boy, was, if I may be allowed to say so, a prejudice instilled into his mind by his parents; but when in riper years the intellectual world opened to his eyes, he was not satisfied with this inherited faith, but set himself boldly and earnestly to the task of inquiring into the basis on which it rested. In this he was joined by three other young men; two of them somewhat inclined to infidelity, and the other, his friend Story, a firm believer. What Pringle’s inclinations were, will be gathered from the extract of a letter to Mr. Story.

“But I must tell you our plan of conducting this momentous investigation. We three have agreed to meet every Sunday evening, if possible—calmly and candidly to canvass the subject, and compare the results of our studies and meditations. Our reflections on the different heads are to be written down, considered, and commented upon by each, and then transmitted to

you. It may readily strike you from this view, that I stand upon a very disadvantageous footing in the discussion; the prejudices (shall I call them so?) of our two friends being at present fully as much against Revelation as mine are in its favour, while they both possess deep-thinking, metaphysical heads, the very opposite of mine. Be mindful, therefore, my dear Story, how much depends upon you; and let no feeble, no sophistical arguments weigh against us, nor fancy nor affection induce us to waver. Aware as I am of the peculiar disadvantages under which I enter the lists, I have resolved to repair the defects of my armour as speedily and securely as possible, and to guard with double vigilance against every open or insidious assault of the enemy. But why should I employ such an invidious metaphor? While truth continues the only object of our research, error is equally the foe of all, and it is the duty of each of us to try to detect the fallacy of his own arguments, as well as of those of his opponents."—*Oct. 28, 1811.*

At this period he seems to have clung to religious hope, with almost a convulsive grasp. Subject to dyspepsia, his constitutional enemy—harassed by incessant labour, which swallowed up his time—

“ His high views abandoned, his good deeds undone,
Aweary of all that was under the sun,”

his soul either indulged fondly, in the silent watches of the night, in anticipation of its future destiny, or his thoughts turned back for consolation to the vanished years of his boyhood—the earthly heaven of the disappointed and unhappy. A love of external nature was in him not a taste, but a passion; and hence in such moments of depression—when sometimes even the Eternal Gates seemed shut against him—the remembered voice of his native stream came back with a soothing sound upon his ear, and the hills, and dells, and woods, and waters of his beautiful and romantic country, ranging themselves round his pillow, formed a circle into which the Tempter durst not enter.

By this time his serious studies appear to have been nearly over, an earlier date being affixed to the tickets of lectures which he attended—on chemistry, logic, and metaphysics, Scottish law, anatomy and surgery, &c.; but still, amidst all his official labours, he found time enough to keep a watchful eye upon the progress of English literature. His account, given to a friend, of the *début* of a “Mr. Wilson, a new recruit of the Lake bards,” an individual destined one day to have not a little effect in turning the stream of his own history—is curious from its unconsciousness.

“I do not know,” says he, “how to give you any

idea of his poetry. It seems to be a kind of tissue of beautiful thoughts, and fine images, drawn out to great length—a sort of fairy picturing, such as you have sometimes imagined in a dream of midsummer night, or viewed in the clouds of evening—a fantastic net-work formed of the threads of gossamer, ‘beams of moonlight,’ and ‘atoms of the rainbow fluttering round’—worked up withal, however, with so much of fine fancy and fine feeling, as could not fail to make him a general favourite, if he had somewhat more of forcible thinking, and condensed expression.” This criticism was good at the time; but the victims who have writhed under the later pen of Mr. Wilson, will not accuse him of wanting either will or power.

In the course of the highly interesting correspondence from which these extracts are taken, I can trace distinctly the development of his mind, and the ripening of those energies for which he was destined to have so much occasion in after life. Both friends, it appears, were subject to the fits of morbid melancholy familiar to most young men of genius; and, in the earlier part of the series of letters, Pringle’s complaints, although too well founded in that species of physical disease which re-acts so strangely and alarmingly on the mind, may be read without interest. Now, however, he acts as the

monitor of his comrade ; bringing forward, in his behalf, the lessons drawn from his own dark experience, describing, with a master hand, the phenomena of the disease, and pointing out the remedy. The picture he gives of this harassing malady, which *taboos* the patient from all those social feelings which were before the atmosphere of his soul, and makes him, amidst the universal harmonies of nature, “a jarring and a dissonant thing,” is admirable, both in its fancy and fidelity, but too long for insertion here. Whatever progress he may have made in his intellectual being, his every-day life now passed on, for a considerable space, absorbed in the monotonous duties of the Register Office.

In 1816, I find him a contributor to “Albyn’s Anthology,” and the author of a piece in the “Poetic Mirror,” which was much praised by Scott, and which was the origin of his acquaintance with that great and good man. The nucleus of the article was a short descriptive poem, which he had addressed six years before to his friend Story ; and it was now to appear as an imitation of the strains of the Wizard of the North :—the said wizard, however, (in whose hands it was placed for revision) declaring, that he wished the original notes had always been as fine as their echo. The poem, in this form, was published as “An Epistle to R. S.,”

which the Quarterly Review interpreted as an epistle to Robert Southey.

During this and the preceding year, Pringle had been busy with a project which was to bring before the public a rival to the superannuated "Scot's Magazine;" and he had already engaged as contributors to the new periodical some of the most distinguished literati of Edinburgh. His object, as declared in his confidential letters, was simply to endeavour to eke out a scanty salary with the profits arising from the speculation; and he had no idea at this time of ever depending entirely upon literature for subsistence. When the scheme, however, became more matured; when a publisher was found; and when the fate of the work appeared to be placed beyond doubt by the talents and respectability of the contributors, a change took place in his views. His salary at the Register Office being small, and his situation of a nature which admitted of its being resumed at pleasure, he did not hesitate to relinquish the certain advantages he possessed, at least for a space of time long enough to give his new plan a trial; and, when fairly released from the trammels of business, he plunged into the severer labours of literature with his customary enthusiasm.

Early in the following year, 1817, the "Edinburgh

Monthly Magazine" appeared, in which Pringle's most important contribution was an article on the Gipsies, the materials for which were chiefly furnished by Scott. This kindness on the part of the Minstrel (then the Great Unknown) was the more remarkable, as he had intended, before hearing of Pringle's undertaking, to make use of the papers for an article of his own in the Quarterly Review. It may be conceived that our friend was gratified in no common degree; particularly, as he remarks, "since Scott's kindness and attention throughout were spontaneously conferred, without any solicitation on my part." In the same number were papers by Mr. Lockhart, "*a young advocate*," Mr. Wilson, Mr. Neil, Mr. Cleghorn, the Rev. T. Wright, Dr. Brewster, James Hogg, and others.

About the same time, he undertook the editorship of the "Edinburgh Star" newspaper, for which, besides having the responsibility of providing the whole materials, and superintending the necessary arrangements, he wrote the leading article twice a week. This drudgery, together with that of the magazine, reduced him to what he calls "a lamentable state of slavery,"—which was nothing lightened by a second magazine being soon upon his hands. The former periodical, falling into the hands of new proprietors, became "Black-

wood's Magazine;" the latter was "Constable's," of which he undertook the joint editorship.

It is not my purpose to go into the details of his dispute with Blackwood, which speedily led to a separation, and which drew upon him the enmity, or at least the abuse, of some of his former coadjutors. To revive such passages now would do no good, more especially since I cannot discover in his correspondence, even with his most confidential friends, the slightest token of animosity. The fact, I believe, is, that Pringle, who looked upon literature as something too high and holy to be mingled with the grossness of party politics, incautiously linked himself, at first, with men whose literary talents, although in some instances higher than his own, were subservient to their party passions. A connexion like this could not possibly be permanent; and the early separation which took place must have been advantageous to both parties.

"I am in a very strange and curious state," he writes, at this epoch, "but I cannot explain it except in generalities. I am supposed to be prosperous and getting forward in the world, and yet I am one of the poorest men I know. I have no regularity of hours, and am often out all night, and yet I am perfectly sober, and given to no dissipation. I am well known

to half the people in Edinburgh, and might spend all my time in pleasant company if I chose, and yet have not a friend in it—at least a *male* friend. I am the editor of two magazines which are direct rivals. I am supposed to be a bachelor, and to live in an attic four stories high, with a cat on my mantel-piece, and yet I have a house with a street door, and though not a wife in it, one ready to take there as soon as I am able.”

The explanation of this enigma is, that Pringle had prepared for his marriage some months before, and on the 19th of July, when his affairs were, to all appearance, in a flourishing state, was married to Margaret, daughter of Mr. William Brown, an East Lothian farmer of great respectability. Then came the magazine feud, which turned his prospects topsyturvy, and rendered it imprudent, had it been possible, to commence publicly his married life; and then came the calls for an additional income at the very moment when a diminution took place. Far from being startled, however, by the new difficulties of his situation, Pringle turned a dauntless look from his own fire-side upon the lowering clouds of the future, and thanked his God for the gift of a faithful friend, and devoted wife.

“I have now a prospect,” writes he, “of more sedate and substantial happiness than I have ever previously enjoyed, if Providence grant us ‘health, competence, and peace.’ As to the first, I am happy to say, that I am in better health at present than I have enjoyed for many years; the second depends upon the success of our magazine, which at present is going on very prosperously; the third I can confidently count upon at my own fireside, whatever may occur elsewhere. As to the other matters, I am perfectly aware that many people will say that I have taken a very inconsiderate and imprudent step; but even you, who know me too well to think I should be much influenced by mercenary motives, are too slightly and superficially acquainted with Margaret, to estimate the qualities which compensate to me a hundred-fold the want of fortune.”

Soon after this he published the “Autumnal Excursion, and other Poems,” and still came the empty praise, with as little as ever of the solid pudding. He then relinquished the unprofitable editorship of the *Star* newspaper; and then—after this period of glorious hopes, and lofty yearnings, of gallant struggles—our history finds him once more, in January, 1819, on his accustomed seat in the Register Office.

No longer a youth of nineteen, as when he commenced his laborious duties under the Record Commissioners, but a man of the mature age of thirty; no longer a solitary individual, hanging loose upon society, and possessing the elastic power of adapting his expenses to his income, but the head of a family, holding a fixed rank in the circles of the town—he now found it impossible to live upon earnings so small, however certain.

“It is sufficient to say,” writes he to a friend, “that my present occupation is inadequate to the support of my family in the most moderate way I can devise; I see little or no prospect of materially improving my circumstances in this country; and I have already incumbrances on my shoulders which threaten every day to become heavier, and at last to overwhelm me in hopeless debt. Now this is a state of life the most intolerable that can well be imagined, and which one must experience fully to estimate. It paralyses the very blood and heart of man; and I cannot and will not endure it, while a prospect remains of extricating myself by any exertion, or sacrifice, that can be made with honour and a good conscience.”

The other members of his father's house were at this moment suffering, in like manner, the vicissitudes of

life; and it is no wonder that the thoughts of a man like Pringle, while meditating an escape for himself from so harassing a situation, should have been busy, at the same time, with the fate of those who were so dear to him. A plan at length suggested itself, which, as regarded himself, his fancy painted *couleur de rose*, and which was irresistibly tempting, from the means it offered of re-uniting in one society the scattered members of the family. This was emigration. Southern Africa was fixed upon as their new country; application made, through Scott, to Lord Melville for a grant of land for his father and brother; and, with a promptitude which characterised all his operations, the affair was brought to a conclusion, and the party prepared to cross the ocean in search of that competence and independence which adverse circumstances had denied to them at home.

“It may be proper here to notice, that I had two distinct objects in view in emigrating to the Cape. One of these was to collect again into one social circle, and establish in rural independence, my father’s family, which untoward circumstances had broken up and begun to scatter over the world. To accomplish this, emigration to a new colony was indispensable. My father had been a respectable Roxburghshire farmer;

and all his sons (five in number) had been bred to the same profession except myself. The change of times, however, and the loss of capital, had completely overclouded their prospects in our native country; and, therefore, when the Government scheme of colonizing the unoccupied territory at the Cape was promulgated, I called their attention to that colony, and offered to accompany them, should they determine to proceed thither as settlers. After maturely weighing the advantages of the Cape, as compared with other British colonies, they made their election, and empowered me to apply on their behalf to the Colonial Department*. As it was required by the Government plan that every party should comprise at least ten adult males, one family related to my wife, and two or three other respectable individuals, were associated with us. And thus our little band of twenty-four souls was made up; consisting of twelve men including three farm servants, six women and six children.

“My personal views were different from those of my relatives. I had received a collegiate education; and had been employed for about a dozen years in the ser-

* “One of my brothers had previously emigrated to the United States and settled there. Another brother did not get his affairs arranged in time to accompany the party, but followed us out in 1822.”

vice of his Majesty's Commissioners on the Ancient Records of the Kingdom, in the office of my esteemed friend Mr. Thomson, Deputy Clerk-Register of Scotland. I had also been recently engaged to a certain extent in literary concerns; having been one of the original projectors and editors of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (then a *liberal*, though not a *party* journal); and afterwards of Constable's Magazine. My connexion with these journals, however, had been rather prejudicial than otherwise to my views in life, and had given me, moreover, a decided aversion to literature, or at least to periodical literature, as a profession. Under these circumstances, I determined to embark my own fortunes with those of my relatives in the Government scheme of South African colonization. But as neither my pecuniary circumstances nor my previous habits rendered it advisable for me to locate myself as an agricultural settler, I trusted to obtain, through the recommendation of powerful friends, some appointment suitable to my qualifications in the civil service of the colony, and probably in the newly settled district."

Here ends the first epoch of his history. Invested with the direction of the little band of emigrants, he proceeded to London to make the necessary arrange-

ments; and in February, 1820, they set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. A song written by him, in his pilgrim-character, is now admitted into the selections of popular poetry, and more especially into those designed for youth:—

“ Our native land—our native vale—
A long—a last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot’s mountains blue !”

CHAPTER II.

State of the Cape at the Period of his Arrival—Process of Colonization—Massacres of the English—Lord Charles Somerset—Arrival—Description of the Coast—Bethelsdorp—Journey to the Caffre Frontiers—His Employments in the Location—Teaches and protects the Coloured Men—State of the Settlement in July, 1822—Journey to Cape Town—Picture of an English Colonial Dungeon, with its Inmates—Arrival and Prospects—He takes charge of the Public Library—Attempt to establish a Literary Journal—Exposure of the Misrepresentations of the Quarterly Review—Arrival of the Commissioners of Inquiry—Newspaper and Magazine commenced—And crushed by the Governor—Singular Scene between a Great and a Little Man—Literary Society founded and crushed—His Academy destroyed and himself ruined—His Services to the Colony—Return to England.

THE Cape of Good Hope, at this period, was in a state which most colonies have had to pass through at one time or other. All civilised nations have possessed themselves of the country of uncivilised nations, in pretty nearly the same manner. Wherever Christian foot has been planted on barbarous ground, there have been blood, and burning, and terror, and despair. To extend the moral, as well as physical dominion of the

parent country, was never dreamed of. To introduce her language and her arts into new regions; to bring the wanderers of the desert into her towns and temples; to barter for territory the inestimable blessings of education; to turn the howling wilderness into a garden, and lure its savage inhabitants into the social pale, these were projects too mighty, and too noble, to enter into the thick skull, and turbid brain, of a conqueror. To win the land from its naked and almost unarmed masters by the treachery of a coward, or the violence of a ruffian, and to inspire these far Gentile nations with a hatred and horror of the very name of Christ—such has been the usual process of colonization. Its results have been in many cases the extirpation of the natives, either by the sword or the distilled poisons of civilised man; and the substitution in their stead of a European race almost as ignorant and barbarous, loaded with the execrations of the just, and withering under the curse of the Almighty.

But, in such colonies as the Cape, where, from the vast extent of the country, and the number and force of the inhabitants, extirpation *cannot* take place, these consequences go a little further, or at least continue a little longer. A territorial line is drawn round the conquests of the white man, and the coloured men are

forced, or swindled, into an acknowledgment of its authority. But this conventional line has the miraculous property of extending itself gradually as the power and number of the settlers increase; and hence many "untoward events" arise. The natives, finding themselves elbowed further and further into the desert by this enchanted boundary, turn round in fury; and the colonists, surprised and indignant, *defend* themselves from their unjustifiable attacks. From land, they come to quarrel about other kinds of property. They steal one another's cattle, and one another's wives and children. The coloured men, being turned out of their haunts, and chased away to the wilderness like wild beasts, acquire the habits of wild beasts. They spring upon the whites when they are able, or come down at night in wolfish packs upon their huts or villages; and the whites, on their part, hunt their coloured brethren with dogs and guns, and shoot them down like game. No further back, for instance, than November, 1829, an expedition returning unsuccessful in their search after a horde of Bushmen, near the Sack river, at the Cape, wreaked their ire upon a friendly tribe, of whom they shot seven individuals; and soon after, observing a Bushwoman lying asleep beside the path, their magnanimous captain fired at and killed her. "And the

party rode on, without considering the matter worthy even of a passing remark.”*

In this state of affairs, it may be conceived that the whites cast an anxious eye sometimes far beyond the ideal boundary. At the Cape, two dispossessed tribes of north-eastern Caffres, vanquished in their own savage wars, appeared for a moment within thirty or forty miles of the English frontier ; but, turning away, established themselves on the solitary banks of the Umtata river, two hundred and fifty miles distant, where they built their huts and located their families. To this secluded spot, surrounded by deserts, they—the wandering Caffres, who had probably never seen a European face—were followed by BRITISH TROOPS, and *extirpated*; butchered in cold blood, without resistance it is said, and to the number of twenty thousand souls!† But this, the reader will say, is a story of the olden time ; of that iron age in which ignorance and barbarity prevailed to such an extent, that scarcely even a chronicle was produced to record the acted horrors of the period. He is mistaken. The white infant who was born on that day

* Pringle’s Narrative of a Residence in South Africa ; new edition, Moxon, 1835, p. 243.

† Pringle’s Narrative, p. 232 ; Bannister’s Humane Policy, p. 150 ; Kay’s Researches, p. 328.

has scarcely yet learned to read his Bible, and say his prayers at his mother's knee before going to bed. The massacre took place in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

All this will be read by some persons with surprise, perhaps incredulity. "This is the nineteenth century," they will say; "we are a civilised people; and at the period alluded to, the Cape was governed by an English gentleman who, no doubt, resolved to practise in the colony the principles of English government. Do you mean to affirm that the authorities permitted, or sanctioned—or would not have punished, with hundreds of capital executions—an atrocity at once so horrible and so impolitic?" The answer is, that the English gentleman selected to fill an office of such awful responsibility, happens usually—although of course there are exceptions—to be just the most incompetent person who could be discovered by a diligent search among the whole mass of the nation. The idea of a man being chosen, with reference to the united qualities he may possess of head and heart, to govern a *minor colony*, would send a universal cachinnation through any civilised cabinet in Europe. The choice falls upon somebody, or the son of somebody, who is a relation, or dependant, or supporter, of the minister for the time

being ; and as for his principles, if he have any at all, they are his own affair.

It would be absurd to say that all such men, or a majority of such men, have less talent and virtue than the average of English gentlemen ; but it would be equally absurd to say they have more. On arriving at their government, they find themselves in a situation, in which statesman-like qualities of the very highest order are absolutely necessary ; and having no such qualities, they try to get on as easily as they can without them. They find themselves in the hands of experienced officials, who should know better than they, and they remain there. Their business is to secure the colony from the *aggressions* of the natives, and to extend the boundary line as far as possible ; and how can this be done more readily than by cutting the throats of the aggressors, and confiscating their lands and property ?

At the time of Pringle's arrival at the Cape, the administration was in the hands of Lord Charles Somerset, a minor governor in every sense of the word. Even before this period some progress had been made by the *mind* of the colony, and some amelioration had taken place in the condition of the natives. What was wanted was free discussion, the public collision of

thought, the interchange of opinion; and this was precisely what Lord Charles was determined not to grant. He held the opinions which formerly distinguished an extreme political party; or rather he carried their opinions to a pitch of extravagance, which, in a man not invested with power to carry them into practice, would have been simply ridiculous. To question the policy of a government, to doubt the infallibility of a governor, were with him nothing less than treason. Literature was all very well in so far as it supported the existing state of things; but if it presumed to inquire into that state, or to suggest any amendment, it was an engine of the devil, which should be crushed under foot. Books, indeed, he did not object to, for he did not read them; men might peruse the lessons of history, if they liked; but to apply these lessons was the sin of sins, which could not be forgiven. The Government Gazette, therefore, was—the government gazette; but of all other sorts of periodicals, addressing themselves to men's business and bosoms, he entertained the deepest horror. This, however, is rather anticipating the course of our memoir; but I wish to give the reader some idea of the state of the colony chosen for his abiding-place by the zealous, high-minded, pure-hearted, devout

lover of God, and of the human kind, whose history we are tracing.

He carried with him strong recommendations to the governor, obtained through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, and also a few letters of introduction; but to him, accustomed as he had been to the offices of the warmest and most zealous friendship, it was literally an exodus into the desert. "Would to God," writes one of those home friends to him on his departure, "that I could have been of service to you in any way! Is there anything I can do for you when you are gone? Is there any friend to whom *I* might be a friend?—any one to whom *I* could, in your behalf, show affection, give counsel, or cover with my arm? Leave me, if you can, some legacy of this sort." So writes Mr. Fairbairn, whose mysterious conduct I have very unwillingly alluded to in one of the early pages of this memoir.

On arriving in Simon's Bay, on the 30th April, 1820, he found that the governor had already sailed for England; and his letters to him, being marked "private," could not be opened by his secretary. On the 18th of May they set sail for Algoa Bay, where the settlers were to disembark, and where they arrived on the 15th. In this little voyage they had an oppor-

tunity of surveying the coast scenery, which he thus describes:—

“The land rises abruptly from the shore in massive mountain ridges, clothed with forests of large timber, and swelling in the back ground into lofty serrated peaks of naked rock. As we passed headland after headland, the sylvan recesses of the bays and mountains opened successively to our gaze, like a magnificent panorama, continually unfolding new features, or exhibiting new combinations of scenery, in which the soft and the stupendous, the mountainous and the picturesque, were strongly blended. The aspect of the whole was impressive, but sombre; beautiful, but somewhat savage. There was the grandeur and the grace of nature, majestic and untamed; and there was also that air of *lonesomeness* and dreary *wildness*, which a country unmarked by the traces of human industry, or of human residence, seldom fails to exhibit to the mind of civilised man.” The effect of this scene upon the English passengers was to strike them with awe, approaching to consternation; while the Scots, moved with the associations which connect a mountain land with the home feelings of the mountaineer, were either excited to extravagant spirits, or silently shed tears.

This picture was soon displaced to make room for

another—that of Algoa Bay, crowded with shipping, and its shores alive with groups of emigrants. Some of the latter consisted of ladies, elegantly dressed, reclining in marquees, or wandering listlessly through the natural shrubberies, with books in their hands. Fit denizens of the desert!—whose business henceforward was to struggle with the elements, and wrest a maintenance from the unaccustomed soil!

Some time elapsed before Pringle's party could be permitted to land; and he took the opportunity of visiting Bethelsdorp, a Hottentot village, nine miles from the coast. He was received kindly by the resident missionary; and except the dress and appearance of the inhabitants, there was much in the rural aspect of the place to remind him of a Scottish glen. While tea was preparing, however, a Caffre woman, with one child at her knee, and another at her back, was brought into the house in custody, for the offence of having crossed without permission the boundary line. She was a handsome and graceful female, and pleaded her cause, in her own musical language, with passionate eloquence, her eyes now kindling with indignation, and now filling with woman's tears. Her eloquence, however, could do nothing to alter her sentence, which doomed her to slavery among the white ruffians

who had torn from her tribe the heritage she had been convicted of revisiting. The party then adjourned to the chapel, to join together in the rites of Benevolence, —of the religion of the love of God and man.

“As I sat,” says Pringle, “and listened to the soft and touching melody of the female voices, or gazed on the earnest, upturned, swarthy countenances of the aged men, who had probably spent their early days in the wild freedom of nomadic life, and worn out their middle life in the service of the colonists; it was pleasing to think that *here*, and in a few other institutions such as this, the Christian humanity of Europe had done something to alleviate European oppression, by opening asylums, where at least a *few* of the race were enabled to escape from personal thralldom, and to emerge from heathen darkness into the glorious light and liberty of the gospel.”

After considerable delay, extending to the 13th of June, the party left Algoa Bay for their destination in the interior. Their vehicles were seven Dutch-African waggons, furnished by a government order, and in general driven by their owners, with a Hot-tentot boy running before, to conduct the leaders of the team of ten or twelve oxen. For eight days they continued to wander through the desert, deriving more

amusement than inconvenience from the strange and picturesque circumstances of the journey, and in particular of their night encampments—surrounded by groups of boors, Hottentots, and Bushmen, and guarded by large fires against the wild beasts, whose cries they heard in the distance.

On the 21st of June they arrived at Roodewal, a military post on the Great Fish River, where they spent two agreeable days in the midst of the kindest hospitality, offered to them by the officers of the garrison and their families. Soon after resuming their journey they were joined by an escort of armed boors; for they had now reached the eastward verge of the old boundary line, from which, to the new—a distance of seventy miles—the country was “a howling wilderness,” haunted only by wild beasts and banditti. From this territory the natives had been driven only the preceding year, and hunted beyond the Chumi and Keisi rivers. The route of the emigrants lay through the valley of the Baavians river, or River of Baboons, one of the smaller tributaries of the Great Fish River; and in the upper part of this valley they were to find their location, consisting of lands forfeited by certain Dutch boors, who had risen in insurrection against the English government.

“The scenery through which we passed was in many places of the most picturesque and singular description. Sometimes the valley widened out, leaving space along the river side for fertile meadows, or *haughs*, (as such spots are called in the south of Scotland,) prettily sprinkled over with mimosa trees and evergreen shrubs, and then clothed with luxuriant pasturage up to the bellies of our oxen. Frequently the mountains, again converging, left only a narrow defile, just broad enough for the stream to find a passage; while precipices of naked rock rose abruptly, like the walls of a rampart, to the height of many hundred feet, and in some places appeared absolutely to overhang the savage-looking pass or *poort*, through which we and our waggons struggled below; our only path being occasionally the rocky bed of the shallow river itself, encumbered with huge blocks of stone which had fallen from the cliffs, or worn smooth as a marble pavement by the sweep of the torrent floods. At this period the river of Baboons was a mere rill, gurgling gently along its rugged course, or gathered here and there into natural tanks, called in the language of the country *seekoe-gats* (hippopotamus pools); but the remains of water-wrack, heaved high on the cliffs, or hanging upon the tall willow trees, which in

many places fringed the banks, afforded striking proof that at certain seasons this diminutive rill becomes a mighty and resistless flood. The steep hills on either side often assumed very remarkable shapes—embattled, as it were, with natural ramparts of freestone or trap rock—and seemingly garrisoned with troops of the large baboons from which the river had received its former Dutch appellation. The lower declivities were covered with good pasturage, and sprinkled over with evergreens and acacias; while the cliffs that overhung the river had their wrinkled fronts embellished with various species of succulent plants and flowering aloes. In other spots the freestone and basaltic rocks, partially worn away with the waste of years, had assumed shapes the most singular and grotesque; so that with a little aid from fancy, one might imagine them the ruins of Hindoo or Egyptian temples, with their half-decayed obelisks, columns, and statues of monster deities.

“ It were tedious to relate the difficulties, perils, and adventures, which we encountered in our toilsome march of *five days* up this African glen:—to tell of our pioneering labours with the hatchet, the pick-axe, the crowbar, and the sledge-hammer,—and the lashing of the poor oxen, to force them on (sometimes twenty or thirty in one team) through such a track as no English

reader can form any adequate conception of. In the upper part of the valley we were occupied two entire days in thus hewing our way through a rugged defile, now called Eildon-Cleugh, scarcely three miles in extent. At length, after extraordinary exertions and hair-breadth escapes — the breaking down of two waggons, and the partial damage of others—we got through the last *poort* of the glen, and found ourselves on the summit of an elevated ridge, commanding a view of the extremity of the valley. ‘And now, myn-heer,’ said the Dutch-African field-cornet who commanded our escort, ‘*daar leg uwe veld*’—‘there lies your country.’”

This wild and secluded spot was called by the emigrants Glen-lynden; which is now the official name of the river, the whole of the valley, and the field-cornetcy, conferred, in compliment to Pringle, by Major-General Bourke when Lieutenant-Governor. Here they built their huts, or wigwams, each furnished by the industry or ingenuity of the occupant; and clearing the lands for cultivation, trenching them for irrigation, and stocking the meadows with sheep and breeding cattle, bought in a neighbouring district, here they sat down to follow out their fortune, with no other resources than their own courage and perseverance.

Pringle, as I have already observed, was a good artisan in more than one respect, and he was also a good gardener. He was, besides, the physician and surgeon of the party, there being no other within a hundred miles, and at the same time the civil and military chief of the location, and the religious instructor and officiating minister. The sanctity of the sabbath was preserved from the very outset. They arrived at their location on the 29th June, and on the 2nd July, being the first Sunday, when as yet they could not be supposed to have completed the arrangements to secure them even from the weather, they abstained from all secular employment; performing divine service in the forenoon and afternoon, and agreeing "to maintain in this manner the public worship of God in their infant settlement, until it should please Him, in his good providence, to privilege it with the ecclesiastical dispensation of religious ordinances." Since his arrival in the colony, Pringle had made himself sufficiently well acquainted with Dutch to be able to read the Bible, and converse on familiar topics in the language. His ministrations were thus of more general utility; for by-and-bye, when a Hottentot guard was added to the settlement, he was able to perform an additional service in a

language that they understood. His Dutch-African neighbours—neighbours of thirty or forty miles—were by this means prevented from choosing Sunday for their visiting day; for although it might have been endurable to be obliged to exhibit their small acquaintance with the New Testament, it was not to be borne that they should be invited to sit down to worship God among a Hottentot audience.

It is not my purpose to chronicle the every-day incidents of an emigrant's life. It is sufficient to say that Pringle had frequent opportunities of visiting the surrounding country, and making himself acquainted with its geography and productions, and the social and political condition of the inhabitants. In June, 1821, he obtained from Sir Rufane Donkin, the acting governor, an extension of the location, which put his party in possession of twenty thousand acres of land, instead of the eleven hundred, to which the original scheme of settlement would have entitled them.

Having alluded to his reception of the Hottentots into religious communion, it is almost needless to say that in every other respect as well as this, his treatment of the individuals around him of that oppressed people, was consonant to the principles not only of sound policy but of the religion of benevolence which

he professed. The consequence was, that the coloured castes eagerly sought a home at Glen-Lynden when circumstances permitted their removal. Some of these people were received as herdsmen and farm servants, and some who possessed cattle as tenants; but so strong were the transmitted prejudices on this subject that Captain Harding, the humane magistrate of the district, doubted whether it was lawful to receive even Mulattoes in any case except under contract of servitude. Captain Stockenstrom, however, the chief magistrate, decided in favour of humanity and common sense; and in a district where only four years before an act of common justice to a Hottentot had caused a bloody insurrection, Pringle had the glory of extending to them the hand of protection and fellowship. These new colonists of Glen-Lynden, he describes as being an acute, active, and enterprising race, with no faults of character but those which could be easily removed by civilisation; and, in addition to their services on the land, each possessing at least a musket and a horse, they augmented the armed force of the location at his disposal to a body of upwards of thirty men.

“The state,” says he, “of our little settlement at the close of its second year in July 1822, was on the

whole prosperous. The first difficulties had been surmounted; the severest privations were past. A crop, though a somewhat scanty one, of wheat and barley, had been reaped. The gardens were well stocked with vegetables. The flocks and herds were considerable in number, and gradually increasing. The necessaries of life were secured; comforts and conveniences were slowly accumulating. The several families had all obtained Hottentot servants; and, being now familiarised to the country and its various inhabitants, had begun to feel quite at home on their respective farms." The road down the glen had been rendered passable for waggons; and when the Hottentot guard was withdrawn by government, reinforced as they were by their coloured tenantry, they were able to stand their own ground in any probable emergency.

He had now performed his task so far as the Glen-Lynden emigrants were concerned, for it had never been his intention to settle among them as a farmer—to which want of capital alone would have opposed an insuperable impediment. He had taken possession of the farm of Eildon for his eldest brother, still in Scotland; and when that brother arrived at the Cape in July 1822, he gave it up into his hands, and prepared to follow out his own fortune, in a way better

adapted to his tastes and habits, as well as to the scantiness of his pecuniary resources.

On Lord Charles Somerset's return to the colony, towards the close of 1821, the interest which had been used at Downing Street by Scott, Sir John Macpherson, and others, was apparent in the offer made to him of the librarianship of the government library at Cape Town. This, indeed, was but a very small appointment, the salary being not more than £75 a year; but in a rising colony, a *working* literary man has every chance of good employment, and the librarianship he thought would answer very well, at least as the nucleus of his income. He had seen enough of the country to know that there were prejudice to dispel, and ignorance to enlighten, even in the highest quarters; and he knew that the experiment he had made in his own location of treating the aborigines like fellow-men, had greatly contributed to the security and well-being of the community. What were the precise speculations, however, with which he set out on his new course of adventure I do not know; but, judging by the sequel, he must at least have had some vague hope of being able to employ his literary talents in the cause of benevolence and civilisation.

With a view of adding to his knowledge of the country and the people, which already was very consi-

derable, he determined to travel to Cape Town by land, and accordingly set out, with his wife and her sister, in a waggon, the only mode of conveyance. A minute account of this journey is given in his "Narrative" already quoted, one of the most interesting books of the kind in our language; but by way of affording a farther view in this place of the treatment of the native races by the whites, the following description of a country jail is extracted.

"This tronk consisted of a single apartment, of about twenty feet long by twelve or fourteen broad; and for the purposes of light and ventilation had only one small grated opening, in the shape of a loop-hole, at a considerable height in the wall. Into this apartment were crowded about thirty human beings, of both sexes, of all ages, and of almost every hue, except white. The whites, or *Christen menschen*, as they call themselves, are seldom imprisoned, except for some very flagrant outrage—and then in some place apart from the coloured prisoners; lest the 'Christian' thief or murderer should be dishonoured by being forced to associate with his brother men of swarthy hue, even though many of the latter, as in the present case, should be guiltless of any crime.

"The condition of this jail was dreadful. On the

door being opened, the clergyman requested me to wait a few minutes until a freer ventilation had somewhat purified the noisome atmosphere within, for the effluvia, on the first opening of the door, were too horrible to be encountered. This I can well believe; for when, after this precaution, we did enter, the odour was still more than I could well endure; and it was only by coming frequently to the open door to inhale a renovating draught of wholesome air, that I could accomplish such an examination of this dismal den as the aspect and condition of its inmates urgently claimed from humanity." The denizens of this horrible dungeon were runaway slaves—Hottentots who had come to the drostdy to complain of their masters—and Hottentots who were merely out of place, and had been apprehended and sent here till some white man should deign to accept of their services, offered to him not by themselves, but by colonial law!

“But all castes and grades, the innocent and the guilty, and the injured complainant equally with the hardened malefactor, were crowded together without distinction into this narrow and noisome dungeon.

“There was yet another group, more interesting perhaps than any of the others. It was a family of Caffres, consisting of two men, a woman, and child, and

a youth of about sixteen. The men were seated, naked, on the clay floor, heavily ironed, and having their ankles fixed to a huge iron ring, which confined them like stocks in a recumbent posture. One of them displayed a frame of herculean size and strength ; but his countenance, though free from ferocity, was unanimated by intelligence. The calm and thoughtful features of his comrade, a man of middle age, expressed nothing of mere animal or savage passion, but were marked by a certain air of mental dignity and reflection. The female was said to be the wife of the latter ; and she had an infant encircled in the warm folds of her mantle. Her dress consisted of the ordinary caross of ox or antelope hide, dressed with the hair upon it, together with a short petticoat of similar materials, and a kerchief of finer leather (from the skin, I believe, of the weazel or wild cat) drawn like a veil over the bosom—indicating, altogether, feelings of womanly modesty and decorum, pleasing to meet with amidst so much wretchedness and barbarism, and forming a favourable contrast to the disgusting nudity of some of the other females around her. Her deportment was quiet and subdued ; and her features, if not handsome to European eyes, were yet expressive of gentleness and simplicity of character. But the Caffre youth who

stood beside this female, and who looked like her younger brother, was truly a model of juvenile beauty. His figure, which was almost entirely naked, displayed graceful ease and great symmetry of proportion. His high broad forehead, and handsome nose and mouth, approached the European standard; and the mild, yet manly expression of his full black eyes and ingenuous open brow, bespoke confidence and good will at the first sight.

“These Caffres were waiting the arrival of the Circuit Court to stand their trial on a charge of murder. In endeavouring to escape to their own country from the district of Swellendam, they had been driven by hunger to steal a sheep. A boor’s amazonian wife pursued them, and ordered her son, a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, to fire on them. The boy fired, and shot one of the Caffres, whose comrades then turned in fury and slew the woman. This act roused the colonists on every side to rise in pursuit of them, and the unhappy fugitives were soon hunted down and delivered up to justice. They had been confined in the Beaufort jail some months before my arrival, and were then awaiting their trial on the arrival of the Court of Circuit which was expected in a few days. Owing to the want of evidence, however, or some similar cause, their case was not decided by the

judges that season; and twelve months afterwards I heard that they were still lying immured in the horrid jail where I saw them. What was their ultimate fate I never was able to ascertain."

Our travellers at length arrived at Cape Town, and in September, 1822, Pringle commenced a residence there of nearly three years, the events of which were destined to be of no small importance both to himself and the colony. At this time the arrival of a commission of inquiry was expected, and Lord Charles was busily engaged in setting his house in order to receive them. Slavery was pronounced by authority to be an evil, and the dogma was promulgated that it was the duty of civilised men to remedy the *defects* of the system. Schools were to be established, and the English language and literature patronised; the public library was countenanced by the public functionaries; and there was even a whisper allowed to emanate from high places, that the Government Gazette was to be put into the hands of the new librarian, and rendered subservient to the diffusion of useful knowledge throughout the colony. The most remarkable triumph, however, of liberal principles that had ever been achieved at the Cape, was the execution of a man for the murder of another, although it was incontestably proved that the

murdered person's complexion was several shades darker than that of the murderer.

Putting all these things together, it is no wonder that Pringle's heart beat high at the prospect which seemed to open before him. As if conducted by an especial Providence, he had reached the seat of government at a moment when the elements of all things great and good were in motion. The dawn of a new era was opening upon the darkened land ; and the march of that civilisation he would perhaps himself be permitted to assist in pioneering, was in all probability destined to traverse not merely a colony but a continent. Under these circumstances he wrote to Mr. Fairbairn, then in Scotland, to invite him to join him, and the overture was at once accepted. He had a high respect for his friend's classical attainments, and for his poetical pieces, which are written in harmonious verse, and are of a dreamy and imaginative character ; but it may be a question whether Mr. Fairbairn was not still better prepared for the stormy atmosphere of the Cape, by the portion which he inherited of the "indomitable spirit of the north."

Before Mr. Fairbairn's arrival, however, Pringle had time to look round him, and his naturally acute mind was not slow in penetrating through the *glamour* of

policy. The circumstances I have mentioned were new at the Cape, and the change they indicated was surprising from its suddenness. What connexion had this change with the expected arrival of commissioners to inquire into the political condition of the colony? Suspicion was at least excusable; and the new librarian, preparing for the failure of his hopes, determined, while waiting for better times, to exercise his industry in eking out a very indifferent income. He at first received pupils for private instruction; and then, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Faure, a Dutch clergyman of the town, made arrangements for disseminating knowledge in a more general manner, by the publication of a periodical in both languages.

Here, however, he reckoned without his host. A literary journal, not the Government Gazette! The idea was preposterous. Lord Charles was not even startled by so extravagant a scheme; and when the memorial of the projectors was sent in to him in the form required by law, on the 3rd of February 1823, he merely directed the secretary to reply verbally, "that the application had not been seen in a favourable light." What were they to do? Pringle was for insisting at least upon a written answer; but Colonel Bird, the colonial secretary, a liberal and enlightened

man, warned him of the danger to all his prospects which would attend such a step; and it was at length resolved that they should submit in silence, and await the arrival of the Commissioners.

Such, so far as it goes, is a plain account made up from his printed "Narrative" and unpublished correspondence, of the hitherto private and comparatively unimportant events of the life of Thomas Pringle. The reader, however, who has perused an article on the same subject in a contemporary journal, will hardly know what credit is due to me*. In that article, a man of respectable parentage, who has been carefully nurtured, who receives an academical education, and who has been accustomed all his life to associate with what the vulgar call "genteel people," is represented as one of those persons who have the misfortune to be dazzled or inflated by the condescending notice of their superiors. A man who is simply lame in one leg, owing to its having been dislocated in infancy, is described as being "small, weak, and distorted," and full of "woeful physical deformities." A man who passes his youth at college till his nineteenth year in the various studies which compose an elegant education,

* Quarterly Review, No. CIX. pages 74—96.

is said to have been a parochial schoolmaster, who, intoxicated by the notice vouchsafed to his untaught verses by Sir Walter Scott, removes to Edinburgh, and madly plunges into literature as a profession. A man thus lame, thus weak, thus helpless (as the journalist describes him), who proceeds to the Cape, in the hope of rising in the colony through the patronage of the Home Government, is condemned as exhibiting an habitual discontent and readiness for *any change*, because he does not sit down as a farmer on the Caffre frontier, and retain forcible possession—being himself destitute of pecuniary resources—of a property he had taken for his brother. Finally, a man who, finding his other hopes of rising in the colony altogether groundless, desires to turn his literary talents to account in establishing a periodical, is branded for that most enormous presumption and infatuation, as a person haunted by the demon of *restless ambition!*

About the motives of the writer alluded to, if any, or of the editor of the work (who knew Mr. Pringle personally), I of course can know nothing; but it is incumbent upon me to say that the article, though in some respects just, is in the greater part grossly and cruelly incorrect. When it goes on to aver that the journal, afterwards conducted by Pringle at the Cape, became dangerous

to the well-being of the colony, I merely dissent from the opinion. In this the writer does nothing more than pursue his calling as a political partisan, and with that, as a mere literary man, I have nothing to do. I think it only just, however, to insert in the margin a few sentences produced by Pringle as a specimen of the uniform political tone of the journal in question*.

* “To the Dutch Colonists, now our countrymen and fellow-subjects, we particularly address the following remarks. However much they may occasionally have been galled by the unfair or unfeeling sarcasms of English travellers and journalists, they may rest assured that the regards of the government and people of England are directed towards them with indulgent liberality and affection. Let authors be judged of by their words, but nations and governments only by their actions. England, of all nations that ever existed, pursues the most liberal system of policy towards the colonies she has won or nurtured. Her ministers, no doubt, are fallible, like other men; they have sometimes erred in regard to the administration of the colonies, and may possibly err again; but it must be from ignorance of the truth, if the British Government ever permits deliberate injustice to be done towards any appendage of the empire. This colony, if abandoned by England, would fall an easy prey to the first rapacious tyrant that chose to seize upon it. Under her free and fostering guardianship alone, may we rationally hope to attain permanent prosperity, liberty, and happiness.

“Let, therefore, no temporary vexations, nor any possible accumulation of private annoyances, ever for a moment weaken the firm loyalty of our fellow-subjects (whether Dutch or English) towards the wise, just, and beneficent government of England. Is she not doing for us all we have ever asked of her—and more? Has she not sent out able and honourable men to inquire into our local grievances, disadvantages, and restrictions—his Majesty’s Commissioners,

When the Commissioners arrived, he stated the case to them, as regarded himself and the colonial government; and, being English gentlemen of education and intelligence, they as a matter of course appeared to appreciate properly the views with which few civilised persons could have found fault. Their powers, however, did not extend beyond the task of reporting to the Home Government; and the “demon of ambition” was under the necessity of going to sleep as before.

Pringle now, in conjunction with Mr. Fairbairn,

who are at this moment traversing the remotest districts of our country, to hear and see and report upon whatever requires to be amended? Whoever now sits sulkily down and broods fretfully over his wrongs, or disadvantages, instead of availing himself of the *legitimate* channel which has been so considerably opened for their redress, deserves to bear them for ever unpitied—and can never hereafter ascribe the fault to the neglect of the British government.

“Above all, let all good and patriotic citizens beware of any *intemperance*, in word or deed, towards any individual to whom the legal authority of government has been delegated. We are **FREE-MEN**; and, if any of our rulers do oppression or wrong, they can be called to answer for it at the bar of their country, as well as the meanest of their fellow-subjects: but their office and persons ought to be duly respected so long as they continue to occupy the stations to which our gracious Sovereign has been pleased to promote them. If there be any person in the colony (we trust that there are none) who would teach men disrespect to even the shadow of **LEGAL AUTHORITY**, let good citizens be aware of them. Fools and desperadoes may talk or act intemperately: wise and patriotic men ought to be distinguished by candour, calmness, and self-possession.”

organised a private academy on an extensive scale ; and so much was his mind occupied by this new business, which flourished beyond his most sanguine hopes, that a communication from the governor, when at length it came, on the subject of his old project of a journal, was received with surprise. Lord Bathurst, it seems, unlike the colonial functionary, had seen the plan in a favourable light ; and Lord Charles could do nothing more than show the ill humour with which he obeyed. The “South African Journal” then appeared, as originally intended, one edition in English and one in Dutch. Soon after, Mr. Greig, a printer, emboldened by this victory of civilisation, commenced the “South African Commercial Advertiser,” a weekly newspaper ; but being unable to manage the literary department, he called in the aid of Pringle and his coadjutor, who undertook also the editorship of the journal in addition to that of their own. The two works flourished ; the pupils of the academy increased ; and Pringle for a time fancied himself in the fair road to fortune combined with public utility.

“We had strictly excluded personality,” says he “(the besetting vice of small communities), from our columns : not the shadow of a complaint could be brought against us on that score. Mere party politics

we had shunned, as being altogether alien from our objects as colonial journalists. Topics likely to excite violent controversy in the colony, such as the Slavery question, the condition of the aborigines, &c. (however decided were our own opinions on such points), we had also carefully abstained from discussing. We had in fact rejected numerous communications on all these subjects, considering it injudicious to arouse premature debate, even on legitimate and important public questions, in the then critical condition of the press and of the colony. We had, therefore, flattered ourselves that it would be scarcely possible for the most jealous scrutiny to find a plausible pretext for interference. But it was our singular fate to be sacrificed not for sins *actually* committed, but from apprehension of those which we might *possibly* commit."

The trial of one Edwards took place for a libel against the Governor, and was of course expected to be reported, like other trials, in the newspaper. Unlike other reports, however, from this one all allusions offensive to the noble individual concerned had been carefully expunged; a fact which was afterwards proved to the Commissioners by the production of the proof sheet. But this I humbly conceive to have no effect one way or other upon the question. The only cir-

cumstance with which we have anything to do is, that on this occasion the Fiscal was ordered to proceed to the printing-office, and assume the censorship of the press. It need hardly be said of Pringle—nor indeed of any man not a publicly confessed coward and traitor—that he indignantly refused to consent to this prostitution of a portion, even though a distant portion, of the British press; and accordingly, having no legal mode of resisting the arbitrary power of the government, he and his colleague threw up the editorship of the paper. Mr. Greig immediately discontinued the publication, announcing to its readers his intention of awaiting the decision of his Majesty's Government. For this offence Mr. Greig's press was ordered to be sealed up, and himself commanded to leave the colony within a month.

The storm next broke upon the magazine. A week after the appearance of the second number, which took place on the 7th of May, the day before the warrant for Greig's banishment was issued, the Fiscal sent to Pringle, complained of obnoxious paragraphs, and distinctly intimated, that if they had been observed in time, he would himself have expunged them, or suppressed the number. To the threats and warnings for the future with which the functionary concluded his

oration, Pringle merely replied, by disclaiming the right of censorship he assumed; and on the 15th the discontinuance of the work was announced in the Gazette.

A petition to the King in Council was now got up by the respectable inhabitants; and the Governor appears to have become seriously alarmed. He resolved to try what personal intimidation would do with this "small," "weak," "distorted," "woefully deformed," "helpless," and above all ungentle emigrant; and the reader will pardon us for giving the scene in Pringle's own words.

"Lord Charles summoned me to appear immediately before him at his audience-room in the Colonial Office. I found him with the Chief Justice, Sir John Truter, seated on his right hand, and the second number of our 'South-African Journal' lying open before him. There was a storm on his brow, and it burst forth at once upon me like a long-gathered south-easter from Table Mountain. 'So, Sir!' he began, 'you are one of those who dare to insult me, and oppose my government!' and then he launched forth into a long tirade of abuse; scolding, upbraiding, and taunting me, with all the domineering arrogance of mien and sneering insolence of expression of which he was so great a master, re-

proaching me above all for my *ingratitude* for his personal favours. While he thus addressed me, in the most insulting style, I felt my frame tremble with indignation; but I saw that the Chief Justice was placed there for a witness of my demeanour, and that my destruction was sealed if I gave way to my feelings, and was not wary in my words. I stood up, however, and confronted this most arrogant man with a look of disdain, under which his haughty eye instantly sank, and replied to him with a calmness of which I had not a few minutes before thought myself capable. I told him that I was quite sensible of the position in which I stood—a very humble individual before the representative of my sovereign; but I also knew what was due to myself as a British subject and a gentleman, and that I would not submit to be *rated* in the style he had assumed by any man, whatever were his station or his rank. I repelled his charges of having acted unworthy of my character as a government servant and a loyal subject;—I defended my conduct in regard to the press and the character of our magazine, which he said was full of ‘calunny and falsehood;’—I asserted my right to petition the King for the extension of the freedom of the press to the colony: and I denied altogether the ‘personal obligations’ with which

he upbraided me, having never asked nor received from him the slightest personal favour, unless the lands allotted to my party, and my own appointment to the Government Library, were considered such,—though the latter was, in fact, a public duty assigned to me, in compliance with the recommendations of the Home Government. This situation, however, I now begged to resign, since I would not compromise my free agency for that or for any appointment his lordship could bestow.

“Lord Charles then saw he had gone a step too far. He had, in fact, misapprehended my character, and had made a most uncommon mistake, in taking a certain bashfulness of manner (*mauvaise honte*) for timidity of spirit. And as his object *then* was not absolutely to quarrel with, but merely to intimidate me, and thus render me subservient to his views, he immediately lowered his tone, and had the singular meanness, after the insulting terms he had used, to attempt to coax me by flattery, and by throwing out hints of his disposition to promote my personal views, if I would conduct myself ‘discreetly.’ He wished the magazine, he said, still to go on; and even alleged that the Fiscal had in some points exceeded his instructions in regard to us. But this attempt to cajole, when he found he could not

bully me, disgusted me even more than his insolence. I saw the motive, and despised it: I saw the peril, too, and feared it: '*timeo Danaos!*' I resolutely declined, therefore, his repeated invitations (to which he called the Chief Justice formally to bear witness) to recommence the magazine, unless *legal protection* were granted to the press. And so ended my last conference with Lord Charles Somerset. I retired, and immediately sent in the resignation of my Government appointment."

A Literary and Scientific Society, founded by the "demon of restless ambition," and the roll of which contained the names of some of the principal government functionaries, next felt the vengeance of Lord Charles. The Chief Justice and others were ordered to withdraw their names instantly; and intimation was at the same time distinctly given, that everything else in which Pringle was concerned should share the same fate. And this was no empty threat. A system of espionage was set on foot, in which the caitiff Oliver, so well known in this country, was employed. Terror and suspicion were depicted on every countenance. Persons were denounced as disaffected for being known even to continue in acquaintanceship with Pringle. The result may be foreseen. He had

already lost the editorship of the newspaper; and in the magazine he had lost what promised to become a valuable property. His flourishing academy was now ruined; his prospects, even of bread for his family, were destroyed; and he himself was thrust forth again upon the world.

While reflecting upon the circumstances of Pringle's residence in South Africa, I cannot help being struck with what is commonly called the "injustice of fortune" as regarded him. Whenever the emancipation of the coloured races is mentioned, names — glorious names in the history of civilisation! — present themselves to the grateful memory; but who recalls that humble emigrant, whose moral influence, spreading like an atmosphere throughout the colony, prepared the minds of men for a revolution, which, remote and comparatively unimportant as was the field of action, can be reckoned nothing less than sublime? Pringle communicated a portion of his *mind* to our African colony; and not merely in the printed essays, and moral struggles, of the philanthropist was his advocacy of the eternal principles of nature and religion made manifest, but even the wild strains of his Border muse sent a thrill of generous feeling through many a cold and selfish heart.

In his history, in fact, is exhibited the stealthy influence of LITERATURE, unseen in its action, but felt more powerfully in its results than the fiercest war.

From October, 1824, to April, 1826, to give even an outline of his history would lead us into the discussion of political questions, which, however interesting in themselves, would be considered irrelevant in a personal memoir. During that period, he was diligently employed in making himself acquainted with the true condition of the colony, and more especially of the frontier, where his own party were located. During the greater part of 1825 he was in correspondence with the Commissioners of Inquiry, not only respecting his own case, but on the subject of various abuses in the local administration, the treatment of the coloured race, and the defence of the frontier. This, in fact, although it affords no scope for the personal biographer, was one of the busiest periods of his life—of a life devoted, from his thirtieth year, to the interests of his country and mankind.

It is not my purpose to go farther into the history of the Cape; but I may mention briefly that he was one of the originators of the second great measure next to the political emancipation of the Hottentots, namely, their establishment as independent occupiers of land.

His paper, given in to the Commissioners in 1823, was entitled "Hints of a Plan for defending the Eastern Frontier of the Colony by a Settlement of Hottentots."

I may also state, that, while acting as Secretary, in 1823-4, to the Society for the Relief of the Distressed Settlers in Albany, he was one of the most active members of that meritorious body. His own party, however, although included in the district, neither applied for, nor consented to receive, any portion of the relief fund. I have more than once been struck, while writing these pages, with the important uses to which literary talents may be turned, when directed by good feelings; and on this occasion I find Pringle, although perhaps the very poorest of the Society, contributing the most important donation of the whole. This was in the form of a pamphlet, entitled, "Some Account of the Present State of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa," which he sent for publication to London. The result of these united efforts was the collection of 7000*l.* from England and India, besides 3000*l.* raised in the colony.

"Ruined in circumstances and in prospects, but sound in conscience and in character," says Mr. Conder, "Mr. Pringle began to prepare seriously for returning to England; prior to which he resolved on an

excursion to the eastern frontier, to see once more his relatives at Glen-Lynden. There he had the pure satisfaction of finding the little colony he had assisted in planting, in tolerably prosperous circumstances. 'Under the blessing of Providence,' he says, 'its prosperity has been steadily progressive. The friends whom I left there, though they have not escaped some occasional trials and disappointments, such as all men are exposed to in this uncertain world, have yet enjoyed a goodly share of health, competence, and peace.' Out of the twenty-three souls who had accompanied him to Glen-Lynden, he records, fourteen years after, that there had occurred only a single death, and that was owing to the accidental bursting of a gun; while by births alone, exclusive of new settlers, who had joined them, they had more than doubled their number. 'On the whole,' piously remarks Mr. Pringle, in concluding his interesting narrative, 'I have great cause to bless God, both as regards the prosperity of my father's house, and in many respects as regards my own career in life, that His good providence directed our emigrant course fourteen years ago to the wilds of Southern Africa.' "

He left the Cape of Good Hope on the 16th of April, and arrived in London on the 7th of July, 1826.

CHAPTER III.

Return to England—Application to the Government for Compensation—Refusal—Engaged as Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society—His Conduct in that Situation—Letters to him from Wilberforce—From Clarkson—Visit to Wilberforce—Interferences on behalf of the last of the Hottentot Chiefs—Case of Mary Prince—Of Henry Bains and others—His general Benevolence—Obtains the renewal of Coleridge's Pension—Notes from Sir James Mackintosh, Rogers, Joseph Hardman, and Coleridge.

WHEN Pringle, accompanied by his wife, and Miss Brown, her sister, the faithful companion of all their wanderings, again set his face towards Europe, the prospect before them was not so disheartening as one would at first sight imagine. He did not return in precisely the same position. He had appeared on a stage where his conduct had been visible to one-half of the enlightened men in the empire. He had appeared, not in the easily assumed character of a brawling demagogue, but in that of the temperate and judicious friend of the friendless and oppressed. He had been the modest but fearless champion of the

liberty of the Press in a British colony. Was it not reasonable to suppose that in England he would be better appreciated than in Africa? Was it not reasonable to suppose that services which had been habitually devoted to the cause of Civilisation abroad, would be readily accepted, if not eagerly demanded, at home?

His accounts, it is true, were made up with the Cape, and a balance shown against him of one thousand pounds. This sum he had not lost, but he had to pay. His establishment had been rising gradually above the mass of debt in which it originated, when the lordly foot of the governor had crushed it; and the balance not yet surmounted was one thousand pounds. Was this now to be deducted from his European earnings? or, in the absence of sufficient earnings, was it to weigh permanently upon his energies, like the Old Man of the Mountain bestriding the shoulders of Sindbad? The idea seemed to be preposterous. His losses were caused, not by his own misconduct, but by the misconduct of a confidential minister of a great empire; and surely England would never shrink from a responsibility which would be acknowledged in a similar case by the meanest tradesman in the country?

This reasoning, it turned out, was fallacious, for his claims for compensation were disallowed by Earl Bathurst. If I have myself come to a conclusion different from that of his Lordship—and I have done so, after a careful perusal of the numerous letters, and other documents, which bear upon the question, and in particular of Pringle's correspondence with the Commissioners of Inquiry—the reason is, that I have decided, not in law, but in equity. The Minister's decision was founded upon that of the Commissioners: and theirs was founded upon testimony appealed to by the claimant himself. This was the testimony of Sir John Truter, and other persons connected with the government. These persons declared, in effect, that Lord Charles had treated Mr. Pringle throughout in a mild and gentlemanlike manner; and that the fact of the latter throwing up his appointment, and ruining himself, was entirely a matter of choice, connected with some peculiarity of taste in the individual. The destruction of the school, they averred, was caused by his own inattention; that is to say, by his imprudence in devolving the principal duties upon his partner, Mr. Fairbairn, a man of high scholastic attainments, and for many years accustomed to tuition in Europe.

This testimony, however extraordinary as it was, the Commissioners *could* not set aside; for Sir John Truter was the Chief Justice of the colony. Is it worth while to add, that the witness was one of those persons who were ordered by Lord Charles to withdraw their names from the Literary Society, *because* it originated with Mr. Pringle, and who made haste to obey;—Sir John, at the same time, avowing, “with a sort of rueful simplicity, that he conscientiously believed the institution to be a most praiseworthy one, and calculated to be of inestimable advantage to the community!”

On receiving the decision of Earl Bathurst, Pringle replied in a manly, straightforward letter, thanking his lordship for the prompt attention he had paid to his case, and refraining from any accusation of unfairness against the Commissioners. Forced to abandon the position he had taken, he submitted his claim for compensation on three other distinct grounds. First, on account of his conduct, attested by the local magistrates, as the head of a band of settlers; second, on account of his zealous exertions to benefit the colony, as an author and editor; and, third, on account of the valuable information with which, on various occasions, he had furnished the Commissioners. It is only

necessary for me to mention, with regard to the last ground, that his communications to the Commissioners, both in respect to length and interest, would form a little volume of considerable value, and that I have just now before me various letters from these gentlemen to him, containing an expression of their thanks for the trouble he had taken. Their letter, dated 20th October, 1825, contains the following handsome and distinct acknowledgment of his services:—

“ We cannot but express our thanks for the trouble you have taken in reducing to a very perspicuous and intelligible form a series of measures that throw light upon the system that has been pursued, and, in as far as its merits are to be estimated by the motives you assign for its origin and its continuance, may assist us in forming a right judgment.”

Let me add, that during the time this correspondence was going on, and it extended over great part of a year, he employed a messenger to travel seventy miles every week for his letters.

To this new application the following official reply was returned :—

Downing Street, 6th November, 1826.

SIR,

I have received and laid before Earl Bathurst your letter of the 23rd ult., and I am desired to acquaint you, in reply, that his Lordship is not disposed to reject your application altogether, although he sees little or no prospect at present of being of service to you.

You are aware that it was exclusively for your conduct as a settler that his Lordship felt inclined to hold out to you any encouragement; but as you have quitted the Cape, you have placed it out of his Lordship's power to assist your views in the manner that might have been done if you had remained in the colony.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

R. W. HAY.

Thomas Pringle, Esq.

Now, from the above letter, I conclude, in the first place, that the claim for compensation was felt by the Minister to be just; and, in the second place, that he took himself out of its way by what is vulgarly called a shuffle—Lord Bathurst knowing well, from the circumstances of the case, and more especially from the publicly expressed determination of Lord Charles to crush the presumptuous emigrant, that it was not in his power to keep them both in the colony at the same time. However, the affair was settled. Pringle had been ruined for asserting the rights of a freeman; his claims, while they were allowed in theory, were disregarded in practice, by the Government; and all he

had now to do, was to support his family in the best way he was able, and pay his thousand pounds.

His interference, however, in the affairs of the Cape was not to be without its results. Before leaving South Africa, he had resolved to make the British public acquainted with the state of slavery in the colony; and with this view he transmitted to England an article on the subject, for insertion in the *New Monthly Magazine*. "It appeared," says he, in a note to the 'Narrative,' "in October following; and, by a remarkable train of circumstances, led to my subsequent acquaintance with Mr. Buxton and Mr. Z. Macaulay, and eventually to my becoming secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society."

What these circumstances were I do not know of my own knowledge; and it is not important to the narrative to notice the difference of opinion which exists among his friends upon the subject. In the following year, 1827, he commenced the duties of a situation far more important to mankind than that of a secretary of state; and, till the glorious triumph of at least the *principles* of the Society, he thenceforward continued to pursue a career of usefulness not inferior to that of *any* individual connected with the sacred cause.

To write the history of the secretary of the Anti-

Slavery Society, would be to write the history of the great Abolition Question. To that cause his energies of body and mind were devoted; and here again is afforded a remarkable instance of the all-pervading influence of literature. Had he been a *mere* secretary, his efforts, however praiseworthy, would have been comparatively unimportant. But as it was, he contrived to introduce a portion of his own enthusiasm into the *press*. I well remember his zeal on this most important point; and I do not speak of it merely with reference to myself, the humblest of his literary friends. Yet let me not be supposed to underrate the power of even the most frivolous public writer. The influence of the press is by no means confined to politics and literature. The fugitive essay—the occasional poem—the “novel of the season”—are each a powerful engine in the formation or direction of opinion, and not the less powerful that their operation is unnoticed or unseen.

This zeal, in connexion with an essential part of his character, I cannot better or more finely illustrate than by the following extract from a letter to one of his confidential friends. He had undertaken the editorship of “Friendship’s Offering,” a well-known Annual, and was complaining to his correspondent—(a lady, whose name, after the revelations made to me

by the papers of the deceased, will ever be associated in my mind with the holiest and most beautiful feelings of our nature)—of having been prevented by circumstances, which he mentioned, from indulging in his *own* subject in the first volume committed to his charge.

“Should I agree,” he continues, “to edit another volume however, I shall certainly insert a story or two illustrative of the condition of the colonial population in South Africa; for, though my immediate object in undertaking the editorship of such a work is to eke out an otherwise scanty income, I do not feel satisfied at devoting even my leisure hours to an object which has no higher aim than the mere entertainment of the lovers of light literature.”

I recollect that, at his suggestion and request, I wrote an examination of the great question for one of the periodicals; and I recollect, too, that in writing other papers, on quite a different subject, my pen frequently strayed, almost unconsciously, into an expression of the sentiments I entertained regarding slavery. A similar effect, I know, was produced upon many of his other friends; and, in fact, if such apparently casual ebullitions on the part of literary men could be traced to their source, I have no doubt in my mind but at least one half of them, during the period of his

secretaryship, would be found to have originated in Pringle.

The opinion of his character, and of the importance of his services, entertained by Clarkson, Buxton, Macaulay, and other eminent individuals connected with the Society, they are still, thank God, able to repeat; but upon that of Wilberforce, Stephen, and Smith, great patriarchs of the cause, death has put his seal. The following extracts from one of Wilberforce's letters to Pringle, will serve as a valuable testimonial:—

*Elmdon House, near Birmingham,
23rd January, 1832.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I really should appear to exaggerate if I were to express the pain it gives me to refuse my assent to your request. But I really think I ought not to interfere, now that I no longer contribute towards the support of the hospital. I have really been reflecting on the case, with almost a dishonest endeavour to convince myself I might support your friend; but I really could not do it with a good conscience; though, if there be any other governors, or influential people, to whom I could apply in your friend's behalf, I will do it. Your letter, which reached me last night, creates in me no little solicitude for our almost invaluable friend, even though my affections are just now almost absorbed in the dangerous state of my only daughter. I have desired a friend to give me a line of information, and wish I were able to show you better than by mere words how much I feel to be due to

you for your exertions in our great and good cause. May the Almighty pour down his blessings on you.

I am ever sincerely yours, with cordial esteem and regard,

W. WILBERFORCE.

Thomas Pringle, Esq.

I ought not to lay down my pen without assuring you, that whenever, D. V., I am in London again, I shall feel it an act of friendly regard if you will do me the favour to come and shake me by the hand; and if the gentleman you mention should also be able, I shall be happy to give him, or any one you may introduce me to, the same pledge of cordial welcome.

I believe I shall be readily excused for printing another letter, still more characteristic of this excellent and eminent man.

*Highwood Hill, Middlesex, Tuesday Night,
2nd February, 1830.*

MY DEAR SIR,

It is, I solemnly assure you, a standing subject of regret with me, that they who give each other credit for being governed by Christian principles, nevertheless do not speak and act towards each other with that generous frankness and unreservedness which such principles should render habitual. I will, however, use this freedom in addressing you, trusting you will not misconstrue a frankness, which I should not practise but from a persuasion that you will not merely not misconstrue it, but that you will meet it with a corresponding disposition of mind.

Wednesday, 2½ o' Clock.

I see, on hastily glancing over the list of the Glen-Lynden Library, that there is no Bible with Notes in it. Now, I would send a copy of Scott's Bible, if I thought it would be likely to be duly valued, and well employed. It is this question which I was about to ask, as a sequel to my first sentence. The honest truth is, that I am not able to assist my friends in the execution of plans of usefulness at all in the same degree as formerly; yet a work such as Scott's in a new colony, may, if likely to be recommended and patronised, prove a bag of seed-corn, which may become the parent of large future harvests. I remember you told me the number of your family and party, twenty-eight I think; but I did not understand you to state that this constituted the whole of your settlement. You say in your letter that the vessel for the Cape is to sail this week; I therefore must despatch my parcels, both that for Mr. Bird and that for Glen-Lynden, by to-morrow's carrier, otherwise I should have had the volumes bound that are in boards. Perhaps this may be done in Africa well enough for use, though not for the shop of a London bookseller.

I am forced, in great haste, to subscribe myself, with esteem and regard, yours truly,

W. WILBERFORCE.

P.S.—Let me not forget to mention, that the arrival on Tuesday, January 26, of letters to you, suggested the suspicion that you would have stayed longer if more pressed. Honestly, we all were sorry you did not prolong your visit, and so I thought we had made *you think*. The contrary idea really gave me some pain. But I hope I am mistaken.

I cannot refrain from copying, also, the following letter from Clarkson, the distinguished colleague of

Wilberforce, for which I am sure he will forgive me, although I have not had an opportunity of soliciting his permission.

Playford, Sept. 23, 1833.

It has struck me lately, that there ought to be written, without delay, a History of the Abolition of Slavery. No person could write it so well as Mr. Macaulay, but next to him I should look to yourself; and if you would undertake it, and Mr. Macaulay would give you his assistance, we should have a good work on that subject. You have all the documents before you in the minutes of the Committee, except in the minutes of the private meetings of individuals who met time after time to prepare the way for the introduction of a Committee. I believe the writer might make some hundreds of pounds by such a work; and I think you ought to be the person entitled to such remuneration. I am the more desirous of mentioning the subject to you, because I believe that the country committees will not much longer consent to the keeping up of two committees with their respective establishments when the object has been accomplished. I believe they would not object to one committee being kept up, with one secretary, to watch over the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery, in the same manner as the African Institution was formed (Mr. Stokes being the secretary) to watch over the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, which to my knowledge was of the greatest use. I mention it also, because such a work will assuredly be attempted, if it has not already been begun; but then we know how lame and deficient such a work would be, compared with one from you, who have the minutes of the proceedings in your own hands.

Pringle was in the habit of visiting occasionally at their country-houses the most eminent members of the Anti-Slavery Society; and the following account of the goings-on in Wilberforce's domestic life will be interesting to many readers. It is extracted from a familiar letter to Mrs. Pringle.

Highwood Hill, Jan. 23, 1830.

I arrived here last night about seven, without suffering much annoyance from cold, or finding the roads so bad as I expected. I have enjoyed a good night's rest, and now sit down, after breakfast, at a comfortable fire in my own room, to write you before I do anything else, and to give you a few details which I think will interest and entertain you.

Finding on my arrival that there was company with the family, I desired the servant to show me to my bed-room, in order to adjust myself a little before joining them in the dining room. Mr. Wilberforce immediately came up, welcomed me with great cordiality, and pressed me to go down without dressing, as there was no *fine* company, but only Mr. Simeon from Cambridge, Mr. Sarjeant another clergyman, and two ladies, friends of the family. They had dined—and after an hour's chat I prevailed on Mr. Wilberforce to retire for his usual nap, which he seemed disposed to forego on my account. At tea he again joined us—and then I told him the news of Lord William Bentinck having issued a proclamation at Benares, prohibiting in future the burning of widows throughout the British dominions in India. The good old man was overjoyed, and eagerly inquired into all the details, and as to the certainty of the intelligence; on being assured of which I observed with interest that he covered his face

with his hands, and appeared silently to offer up thanksgiving to God for this great triumph of Christian philanthropy, of which he had lived to witness the accomplishment. We conversed on this and various kindred topics till nine o'clock, when we adjourned to the hall for family worship. Mr. Wilberforce himself gave out the hymn, and we were accompanied in singing by a small organ. All the servants (seven or eight) were present. The congregation of the household for this service has a very delightful and patriarchal appearance, especially when one observes the holy fervour with which this great and good man leads their devotions. Mr. Simeon read and briefly expounded a chapter of the Bible, and Mr. Wilberforce himself concluded with a prayer—so plain, appropriate, and impressive, that it greatly reminded me of the family prayers of some of my *Scotch Seceder* relations when I was a boy.

After this the good old man again sat down with us at the fireside, conversed with interest and animation on a variety of subjects, and read a favourite passage or two of poetry which happened to be referred to, and it was past twelve o'clock before I could get away to bed.

This morning we assembled to family worship at half-past nine,—afterwards breakfasted—and now I am come up to write my letters. The ground is quite covered with snow, so that there is no getting out, except when it is swept off from a gravel walk round the house.

I have just discovered incidentally that the *best* bed-room has been appropriated to me—a mark of polite attention to a visitor without any of the attributes of worldly consequence, and especially when so many other visitors are in the house, which evinces true delicacy of feeling.

Mrs. Wilberforce is a sensible and well-informed woman, and converses readily and well on most topics.

Independently of Pringle's labours in the great cause of the African race, the individual cases in which he exerted himself would afford materials of themselves for the whole space I am able to devote to his memoirs. The case of Stuurman, the Hottentot chief, presents a fine exemplification of the power of benevolence, by which the arm of a private individual may reach its object even at the antipodes. The fate of this man appears to have created a strong interest in the breast of Pringle. His brother, Klaas Stuurman, was one of the leaders in the Hottentot wars with the boors; but having been of great service to the Dutch government, in pacifying his insurgent countrymen, he received an allotment of land for his people, with the title of captain.

After his death, his brother David succeeded to the command; and the little community continued for some time to live in the manner of their ancestors. What this manner was may be gathered from the speech of Klaas, recorded by Barrow:—

“We lived very contentedly,” said he, in reply to questions as to how they should subsist if released from servitude—“before the Dutch plunderers molested us; and why should we not do so again if left to ourselves? Has not the Great Master given plenty of grass, roots,

and berries, and grasshoppers, for our use? and, till the Dutch destroyed them, abundance of wild animals to hunt? and will they not return and multiply when these destroyers are gone? ”

During the Dutch domination this free kraal continued to exist, notwithstanding the hatred and jealousies of the boors; but in 1810, when the *English* were masters of the colony, it was broken up, with circumstances of falsehood, cowardice, and atrocity, for which it would not be very easy to find a parallel.* The Hottentots were returned to the house of bondage; and the chief, and his immediate comrades, were sent to Robben Island, a convict settlement, to work in chains for the remainder of their lives. After some years, however, they escaped; and, after a journey of seven hundred miles, made their way into Cafferland.

Poor Stuurman, however, was a father,—two of his children were now in the *employment* (without wages or legal contract) of his destroyer, who farmed also the lands of his people. He yearned to get back to his country—to his race; and employed for that purpose, but in vain, the mediation of a missionary. He became

* Pringle's Narrative.

desperate, and at length ventured in 1819 to return without permission, to wander like a ghost among the haunts of memory. He was discovered, seized, imprisoned in Cape Town till 1823, and then transported for life as a convict to New South Wales.

The following letter gives the sequel of his history, and shows the exertions made by Pringle in his behalf.

18, *Aldermanbury*, July 1, 1831.

SIR, — Referring to the conversation which I had with you some little time ago respecting David Stuurman, the Hottentot chief who was transported to Botany Bay in 1823, I beg now to state the particulars of his case subsequently to that period, so far as I am acquainted with them.

In 1825, when I was residing in the Eastern district of the Cape Colony, I became acquainted with the details of Stuurman's history, chiefly from some of the missionaries at Bethelsdorp, who had known him well, and whose account of his character and fortunes was confirmed to me from other authentic sources. This account I communicated at the time to His Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry then at the Cape, and after my return to England, I printed it in a magazine conducted by my friend Mr. Thomas Campbell.

I am not precisely aware whether you became acquainted with the case by seeing it in print,—either in that magazine or in the notes to my volume entitled “*Ephemerides* ;” or whether it was first brought under your notice by the Rev. William Wright : but I have heard that you were so much interested by the facts stated (and which have never, so far

as I am aware, been contradicted in a single point) that you immediately wrote to General Darling, the Governor of New South Wales, in Stuurman's behalf; and in consequence of this benevolent intervention, I understand he was relieved from some of the severities of his condition as a convict, and obtained what is called "a ticket of leave," an indulgence which gives him the privilege of earning wages for his own benefit. This took place, I believe, in 1828; and it appears, from recent intelligence, that he has remained in the same condition since, and has conducted himself well.

In 1829, a petition was presented to Sir Lowry Cole, by David Stuurman's children (two sons and two daughters), stating briefly the circumstances of his transportation, and praying his Excellency to intercede with his Majesty for the release of their father from his sentence of transportation for life, and for his restoration to his family and native country. What steps Sir Lowry Cole may have taken upon this petition I have not been able to ascertain: nor am I aware whether the case has ever been formally brought under the cognizance of his Majesty's Home Government.

As you, Sir, are now about to proceed to New South Wales as the Governor of that Colony, I trust I may without impropriety take the liberty earnestly to solicit, before you leave England, your farther favourable attention to Stuurman's case, and the exertion of your personal influence to obtain for him a full pardon, in order to effect his restoration to his children and native land—thus completing the good offices of Christian benevolence which you commenced in his behalf during your administration of the Cape government.

I have only to add, if it be an essential point, that a private fund be provided for defraying the expense of Stuurman's passage from New South Wales to the Cape, in the

event of his release through your agency, that I will engage to charge myself with the responsibility of raising the necessary sum.

I have the honour to be, &c.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Major-General Bourke, &c. &c. &c.

In 1829, by the aid of Saxe Bannister, the author of "Humane Policy," and the tried friend of the savage and therefore helpless races, the four children of David Stuurman, as is stated above, had petitioned Sir Lowry Cole in favour of their banished father; but the step appears to have been taken in vain. In consequence, however, of Pringle's interference, General Bourke now besought, and obtained, the consent of the Colonial Government to Stuurman's being restored to his country and his family.

A communication from the General after his arrival at Sydney, conveyed the result to the exile's friend. The last chief of the Hottentots had been released by death, in the hospital of the town, in 1830.

The case of Mary Prince is well known. She was a slave woman, brought to this country in 1828 by a person called Wood, and by his treatment virtually turned out into the streets of London. She wished to go back to her husband at Antigua—but not as a slave; and the

Anti-Slavery Society tried upon her master—or rather her late master, for in England she was free—all the force of entreaties, expostulations, offers of pecuniary compensation, personal influence, even the influence of the Governor of the island, to procure her manumission, but in vain. The person was inexorable. The helpless woman, to provide for whom no fund existed, was received by Pringle into his house, under the name of a servant, and was thus supported for two years. At the end of that time he published her history, as an anti-slavery tract; which gave rise in Blackwood's Magazine to a "criticism," composed of the vulgar and silly blackguardism that usually distinguishes, in our civilised age, political partisanship, and confers upon the partisan the air of a common street ruffian. He prosecuted the publisher, and obtained a verdict; but an action was brought against him by the West India body in the name of Wood; and, owing to the difficulty and expense of obtaining legal evidence from the West Indies, he partly failed in proving the truth of his narrative, and was cast in damages.

Let me add this extract from one of his letters, dated 12th January, 1832.

The prosecution of Blackwood is not an affair of mine. I wished to have replied in print, and I will still do so in a

fourth edition of the tract. The blackguardism I cannot reply to, but there are some misrepresentations that require to be set right.

Another slave, a boy called Henry Bains, rendered desperate by the brutal treatment he received from his master at Grenada, another Wood (like the former, of the species of iron-wood), ran away, and, by the connivance of the humane sailors, hid himself in a vessel about to sail for London. The captain, one Gallar, was too honest a man to think of keeping his neighbour's chattels, and he would have put him on board a vessel bound for Jamaica, had he not received from his brother captain an indignant refusal. On reaching London, the worthy skipper took home the little black boy to his house, and made him fast with a rope. Henry, however, contrived to escape; although he soon fell into the hands of the Philistines again. This alternation of liberty and slavery took place more than once; but at last he had the happiness to wound his leg severely, which was the cause of his being introduced to a surgeon. It is hardly necessary to add that, from the moment the true state of the case became known to an English gentleman of education and intelligence, whose mind was untainted by the brutalising atmosphere of a slave country, Henry Bains

became permanently free. He also was received into the family of the beneficent Pringle, and maintained there, with the provisions both of the mind and body, till his manumission could be arranged.

He is now doing well as a free man at Grenada, having changed his name from Henry Bains to Henry *Springle* (meaning Pringle), and has written several letters to his benefactor overflowing with gratitude.

The cases of Hylias, the Abyssinian boy, Betto Douglas, Nancy Morgan, and Ashton Warner, with Pringle's share in them, are sufficiently familiar to those readers who take an interest in such subjects. The last-mentioned slave died in his arms in the London Hospital, uttering with his last breath some incoherent expressions about the "King of England," and "freedom to the slaves." "Requiescat!" exclaims Pringle, "He is now where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,' and 'the bondman is free from his master.' 'There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.'"

I must not have it supposed, however, that his benevolence was called forth only by the coloured races, or, in other words, that it was a *hobby*. The same disposition manifested itself throughout his whole intercourse with the world. I well remember that in

those cases—far too few—in which my own active sympathies were awakened, he was the good genius of the unfortunate to whom I applied for advice and assistance. These were the cases of such of my literary brethren as, although more deserving, had been less fortunate than myself. His anxious readiness and considerate delicacy on such occasions are beautifully illustrated in the following note. Mine, to which it was in answer, was on the case of a young and nameless author, whom I discovered, by the light of his fancy, like a glow-worm—in the mire.

Thursday Evening.

MY DEAR RITCHIE,

Your note respecting —— interests me much, and I will gladly meet you and him either in your house or mine on the very first evening I can command. I would have named to-morrow or Saturday, had I not expected Morton out on one of these evenings, and I don't know which; I cannot, therefore, invite you and him, as it would not do so well to have another person with us.

But let us fix Monday for you and our new friend to come here to dinner at half-past four, or say five *precisely*. I shall probably be at home all that day; and if you come out it will every way suit me best, and I will then fix a day to dine at your house in turn. We shall either have a bachelor's dinner, or the womankind instructed to *rise early* and leave us to ourselves.

Will it be requisite for me to write a formal note to

——, to ask him? Perhaps it may be as well, as he is poor and proud—so I enclose one.

I will meanwhile extort five guineas out of ——, to present him as a retaining fee.

Yours, dear Ritchie, ever truly,

THOMAS PRINGLE.

P.S.— You will of course fix with —— about your mode of travelling, &c. If the weather continue dry, it will be a pleasant walk.

Should you or —— happen to be engaged on Monday, fix Tuesday with him: it will suit me equally well, so far as I know.

The affair of the withdrawal of Coleridge's pension, and the delicate and noble letter addressed subsequently to the poet by Lord Brougham, are well known; but few persons are aware that the restoration of a fund, which was the sole support of a man of genius in his last days, was mainly the work of Pringle. His attempts were made through Colonel Fox, Sir James Mackintosh, Rogers, and other influential men; but for some time the result was very doubtful. The following note will show the interest taken in the affair by Sir James Mackintosh.

Harrogate, May 26, 1831.

MY DEAR MR. PRINGLE,

You do me no more than justice in believing that I take a strong interest in poor Coleridge's case. I am the

more sorry for the failure because I had a considerable hand in contributing to procure the little pension for him.

You must be aware that to get a pension or a sinecure from the present Ministers is something like trying to pull down the moon. I should almost think a subscription more promising : but I shall see Rogers next week, or this, and he is the best qualified of any one to give advice or assistance in such an emergency.

I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

J. MACKINTOSH.

The announcement of success was made to Pringle by Rogers in the following note.

MY DEAR SIR,

I saw Lord Grey yesterday, and am happy to say that the work is done for Coleridge. He is still to receive his annuity. To you it must give double pleasure, for it is in a great degree your work.

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Friday, May 27, 1831.

I cannot refrain from adding the following note from Mr. Hardman, a friend of Coleridge, and a man worthy of being so.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your obliging note has given me more gratification than I have time or words to express, and I shall always consider that Mr. Coleridge is indebted *to you* for this important benefit, for *by you* and *your friends* alone has the impulse been

given. I shall have the pleasure of leaving your note with Mr. Coleridge this afternoon, and you will doubtless hear from him.

You will assuredly, my dear Sir, be rewarded in this world, and in a better one, for your active benevolence on this occasion; and you will ever command the esteem and gratitude of, my dear Sir, your greatly obliged,

J. HARDMAN.

Saturday.

Pringle's intimacy with "the old man eloquent" was constant and familiar; and the following note will show the opinion entertained by Coleridge of his friend.

MY DEAR PRINGLE,

I am indeed very unwell—perhaps worse in spirits than in body—so oppressive is the gloom of the fear of a relapse. I have barely looked at your kind letter. As I never had the slightest thought of any remuneration of this kind, if I supposed that in any way, *direct* or *indirect*, it came from *your* pocket, I should not hesitate to re-enclose it. But I still pray, and heartily trust, I may yet see you to question you on this. Till then God bless you.

Your afflicted but very sincere friend and thorough *esteemer*, with friendly affection,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Thursday, October 24, 1833.

CHAPTER IV.

Triumph of the Anti-Slavery Society—Seized with his last Illness—Application to Government for an Appointment at the Cape—Letter to Lord Brougham—Note from Lord Jeffrey—Ordered by his Physicians to a warmer Climate—Fresh Application to Government—Refusal—Unfavourable Symptoms of his Disease—Frame of mind towards its termination—Death—Epitaph—Character—Situation of his Widow and her Sister—Respectful Suggestion to Her Majesty the Queen.

AFTER so many years of incessant struggles, the mighty question was at length settled, and the “abolition of slavery” was decreed throughout the British dominions. This, at least, was the phrase used at the time to express the fact that a great many millions of money were presented to the planters, for their kindness in permitting us to sink the name of *slaves*, so insulting and humiliating to the civilisation of the nineteenth century, and to call the coloured victims *apprentices*. There was also a stipulation that on a certain day of the year specified, the planters should turn just and humane. This was hardly necessary: still it was

proper, as a matter of form. Britannia winked at the Genius of Slavery as she promulgated the clause; and he, as he assented with a grave leer, put his finger on his nose. The occasion was celebrated as a religious festival by the good and the devout; the Anti-Slavery Society smoothed its anxious brow, and reduced its secretary to half-pay; and the exultation of the half-pay secretary burst forth in a song, the burthen of which was "Let us be joyful, joyful, joyful!"

On the 27th of June, 1834, a document was published signed "Thomas Pringle," reciting the Act of Abolition, ascribing the honour of the triumph to the Almighty, and calling upon all persons interested in the cause, to devote the approaching 1st of August—the appointed day of manumission—to His service and praise. This was the conclusion of his labours. The best years of his life, the highest energies of his mind, had not been sacrificed in vain. Nature and humanity had triumphed; and he had himself been the organ of declaring to the people that, while rejoicing in their success, the labourers in the holy cause disclaimed the merit, laying down their human pride at the footstool of the God of Mercy.

On the following day he was seized with the illness which terminated his life.

“ I had been the medical attendant,” says Mr. James Kennedy, “ of Mr. Pringle’s family during several years, but up to the commencement of his last illness, Mr. Pringle had not required my assistance for any severe attack. His symptoms were slight, and usually such as are the result of sedentary habits.

“ The first intimation I had of the commencement of the disease of which he eventually died, was on the 28th day of June, 1834 ; when I received a note from Mr. Pringle, of which the following is a copy.

Highgate, Saturday morning.

DEAR KENNEDY,

I must have a little doctoring. Last night, in taking some slight supper, a crumb of bread seemed, as we say, to go down my wrong throat. This induced a violent coughing, and I presume lacerated some small blood-vessel in the lungs, for a little blood—not very much—came up : that soon ceased, but I feel this morning a sensation as if there was a slight abrasion of the part ; so I suppose you had better come out and prescribe.

Truly yours,

THOMAS PRINGLE.

“ When the above accident took place, Mr. Pringle’s general health appeared quite good. It had not been preceded by any habitual cough, or change in the state

of the pulse, nor was languor or debility complained of, or other symptoms indicating any constitutional tendency to disease. The patient, therefore, very naturally concluded that the accidental circumstance mentioned in his note was the sole cause of his complaint; but, as copious spitting of blood continued to recur at intervals during several days, grounds of suspicion were afforded, in a medical point of view, that organic disease had commenced in the lungs. Subsequent symptoms justified, at an early period, this serious view of the case, for although the bleeding was permanently checked in less than a fortnight, he began soon afterwards to lose flesh and strength, and to suffer from frequent cough, &c.—the ordinary signs of consumption.”

The following letter, written by him a month after this attack of illness, describes his condition and prospects, and brings down the narrative.

Highgate, July 29, 1834.

I did not think I should have been so long in replying to your most kind letter of the 15th, but it is only within this day or two that I have been permitted to resume the pen with some degree of freedom. I am, however, thankful to say that I have had no return of alarming symptoms, and am, as the doctors tell me, doing extremely well; only they still keep the crutches from me and confine me to the sofa.

I hope to get out again in about a fortnight, and trust I shall experience no permanent bad effects from this attack, as it seems to have been entirely accidental, and my lungs appear to be otherwise sound.

In regard to other matters, I am sorry to say that my prospects of the future are more than ever dark and clouded. I have got within these few days an unfavourable reply from Mr. Spring Rice, in regard to my application for an appointment at the Cape. He says, that as great reductions are now making there, those reduced from the government service must have a preferable claim; so that *that* prospect seems to be shut. Many of the persons who will thus have a preference to me, were amongst the vilest tools of Lord Charles Somerset's administration. But to have been persecuted by a Tory government for maintaining Whig principles, or rather the principles of truth and justice, seems, even under a Whig administration, to operate rather to one's disadvantage than otherwise. In fact, how can it be otherwise—so long as the under-secretaries and clerks are still the persons who determine most of the Colonial appointments, who were put in office by Lord Bathurst, and who, to this hour, act as far as they can on the wretched system of *his* administration? Spring Rice, with the best intentions, coming new into office, must necessarily draw his information from such prejudiced and polluted sources—and thus things go on year after year.

If I had now a few hundred pounds I would go out to the Caffer frontier, buy and stock a farm, and settle myself for life in the wilderness. I am tired with the wear and tear of town life, and struggling with straitened circumstances for ever. Perfect quiet and happiness and leisure is not, I know, to be found in this world; but if the choice must be between utter seclusion, and struggling for subsistence by the exhausting and precarious wages of literary labour, I have no hesitation

in preferring the latter—if the latter were in my power—which unhappily it is not.

But enough of self. After all, I have no doubt that what befalls us (if not by our own fault) is ever for the best; and in that belief, and in a firm trust in God's good providence, I will endeavour to find consolation.

In order to explain this allusion to Mr. Spring Rice, it is necessary to say that, in anticipation of the breaking up of the Anti-Slavery Society, Pringle had been long engaged in soliciting an appointment at the Cape of Good Hope. In order to explain his views, so consistent with his whole history, I copy a letter which he addressed upon the subject to Lord Brougham a year before.

*Holly Terrace, Highgate,
August 24, 1833.*

MY LORD,

Mr. Buxton mentioned to me this morning that your lordship had expressed to him, in the strongest terms, your desire that I should be provided for by some competent appointment; but that you were at a loss to know what would suit me. Honoured and obliged in no ordinary degree by the interest your lordship takes in my welfare, I am thus encouraged to address you personally on this point, and I shall do so as concisely as I can render compatible with the object in view.

Your lordship is already aware that I have requested some honoured friends to solicit for me a civil appointment at the Cape of Good Hope. I have directed my views to that

colony, partly because I was sensible of the extreme difficulty of obtaining any competent provision in England—particularly for a person like myself, not bred to any of the regular professions. But I have thought of the Cape more especially, because my former residence there, which brought me intimately acquainted with the character and condition of the various classes of the population, gives me (as I imagine) considerable advantages, and emboldens me to cherish the hope of rendering my humble services more extensively useful to my fellow-men in that quarter of the world, than they could probably be anywhere else.

I am therefore solicitous to obtain the appointment of resident Magistrate of the new (and still *unnamed*) district upon the frontier of Cafferland.

This appointment, should I have the honour to obtain it, will, independently of its strictly official duties, bring me into that sort of relationship with the native African population, which, I flatter myself, would afford most favourable opportunities for promoting the interests of humanity and civilisation, by the encouragement of general instruction, of infant schools, of religious missions, of temperance associations, and other sound practical means, for gradually elevating long-degraded races of men in the moral and intellectual scale of being.

I shall only further remark, that a resident civil functionary has been for some time very urgently wanted in the remote district I have referred to; that, in point of fact, imminent peril to the peace of the colony, and manifold acts of cruelty and oppression towards the natives, have been the consequence of its neglect; that its present state is in entire opposition to the recommendation of his Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry seven years ago; and finally that to these Commissioners (Colonel Colebrooke and Mr. Bigge, both now in England) I would desire respectfully to refer his Majesty's

government in regard to my own conduct in that colony under very critical circumstances, and my competence generally for the important office I have ventured to solicit.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

P.S.—There are no *slaves* in the district referred to.

*To the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor,
&c. &c. &c.*

This application was seconded by Mr. (now Lord) Jeffrey, as will be observed by the following note.

35, Charles-street, Tuesday Evening, 25th June.

MY DEAR SIR,

I shall certainly mention you to the Chancellor with every recommendation in my power; and shall also confer with Mr. Macaulay on the best way of promoting your wishes. I am sorry you find it advisable again to seek employment as so great a distance. Wherever you are, you may rely on the kind remembrance of all who here know you, with as much certainty as they will always count on your being engaged in making men better and happier around you.

I seldom go out before one o'clock, and shall be glad to see you any morning after eleven.

Believe me always very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

Thomas Pringle, Esq. &c. &c.

This correspondence, however, took place when he was in perfect health, and when the result was not a

thing of extraordinary importance ; but his removal to the Cape was destined very speedily to become an affair of life and death. Here I am again able to use his own words.

*Letherhead, Surrey (18 miles from London),
3rd Oct. 1834.*

Not having heard from you since I wrote to you two weeks ago, I begin to suspect that I did not give you our address *here*. But whether or not, I must now proceed to give you some particulars of my present situation.

On the 14th or 15th of September, Dr. Clark, a physician of great eminence in diseases of the chest, who had been called in when my complaint was at its most alarming crisis, in the beginning of July, came out to see me ; and after a very careful re-examination of the chest, and a full inquiry into the state of my general health for some years preceding, he gave it as his opinion that I could not remain in England during the ensuing winter without the greatest risk. He therefore urged me to resort without delay to a milder climate.

I told him that I was utterly without the means, without funds, and without income, except what depended on my pen. He then proposed my return to the Cape, where he knew I had formerly resided ; the climate being, he said, equally good for my complaint as any of the warmer countries of Europe ; and the long voyage through warm latitudes being an additional recommendation, as one of the best remedies in my case.

There was thus no choice left me, if I wished to preserve my life, but to make a great effort to raise funds for our passage ; but after disposing of my little furniture, and settling

household and other accounts, I saw I should not have one shilling remaining—but even be in debt.

I asked Dr. Clark to send me his opinion in writing (a copy of which I enclose you), and I sent copies of it to the two leading men of the A. S. society, with whom I have always been most intimate—Z. Macaulay, and Buxton, with a precise statement of my situation—leaving them to take such measures for my assistance as they should judge fitting. And never was any thing more affectionate, delicate, and generous, than the conduct of these two invaluable friends. In less than a week they have raised funds (from among the affluent members of the Society) ample for our outfit and passage; and it is intended, I understand, after I am gone, to attempt something on a larger scale for my advantage. No man in my circumstances could expect greater kindness and liberality than this.

Meanwhile I have sent in a strong appeal to Mr. Spring Rice, and through him to the governor, generally soliciting a grant of land, and a grant of money to stock it with, in consideration of my losses and ill-treatment under Lord Charles Somerset. This appeal has been zealously backed by Mr. Buxton and by Lord Holland in my behalf, but what the result will be I cannot guess. I *hope* they will now see that there will be injustice and disgrace in not doing *something* for me. The Chancellor has been *stormed* afresh on my behalf, and indeed while I have been lounging away the last fortnight among the beautiful lanes of Surrey, my zealous friends seem to have set every wheel in motion that could be turned to acting.

If through the blessing of God the means employed prove successful in obtaining for me the means of establishing myself as a settler (sheep-farmer), however humbly at first, I have no other intention than to locate myself near the Kat River, and to devote the remainder of my days, be they

few or many, to the improvement and protection of the natives, in such humble manner and degree as a private individual may pretend to. This is supposing my health to be restored, by the voyage and the climate of South Africa, as my physician seems sanguinely to anticipate.

The new application adverted to above was answered as follows :

Colonial Office, Oct. 23, 1834.

SIR,

It is with much regret that Mr. Secretary Spring Rice acquaints you of his inability to comply with your application for a grant of land at the Cape of Good Hope. The rules by which the Secretary of State is guided in the disposal of waste lands are very strictly adhered to, and scarcely permit under any circumstances a free grant of land : in addition to this, it is much doubted whether the Government at the Cape has any to grant, at all fit for agricultural purposes, except in the frontier districts : and to show you the difficulty of meeting your views, I must only say, that in the only instance within these few years past in which the Secretary of State thought proper to instruct the Governor to assign a grant of land to a particular person, it was found impossible to accomplish the object.

It is equally impossible for Mr. Spring Rice to advance you a sum of money to assist you on your return to the Cape.

He will have much pleasure in recommending you to the attention of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, who *may* have it in his power to render you assistance, and advance your objects. A letter to the Governor will accompany this.

I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

RICHARD EARLE,

Private Sec.

Thomas Pringle, Esq.

To this Pringle rejoined as follows :

6, *Portman Street, Portman Square,*
November 4, 1834.

SIR,

Your letter of October the 23rd (which reached me only a few days ago), written by the direction of Mr. Secretary Spring Rice, has, I must confess, mortified and disappointed me not a little, inasmuch as the decision now given is far less favourable than that of Earl Bathurst in 1826, who declared his willingness to afford me every reasonable encouragement as a settler.

The change of circumstances in regard to land may, however, possibly account for this,—and I cannot suppose any want of favourable disposition. Have the goodness to convey to Mr. Secretary Spring Rice my best acknowledgments for the letter of recommendation to Sir Benjamin D'Urban.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) THOMAS PRINGLE.

To Richard Earle, Esq.

His friends, knowing as they did the highly favourable sentiments of Lord Brougham, Lord Holland, and others, were of course no less surprised than mortified by this result. The difficulty, however, of obtaining a public employment of any respectability is proverbial; and there were undoubtedly circumstances, both as connected with the colony and the individual, which on the present occasion increased the difficulty a hundred-

fold. The bad health of the applicant was of itself an obstacle of no small magnitude : the very urgency and necessity of the case seemed to be fatal to its success. A gratuitous grant of land, it appears from Mr. Earle's communication, was out of the question ; and the only other means of rendering the assistance demanded was by a donation of money. Whether any fund existed from which this could be drawn (without trying anew the compensation claim) I cannot say ; but, from whatever cause it occurred, it is much to be regretted that the liberal party lost an opportunity of performing a kind action which could not have provoked the bad feelings even of their enemies, and which would have done them infinite credit with the truly good and estimable classes throughout the country.

The disappointment does not appear to have produced any effect upon his naturally strong mind. He prepared for his voyage to the Cape, and actually engaged a passage for himself, his wife, and her sister. But it was not to be. The day of sailing was postponed from time to time ; till at length the severer symptoms of the disease manifested themselves, and he was advised to abide the issue at home. His work was done ; his stewardship was expired ; and the hour had come when he was to be called to his account. That

hour, I most firmly believe, few men have ever been better prepared to meet.

In addition to the other symptoms of his disease, diarrhœa now supervened, which his weakened constitution was unable to resist. The result soon became certain; and, with the same resolution, the same collectedness of spirit, which he had exhibited as the champion of humanity, and the defender of the rights of the press, he set himself to prepare for the great change. His good deeds, if he had ever prided himself upon them at all, he threw off, like a robe fit only for the present world; resting his "sure and certain hope" upon the merits of the Saviour. The Bible was his companion by day and by night; and, when exhausted nature sank into slumber, he would start in the midst, crying, "Give me my book—I am losing time!"

"Mingled with deep and lasting regret," says Mr. Kennedy, his medical attendant, "for the loss of our excellent friend—a feeling common to all who intimately knew him—I have some consolatory sources of reflection which were not afforded to many. It is not without even some degree of pleasure that I revert to the period that immediately preceded his departure from this life. He seemed to have lived and laboured more

for the happiness of others than his own, and his enjoyments seemed to commence where those of persons who pursue an opposite course appear to terminate. Although made quite aware of the near approach of death many days before it took place, he maintained to his latest hours the greatest cheerfulness and resignation. His characteristic firmness never for a moment deserted him. In a conversation which I had with him at this time, he spoke freely of the coming event, as if it had been an ordinary topic, ascribing his happy state of mind not to any thing that he had himself performed, but to his religious conviction and hope, based on the doctrine of the atonement. 'In this,' he continued, 'I differ from some literary friends, for whose persons and talents I have much respect and affection, but who, in my opinion, unfortunately overlook this, the foundation of Christianity and all true religion.' "

"He was one," says the Rev. J. Macdonald, "in whom I felt much interested. He had been a member of my church for the last four years, and I had thus an opportunity of knowing him intimately; and there was so much advantage to be gained from his conversation, that I could not consider the occasional hours I spent in his society as otherwise than profitably and plea-

santly employed. At the same time, he was so totally engrossed in the Anti-slavery cause, that child of his heart, and he had so much of an habitual reserve in regard to matters of personal and experimental religion, arising partly from the fetters of his peculiar connexion, and partly from an honest dread and abhorrence of hypocrisy, that I had not frequently with him that free interchange of practical religious sentiment which I could have desired. But in his rapid and unexpected decline of life, his lamp was trimmed, and shone out brightly, for 'there was oil in the vessel together with the lamp.'

“As you are aware, he ailed much during the autumn. He was advised to go to the Cape; and, through the benevolent exertions of kind friends, he was enabled to make every necessary and comfortable provision for the voyage thither, even to the taking and paying for his passage; when, suddenly, it pleased God to lay a final arrest on his earthly tabernacle, by the hand of a disease which scourged his system during three weeks, so as to make his well-known visage almost strange to me. I happened to be in Scotland when the attack came on, and thus did not see him until the last week of his life, but it was a rich consolation for me to find the state of mind in

which he lay. His soul seemed quite detached from all earthly things, and quite unwilling to think of them. He acknowledged the wisdom, righteousness, and grace of the Lord in so chastising him; and seemed happy to trace the various steps of that painful yet gracious process by which the Lord had humbled him. His strain was thanksgiving. Two nights before his death, though reduced to a ghastly skeleton, he desired to sing some verses of a psalm with me; and on my proposing to substitute a brief exposition of the 103rd psalm, as that we usually sing at our Communion, I shall never forget the affectingly sweet expression with which he assented.

“He spoke much of Christ as his only hope, and seemed to have a peculiar pleasure in whatever I said about his glorious righteousness; and I do firmly believe that he fell asleep in the Lord. I held his hand as he expired, which he had held out to me, with the almost inaudible articulation of ‘Farewell!’ There were throbings, and a little restlessness, but no struggles—he gently died.”

“At length,” says Mr. Conder, in a memoir too brief for what is so excellent*, “At length ‘the silver cord was loosed.’ On the evening of Friday, Dec. 5, he

* Preface to the last edition of Pringle’s Narrative.

gently passed out of life; and the friend who held the hand that was stretched out to bid him farewell in the approach of death, felt nothing but the passive throb of the frame from which the spirit had already disengaged itself, to return to its Father and Redeemer. Thus peacefully, and in the faith of Christ, died this devoted and unwearied friend of the slave and the oppressed; one who consecrated his talents to the cause of mercy, because he had obtained mercy. His was no mercenary, though an official advocacy, of the rights of the African race. His heart dictated his acceptance of a post which his circumstances rendered a needful provision. No gold could have purchased his labours in a cause which his conscience disapproved. He lived for others, and he died poor, yet having contributed to 'make many rich;' 'having,' in this world, 'nothing, and yet possessing all things.'

“ His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, ground consecrated by the remains of the great and good, which have during ages accumulated in that wilderness of tombs, where a simple stone bears the following just and elegant tribute to his memory, written by William Kennedy:—

Sacred to the Memory

OF

THOMAS PRINGLE,

AN HUMBLE DISCIPLE OF CHRIST,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 5TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1834,

IN THE 46TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

IN THE WALKS OF BRITISH LITERATURE HE WAS KNOWN

AS A MAN OF GENIUS :

IN THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE HE WAS LOVED

AS AN AFFECTIONATE RELATIVE AND FAITHFUL FRIEND :

IN THE WIDE SPHERE OF HUMANITY HE WAS REVERED

AS THE ADVOCATE AND PROTECTOR OF THE OPPRESSED :

HE LEFT AMONG THE CHILDREN OF THE AFRICAN DESERT

A MEMORIAL OF HIS PHILANTHROPY ;

AND BEQUEATHED TO HIS FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN

AN EXAMPLE OF ENDURING VIRTUE.

HAVING LIVED TO WITNESS THE CAUSE IN WHICH HE

HAD ARDENTLY AND ENERGETICALLY LABOURED, TRIUMPH IN THE

EMANCIPATION OF THE NEGRO,

HE WAS HIMSELF CALLED FROM THE BONDAGE OF THIS WORLD

TO THE ENJOYMENT OF ETERNAL LIBERTY,

THROUGH THE MERITS OF

HIS REDEEMER.

The death of Thomas Pringle drew forth an expression of affectionate regret in every civilised country in the world where the English language is spoken. In British India, in America, in Africa, the feeling was the same; and to the credit of human nature be it related, that even his adversaries joined in lamenting when dead the man they had striven against when living. The eulogiums pronounced by contemporary writers would fill a volume of themselves; but there is one which I *must* copy, and which, after the manner in which I have been compelled to mention the writer's name, it gives me unfeigned pleasure to present to the public. It is from the pen of Mr. Fairbairn.

*Extract from the "South African Advertiser," dated 18th
March, 1835.*

The admirers of worth and genius will learn with regret the death of Mr. Thomas Pringle, who expired at his residence in Bryanstone-street, Bryanstone-square, London, on the 5th of December last, in the 46th year of his age.

With Mr. Pringle's reputation as an elegant poet, possessing strong claims to originality, the world is well acquainted; but his last work, entitled "African Sketches," published only a few months previous to his death, gives his name a secure place amongst the most intrepid and generous defenders of the natural rights of mankind. It is a noble addition to that species of literature to which Milton, after he had composed the sweetest of his immortal works, looked back with most

satisfaction, and he drew from his efforts in that field the high consolation and dauntless courage which supported him in his years of blindness and solitude, "when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, and compassed round with darkness and with dangers!"

Of Mr. Pringle's private character it is impossible to speak with too much warmth of esteem and affection. An intimate acquaintance, and uninterrupted friendship of twenty-six years, has left upon the mind of the writer a conviction, that Pringle was the most amiable man of genius he ever knew. Steady in his attachments, modest, frank, forgiving — we know not a quality of the heart that renders talents agreeable, and wit safe in social and domestic life, which he did not exhibit in the degree most to be desired, whether the stream of accidents ran rough or smooth.

It should be pleasing to his friends, and they are all who ever knew him, to know that he died in the faith and hope of Christianity; and those who sorrow most for his loss have the best grounds for believing that their separation will not be for ever!

One of the gentlest yet firmest, one of the humblest yet most high-minded of human beings, the character of Thomas Pringle was made up of qualities, which excite in equal proportions affection and respect. With him benevolence was not a weakness, but a principle. He did not *indulge* in doing good; but his humanity, being under the strict control of his judgment, he refuted practically the doctrines of that philosophy which refers even our best actions to selfishness. He

was warm and steady in his attachments ; but though he would have risked his life for his friend, he would not have sacrificed his probity. He was deeply religious, but not of those devotees who "crucify their countenances." Cheerful, buoyant, and even gay, he exemplified his faith only in his actions. Open, generous, manly, and sincere, I may address him in the words of Charles Lamb,

" Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
I have not found a *whiter* soul than thine !"

In person he was rather under than over the middle size, apparently in consequence of his lower limbs having been prevented by the accident I have mentioned from acquiring their due development. His body was well formed ; his head strikingly intellectual ; and his face characterised by an expression of mingled sweetness and sagacity, not common in their union. He was rather what is termed good-looking than strictly handsome ; but his eye, which knew how to kindle as well as melt, to upbraid as well as soothe, threw such gleams of sentiment over his countenance as would have redeemed much more common features.

How did it happen that engaged as he was, through his whole life, in a continued moral struggle, "no man (as a critic remarks) ever had fewer enemies,

or descended into the grave with fewer animosities?" The explanation is to be found in his singleness of heart and purpose, in that *whiteness of soul* which, even when brought into contact with impurity, threw off the stains of the world, as if by some natural law of repulsion. Perhaps—but on this subject I dare not enter—perhaps we may trace the steadfastness of his mind to higher causes, to nobler principles: perhaps we may account for the unity presented in his life, by the fact of his moral energies being continually under the direction and control of his religious convictions. I am able, at least, to give in his own words what seems to have been the rule of his conduct.

“ My son, be this thy simple plan :
 Serve God, and love thy neighbour man :
 Forget not, in temptation's hour,
 That Sin lends Sorrow double power ;
 Count life a stage upon thy way,
 And follow Conscience, come what may :
 Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
 With hand, and brow, and bosom clear,
 ‘ Fear God—and know no other fear.’ ”

I trust it would be felt as an unpardonable omission by the reader, if I closed this chapter without saying some words on the present condition and prospects of the bereaved widow and her sister. Theirs is no com-

mon grief, such as may be forgotten in a little time, or soothed by the consolations of friends. The wife did not merely lose her husband, or the sister her brother. At one blow the occupation of their minds was gone; their habits were broken off; their thoughts were choked up in their accustomed channel; the connexion was severed which bound them to the business of the world; for, thinking so long in his thoughts, feeling in his feelings, hoping in his hopes, sorrowing in his sorrows, living in his life, the earth became to them a new country when he died.

The two ladies at present have an annuity between them, purchased chiefly by some anti-slavery friends, of twenty pounds a-year. It is a painful and a delicate subject, and I cannot dwell upon it: but this is the whole worldly fortune of these estimable women.

At the late meeting of the Anti-Slavery Delegates in London, a striking and affecting circumstance occurred. A want seemed to be felt—an association was broken off which had to be looked for. Where was that unwearied pen, which had prepared even the minutest details of business for examination? Where that ready minister, who had been wont to prompt and anticipate their wishes? The thought of Pringle rose in every heart; and several of the Delegates stood up

to pronounce the name of their lost Secretary. The widow, too, was mentioned—and the necessity, the duty, of caring for her. These words, I trust, will not be lost. They will be repeated, I trust, in their own homes, in their own social circles, in their own provinces, and the words will ripen into deeds. But all this is uncertain; and the very subsistence of the objects of our solicitude depends upon a contingency.

Pringle's claims were virtually allowed by Earl Bathurst; and they were distinctly admitted by Mr. Spring Rice, since he stated the reasons (unconnected with the merits of the application) *why* it was impossible to give him either a grant of land, or a public employment at the Cape. Pringle, however, is now no more; and, setting aside the whole question as it related to himself, can it be denied that the widow of such a man has still a claim upon the country? Would it not be an act worthy of our young and considerate Sovereign—an act pleasing alike to God and man—a noble, beautiful and holy act, to bestow a small pension upon Mrs. Pringle, to secure the living representative of departed worth from those worldly deprivations and annoyances, which unalleviated, are calculated to add many bitters to the cup of her bereavement?

CHAPTER V.

Character of his Works—Narrative of his Residence in Africa—
 First Idea of the Narrative—"Afar in the Desert"—Letter from
 Coleridge respecting this Poem—The Bechuana Boy—His own
 Account of him—His Reputation as a Critic—Correspondence—
 Letters of Scott—Rogers—Coleridge—Hogg—Conclusion.

A SINGULAR and beautiful analogy may be traced between the moral and literary character of Thomas Pringle. Sometimes brilliant, sometimes striking, and always captivating, but less brilliant than pure, less striking than useful, less captivating to the fancy than wholesome to the heart, his works seem to have had for their end the aim of his life—"to make men better and happier around him." Even among his miscellaneous poems, we look in vain for those elegant unsubstantialities which make up nine-tenths of the sum of modern poetry, compensating by their prodigious number for the want of individual value. He was not of those who haunt the sacred hill, merely to chase sunbeams and butterflies. With him,

every line has its definite object—every picture its moral purpose.

The greater part of his works probably consist of fugitive papers, written while in the service of the Anti-Slavery Society ; but those acknowledged by his name, and on which his reputation as an author depends, are the poems now collected in this volume, and the Narrative I have so often alluded to of his residence in South Africa.

The “ Narrative,” although it met with almost universal praise, is said, by severe critics, to want condensation : and so they would have said of Robinson Crusoe. In fact, one of the greatest merits of this work consists in a real, not affected, simplicity, and a diffuseness which is not an excess of care, but an overflowing of the heart. Here and there, indeed, there are passages of power and beauty, groups and pictures which might be studded into the pages of Scott himself ; but, mingling with these, come the homely details, the familiar explanations, the unimportant diaries—the touches of nature, in short, which show us that the former are only incidental evidences of genius, occurring unavoidably, and perhaps unconsciously, in a plain record of feelings and events.

The first and best idea of the “ Narrative ” is given

in the following letter to a friend. It is much to be regretted that this idea was not fully carried out.

*London, 7, Solly Terrace, Pentonville,
February 3, 1832.*

I was not a little moved on hearing, a few days ago, of the death of our old friend H——. I had heard no report of his previous illness, nor have I yet learnt any of the details. The bare fact only has reached me; and I now write to inquire of you the particulars of his last illness—and any other information you can give respecting my poor old friend and school-fellow—the circumstances in which his family are left, &c. &c.

This event has awakened many old reminiscences and melancholy reflections, which I need not enter upon. *You* can guess the colour and current of them.

Time speeds his ceaseless course—and our early comrades drop off one by one. *Our* brief date is also fixed, and who knows that your summons or mine may not be the next? To the ordinary uncertainty of life, is now added the ravage of this new pestilence, which has at length, I see, reached your city, and may be speedily expected here. Its chief prey appears, indeed, to have been hitherto among the destitute and the intemperate; but no one can reasonably consider himself secure from its contagion—much less one enfeebled by dyspeptic and nervous complaints of long standing—like myself. Without feeling any unmanly alarm, I am endeavouring to prepare for its approach, by “setting my house in order.” I must not—and will not, with God’s blessing—abandon my post of duty; but I would fain be prepared, both in a temporal and spiritual sense, for whatever may befall. And such, my dear friend, I am confident, is your habitual endeavour, not with reference to this present pest and peril merely; but

viewing human life as a wise and religious man should always view it, I know you daily join with your dear pretty wife in devoutly praying, like our great poet—

“for grace to use it so,—
Whether our lot on earth be mean or high,
Or time be less or more, death soon or slow,—
As ever in our Great Task-master’s eye.”

Poor H——’s premature decease has led my thoughts much back on my own checkered and changeful life ; and I have taken it into my head to write a little sketch of it, in the shape of a series of letters to you. “ Ah, Tamas ! Tamas—vanity and egotism ! ” I hear you exclaim. True, dear John, there may be vanity and egotism at the bottom—I deny it not. But hear me out.

For six or seven years I have fully intended to write out my “ Residence in South Africa,” as a work, for publication ; but somehow or other, its progress has hitherto been constantly interrupted by other avocations, public or private, of more immediate urgency ; and unless I obtain more leisure than I now possess, or have any prospect of, I begin to perceive that it will never be written, at least as a formal task-work. But if I set about it in the shape of a letter every Saturday evening to my dear and indulgent friend, I think it probable that in the course of a few months, should I live so long, I may put on paper the cream and substance of what I have to tell. And then, should I be cut off soon, like poor H——, or never find leisure to write my proposed book, you may, if it appears advisable, print these letters (with such pruning and correction as may be requisite) for the benefit of my poor dear Margaret, if she should survive me. Or should they not be found of sufficient interest for publication, you can bind them up, or get a copy made of them, and send it out to

my relatives at Glen-Lynden, to be preserved among them as a record of our first settlement and adventures.

I propose to commence, however, with my early days ; and in regard to that portion, I confess, my object is more egotistical. I intend all the letters, as I shall write them, to be bound up and sent out to my brothers in Africa, as a sort of family history ; but I will not deny that I am also vain enough to imagine that they may assist you, my dear John, to draw up a little sketch of my biography to prefix to my " Poetical Remains ;" somewhat in the mode that Leyden's " Remains " were dealt with by his cousin, my friend Morton. You see I take it for granted that you will outlive me, (as your comparative youth and unimpaired constitution may reasonably warrant me in doing), and that I have solicited you for my biographer. At all events, you need not decline the task till you see what sort of one it is likely to be.

Well—my egotism and vanity are fully before you, without a shred of drapery. Why should I not be frank and candid—at least to *you* ? You will not misapprehend me so far, as to imagine I am such a goose as to think myself an Aonian swan. No, dear John, no one knows better than I do the real value of my poetical vein. But though I have (as yet at least) written but a few pages that deserve to live in the literature of my country ; yet I may without presumption, perhaps, rank myself among those " Minors " who have indited, whether from genius or good luck, a few things which their countrymen " would not willingly let die." If I am not presumptuous, therefore, in hoping that my poetic trifles may survive for a little while with those of Bruce and Logan, and Beattie, and Grahame, and Leyden, I may be excused for the vanity of anticipating that a brief memoir, such as that of Leyden or of Grahame, may be required from some friendly pen, to accompany my " Remains."

The letters I now propose to address to you, will thus serve a double or treble purpose. They will supply you with authentic materials, out of which to abstract some such brief memoir as I have suggested, after I am "gone to my rest." They will also furnish (I hope) a series of letters relative to the emigration and settlement of myself and party at Glen-Lynden, such as may form a book of some public interest; and finally, the letters bound up, will form an acceptable volume of MS. memoranda for my relatives in Africa to preserve and hand down to their children.

Such, my dear ——, are my views in the epistolary correspondence which I propose to inflict upon you—over and beyond abstracting, if I thereby can, your thoughts and my own from dwelling too much on the melancholy circumstances which the calamities, public and private, of these eventful times thrust on our attention. An hour or so every Saturday evening will not interfere with my other duties; nor will a sheet or two once a week, which will require no rejoinder, prove, I hope, unpleasant reading to you.

The finest and most finished of the longer poetical pieces in this collection is, undoubtedly, "Afar in the Desert." This is a poem which, once having read, it is difficult to forget. It lingers in the ear like one of those old melodies that are associated with ideas at once of sadness and beauty. It harmonizes with that species of depression which partakes not of discontent; and at the moments when we seek to shut out from us the external world, it comes in among our thoughts like something both kith and kin to them. The following

is Coleridge's opinion, extracted from a letter written at the commencement of their acquaintance:—

It is some four or five months ago since G. Thompson's "Travels, &c., in Southern Africa," passing its book-club course through our house, my eye by accident lighting on some verses, I much against my wont was tempted to go on, and so I first became acquainted with your "*Afar in the Desert.*" Though at that time so busy that I had not looked at any of the new books, I was taken so completely possession of, that for some days I did little else but read and recite your poem, now to this group and now to that; and since that time have either written, or caused to be written, at least half a dozen copies, and procured my friend, Mr. Gillman, who, and not I, is a member of the book-club, to purchase the two volumes for me. The day before yesterday I sent a copy in my own hand to my son, the Rev. D. Coleridge, or rather to his bride, at Helston, Cornwall, and then discovered that it had been reprinted in the *Athenæum*; with the omission of about four, or at the utmost of six lines. I do not hesitate to declare it, among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language. "Præcepitandus est liber Spiritus," says the critic; and you have thoroughly fulfilled the prescript.

The "Bechuana Boy" is not only a beautiful poem, but a fit illustration of the benevolent character of the poet. In addition to the note at the end, I present the reader with the following interesting extract from one of his letters. I have before me also an outline of the plan he proposed to himself in writing the memoir of

the poor boy ; but it would not be sufficiently intelligible to persons unacquainted with the story.

London, Aug. 29, 1829.

MY DEAR —,

I am not a little pleased that you like my “ Bechuana Boy.” Your own and your mother’s tears are tributes which I highly prize ; not from any particular vanity in regard to this little piece, but because it satisfies me that my aim to attain the simple language of truth and nature has not been entirely unsuccessful. *Condensation* and *simplicity* are now my great aims in any poetical attempts, for without these I am satisfied that nothing I may write will *live*—or deserve to live—and many of my early pieces are very deficient, especially in the former of these qualities. The poor dear boy, whose history suggested those verses, was received by me as a little servant for Mrs. P., to whom he speedily became most affectionately attached ; but as his intellect and disposition unfolded themselves, he exhibited so much amiable and excellent feeling, and good sense and delicacy, that he became to us rather a child than a menial attendant. He accompanied us to England, and we began to think of giving him such education as might eventually enable him perhaps to return to his native land in the capacity of a missionary or teacher—for which he manifested both the wish and the capacity ; but, poor fellow ! after he had been about eighteen months in England he was seized with a pulmonary complaint, which carried him (I feel assured) to a *better world*, for he became, to the extent of his knowledge, a most exemplary Christian ; and his death-bed was a scene such as is seldom witnessed for child-like and heavenly innocence. It was a very severe stroke to Mrs. P., who truly loved him as “ her

own ;” but the remembrance was hallowed and soothed by the quiet dove-light beauty of his decease. He was still very young when he died, apparently not above eleven, or at most twelve, years of age. He did not know his own age, and we could only guess at it from his appearance. Marossi was his father’s name, he said. His own (by which he was baptised in his last illness) was Hinza. I have retained the former, because I have not adhered *strictly* to his real story in every point, and have represented him as rather older than he was, and capable of more deep feeling and reflection than he appeared to possess when he *first* came under my charge, though not more than what he had attained before he died. The destruction of his tribe and kindred, and his being sold to a boor, &c., are all as he related ; but the *spring-bok*, and his *mode* of joining us, are *poetical licenses*. His expression, when we took him into our waggon, “ I am alone in the world,” was, however, strictly true. Mrs. P. will tell you a thousand interesting traits and anecdotes of him, when you see her. We have also a very good portrait of him, taken by a lady who was fond of him. Perhaps I may some day add a second part to the poem, or write a little biographical sketch of him in prose, when I can *command a little leisure*. But my poems are generally begun from accidental impulse rather than any distinct plan, as was the case in this instance ; and whether I might make the latter part of this little history agreeably interesting may be questionable. So much for poor Hinza Marossi. He was altogether a most interesting child.

The poems of Pringle are characterised, in general, rather by elegance than strength ; but there are some among them of such power and spirit as would seem to prove, that the natural force of his genius was con-

trolled by the gentleness of his mind. This is more particularly observable in the pieces written in Africa. Not a few of these will continue to fascinate the popular ear in our southern colony, as long as the English language is known at the "Cape of Storms."

In criticism, and more especially poetical criticism, his judgment was sound, though perhaps somewhat fastidious. He, in fact, enjoyed a reputation in this way; and Dr. M'Crie, the biographer of John Knox, in a letter now before me, is perfectly correct in saying, that "he was as much esteemed by literary men for the correctness and elegance of his taste, as he was beloved by all his friends for the amiableness of his disposition and his unassuming manners." This reputation, however—so complete in him was the ascendancy of the moral man—was due, in some measure, to the uprightness of his character; for the partiality even of friendship never interfered with the honesty of his decisions. The London publishers were not insensible to so rare a merit in a critic; and I have known more than one of the most eminent among them besieging him for his opinion of a manuscript, and requesting him to name his own terms.

His correspondence with literary men—and those of the highest rank—was very extensive; and I observe

throughout the letters he received a constant mingling of feelings of personal regard, even in the matters of business. The following letter from Scott will be found interesting :—

MY DEAR MR. PRINGLE,

I have your letter received two or three weeks since, which I could not answer immediately, both because I was busily employed about putting my things in order to leave Edinburgh, very possibly (as a resident) for ever. Besides, till I came here I was uncertain whether I had a copy of Lady Anne Lindsay's beautiful ballad left at my disposal, and am now happy, by Sir Francis Freeling's kindness, to put one at your disposal. I thought once of sending you Lady Anne's entire letter, which is extremely interesting, but I think it has rather too much private business in it, for the present at least. You are, so far as I am concerned, quite at liberty to republish the tract, as I know no one who can object to your doing so, the ingenious authoress being no more, and the Bannatyne edition being published by her own consent and desire. I would advise you to copy the tract rather than send it to press, for the Bannatyne books are RRRR. I only show them like wild beasts through a grate, so much am I afraid of what is technically called *condiddling*.

I am happy in the opportunity which has occurred of affording you any satisfaction in however trifling a matter ; being, dear Mr. Pringle,

Your most Obedient Servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, 14th July.

His correspondence with Rogers commences with a note, from which the following is an extract :—

“Pray accept my best thanks for a volume of genuine poetry. Much of the imagery is as new as it is beautiful; and I cannot say how highly we should think ourselves indebted to you for such an importation.”

The letters of Coleridge are valuable, but too long for insertion here. They confirm, in a very remarkable manner, the statement I have made regarding the personal influence exerted by Pringle in the Anti-Slavery question. It was he who turned into this channel the thoughts of his distinguished friend, and awakened an enthusiasm which was always found so infectious by the throng of listeners around him.

I can now only afford space for an early letter of the Ettrick Shepherd.

Ettrive Lake, August 21st, 1818.

DEAR PRINGLE,

I received the parcel with your kind letter, and am grieved that you should have given me so much, as these books will all come against you some day, and cost you money; and the little that I did for the Mag. was not only out of pure friendship to you, but in fact as some acknowledgment for more valuable, though perhaps less lucrative, favours of the same nature. I shall, however, keep the books as a memorial of an intimacy which casualties have

marred, without, I hope, affecting the hearts of either party, or in the least having the power to obliterate.

I am sorry to say that my hands have not been altogether clean of this literary persecution that has been raised against you and your friend; for though in one single instance only, yet I have been as it were the beginner of the whole mischief. I expected retaliation of the same nature, and to acknowledge it to you, and crack over it as the editors of the *Courier and Morning Chronicle* do. But seeing that matters took a different turn, I have done no more in the matter.

I have indeed been a good deal irritated at some things that have taken place of late—the stopping of Gray’s review, the lawsuit, and the unmerited prejudice that Constable has taken against me, but in nothing so much as the illiberal awards of Lord Alloa, and indeed the stupidity of that whole process. The author of that article, I can prove, knew not that such a man as J. Graham Dalziel existed, and in fact he was no more alluded to in the part litigated than you were. But the gig is just passing that is to carry this. Adieu, dear Pringle, and believe me,

Yours ever,

JAMES HOGG.

His poems were first collected in 1828, and published with the modest title of “*Ephemerides* ;” and in 1834, those relating to South Africa were reprinted in a volume, entitled “*African Sketches*.” In that volume the “*Narrative*” of his residence in Africa appeared for the first time; and was reprinted, after the author’s death, in a separate form, prefaced by a brief memoir from the elegant pen of Mr. Conder.

I have now finished my labour of love. The result may appear to a stranger to be rather a eulogium than a memoir, and yet nevertheless it is a faithful record of facts; and the opinions I have expressed, so far from being peculiar to myself, are entertained by every one who had the happiness of knowing intimately my excellent and beloved friend.

P O E M S.

AFRICAN SKETCHES.

Rude Rymes, the which a rustic Muse did weave
In salvadge soyl, far from Parnasso Mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned loome.

SPENSER.

Avia Pieridum peragro, loca nullius ante
Trita solo : juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire ; juvatque novos decerpere flores.

LUCRET.

TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM DESERTS WILD AND MANY A PATHLESS WOOD
OF SAVAGE CLIMES WHERE I HAVE WANDERED LONG,
WHOSE HILLS AND STREAMS ARE YET UNGRACED BY SONG,
I BRING, ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND, THIS GARLAND RUDE:
THE OFFERING, THOUGH UNCOUTH, IN KINDLY MOOD
THOU WILT REGARD, IF HAPLY THERE SHOULD BE,
'MONG MEANER THINGS, THE FLOWER SIMPLICITY,
FRESH FROM COY NATURE'S VIRGIN SOLITUDE.
ACCEPT THIS FRAIL MEMORIAL, HONOURED SCOTT,
OF FAVOURED INTERCOURSE IN FORMER DAY—
OF WORDS OF KINDNESS I HAVE NE'ER FORGOT—
OF ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP I CAN NE'ER REPAY.
FOR I HAVE FOUND (AND WHEREFORE SAY IT NOT?)
THE MINSTREL'S HEART AS NOBLE AS HIS LAY.

January, 1828.



J. Stewart

THE BECUANA BOY.

T. Handcock.

THE BECHUANA BOY.

I SAT at noontide in my tent,
And looked across the Desert dun,
Beneath the cloudless firmament
Far gleaming in the sun,
When from the bosom of the waste
A swarthy Stripling came in haste,
With foot unshod and naked limb ;
And a tame springbok followed him.

With open aspect, frank yet bland,
And with a modest mien he stood,
Caressing with a gentle hand
That beast of gentle brood ;
Then, meekly gazing in my face,
Said in the language of his race,
With smiling look yet pensive tone,
“Stranger—I’m in the world alone !”

“Poor boy !” I said, “thy native home
 Lies far beyond the Stormberg blue :
 Why hast thou left it, boy ! to roam
 This desolate Karroo² ?”
 His face grew sadder while I spoke ;
 The smile forsook it ; and he broke
 Short silence with a sob-like sigh,
 And told his hapless history.

“I have no home !” replied the boy :
 “The Bergenaars³—by night they came,
 And raised their wolfish howl of joy,
 While o’er our huts the flame
 Resistless rushed ; and aye their yell
 Pealed louder as our warriors fell
 In helpless heaps beneath their shot :
 —One living man they left us not !

“The slaughter o’er, they gave the slain
 To feast the foul-beaked birds of prey ;
 And, with our herds, across the plain
 They hurried us away—
 The widowed mothers and their brood.
 Oft, in despair, for drink and food
 We vainly cried : they heeded not,
 But with sharp lash the captive smote.

“Three days we tracked that dreary wild,
 Where thirst and anguish pressed us sore ;
 And many a mother and her child
 Lay down to rise no more.
 Behind us, on the desert brown,
 We saw the vultures swooping down :
 And heard, as the grim night was falling,
 The wolf to his gorged comrade calling.

“ At length was heard a river sounding
 'Midst that dry and dismal land,
And, like a troop of wild deer bounding
 We hurried to its strand—
Among the maddened cattle rushing ;
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drenched,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched.

“ Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep ⁴
 In turbid streams was sweeping fast,
Huge sea-cows ⁵ in its eddies deep
 Loud snorting as we passed ;
But that relentless robber-clan
Right through those waters wild and wan
Drove on like sheep our wearied band :
—Some never reached the farther strand.

“ All shivering from the foaming flood,
 We stood upon the stranger's ground,
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
 The White Men gathered round :
And there, like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,
'Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn—
And roughly from each other torn.

“ My Mother's scream, so long and shrill,
 My little Sister's wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still !)
 Rose wildly to the sky.
A tiger's heart came to me then,
And fiercely on those ruthless men
I sprang.—Alas ! dashed on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

- " Away—away on prancing steeds
 The stout man-stealers blithely go,
 Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,
 O'er mountains capped with snow,
 Each with his captive, far and fast ;
 Until yon rock-bound ridge we passed,
 And distant stripes of cultured soil
 Bespoke the land of tears and toil.
- " And tears and toil have been my lot
 Since I the White Man's thrall became,
 And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
 Harsh blows, and scorn, and shame !
 Oh, Englishman ! thou ne'er canst know
 The injured bondman's bitter woe,
 When round his breast, like scorpions, cling
 Black thoughts that madden while they sting !
- " Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
 And taught in time my soul to bend,
 Had my sad yearning heart forlorn
 But found a single friend :
 My race extinct or far removed,
 The Boor's rough brood I could have loved ;
 But each to whom my bosom turned
 Even like a hound the black boy spurned.
- " While, friendless thus, my master's flocks
 I tended on the upland waste,
 It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,
 By wolfish wild-dogs chased⁶ :
 I rescued it, though wounded sore
 And dabbled in its mother's gore :
 And nursed it in a cavern wild,
 Until it loved me like a child.

- “ Gently I nursed it ; for I thought
 (Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good U⁷TIKO⁷ it was brought
 To bid me not repine,—
Since in this world of wrong and ill
One creature lived that loved me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beamed not with human sympathy.
- “ Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
 My task the proud Boor’s flocks to tend ;
And this poor fawn was all I had
 To love, or call my friend ;
When suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, that tyrant took
My playmate for his pampered boy,
Who envied me my only joy.
- “ High swelled my heart !—But when the star
 Of midnight gleamed, I softly led
My bounding favourite forth, and far
 Into the Desert fled.
And here, from human kind exiled,
Three moons on roots and berries wild
I’ve fared ; and braved the beasts of prey,
To ’scape from spoilers worse than they.
- “ But yester morn a Bushman brought
 The tidings that thy tents were near ;
And now with hasty foot I’ve sought
 Thy presence, void of fear ;
Because they say, O English Chief,
Thou scornest not the Captive’s grief :
Then let me serve thee, as thine own—
For I am in the world alone !”

Such was Marossi's touching tale.

Our breasts they were not made of stone ;
His words, his winning looks prevail—

We took him for 'our own.'

And One, with woman's gentle art,
Unlocked the fountains of his heart ;
And love gushed forth—till he became
Her Child in every thing but name.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past ;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years ;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead :
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon ;
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon ;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft ;
Companions of early days—lost or left ;
And my Native Land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame ;
The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my prime ;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view ;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone !
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—

My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone,—
 Aweary of all that is under the sun,—
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 I fly to the Desert afar from man !

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,—
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,—
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
 Oh ! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the Desert alone to ride !
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
 The only law of the Desert Land !

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 Away—away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;
 By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze⁶,
 And the kùdù and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild-vine⁹ ;
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;
 And the timorous quagga's¹⁰ shrill whistling neigh
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey ;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain ;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
 Hieing away to the home of her rest,
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
 In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo¹¹.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 Away—away—in the Wilderness vast¹²,
 Where the White Man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Coránna or Bechuán
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan :
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which Man hath abandoned from famine and fear ;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
 And the bitter-melon¹³, for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink¹⁴ :
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;
 Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
 Appears, to refresh the aching eye :
 But the barren earth and the burning sky,

And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
'A still small voice' comes through the wild
(Like a Father consoling his fretful Child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,—
Saying—MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR!

SONG OF THE WILD BUSHMAN.

LET the proud White Man boast his flocks,
And fields of foodful grain;
My home is 'mid the mountain rocks,
The Desert my domain¹⁵.
I plant no herbs nor pleasant fruits,
I toil not for my cheer;
The Desert yields me juicy roots,
And herds of bounding deer.

The countless springboks are my flock,
Spread o'er the unbounded plain¹⁶;
The buffalo bendeth to my yoke,
The wild-horse to my rein¹⁷;
My yoke is the quivering assagai,
My rein the tough bow-string;
My bridle curb is a slender barb—
Yet it quells the forest-king.

The crested adder honoureth me,
 And yields at my command
 His poison-bag, like the honey-bee,
 When I seize him on the sand.
 Yea, even the wasting locust-swarm,
 Which mighty nations dread,
 To me nor terror brings nor harm—
 For I make of them my bread¹⁸.

Thus I am lord of the Desert Land,
 And I will not leave my bounds,
 To crouch beneath the Christian's hand,
 And kennel with his hounds :
 To be a hound, and watch the flocks,
 For the cruel White Man's gain—
 No ! the brown Serpent of the Rocks
 His den doth yet retain ;
 And none who there his sting provokes,
 Shall find its poison vain !

THE CORANNA.

FAST by his wild resounding River
 The listless Córán lingers ever¹⁹ ;
 Still drives his heifers forth to feed,
 Soothed by the gorrah's humming reed²⁰ ;
 A rover still unchecked will range,
 As humour calls, or seasons change ;
 His tent of mats and leathern gear
 All packed upon the patient steer.
 'Mid all his wanderings hating toil,
 He never tills the stubborn soil ;

But on the milky dams relies,
 And what spontaneous earth supplies.
 Or, should long-parching droughts prevail,
 And milk, and bulbs, and locusts fail,
 He lays him down to sleep away
 In languid trance the weary day ;
 Oft as he feels gaunt hunger's stound *,
 Still tightening famine's girdle²¹ round ;
 Lulled by the sound of the Gareep,
 Beneath the willows murmuring deep :
 Till thunder-clouds, surcharged with rain,
 Pour verdure o'er the panting plain ;
 And call the famished Dreamer from his trance,
 To feast on milk and game, and wake the moon-light dance.

THE KOSA.

THE free-born Kosa²² still doth hold
 The fields his fathers held of old ;
 With club and spear, in jocund ranks,
 Still hunts the elk by Chumi's banks :
 By Keisi's meads his herds are lowing ;
 On Debè's slopes his gardens glowing,
 Where laughing maids at sunset roam,
 To bear the juicy melons home :
 And striplings from Kalumna's wood
 Bring wild grapes and the pigeon's brood,
 With fragrant hoard of honey-bee
 Rifled from the hollow tree²³ :

* *Stound*—a sharp pang, a shooting pain.

And herdsmen shout from rock to rock ;
 And through the glen the hamlets smoke :
 And children gambol round the kraal,
 To greet their sires at evening-fall :
 And matrons sweep the cabin floor,
 And spread the mat beside the door,
 And with dry faggots wake the flame
 To dress the wearied huntsman's game.

Bright gleams the fire : its ruddy blaze
 On many a dusky visage plays.
 On forkèd twigs the game is drest ;
 The neighbours share the simple feast :
 The honey-mead, the millet-ale²⁴,
 Flow round—and flow the jest and tale ;
 Wild legends of the ancient day,
 Of hunting feat, of warlike fray ;
 And now come smiles, and now come sighs,
 As mirth and grief alternate rise.
 Or should a sterner strain awake,
 Like sudden flame in summer brake,
 Bursts fiercely forth in battle song
 The tale of Amakósa's wrong ;
 Throbs every warrior bosom high,
 With lightning flashes every eye,
 And, in wild cadence, rings the sound
 Of barbèd javelins clashing round.

But lo, like a broad shield on high,
 The moon gleams in the midnight sky.
 'Tis time to part : the watch-dog's bay
 Beside the folds has died away.
 'Tis time to rest : the mat is spread,
 The hardy hunter's simple bed :
 His wife her dreaming infant hushes
 On the low cabin's couch of rushes ;

Softly he draws its door of hide,
 And, stretched by his Gulúwi's side ²⁵,
 Sleeps soundly till the peep of dawn
 Wakes on the hills the dappled fawn ;
 Then forth again he gaily bounds,
 With club and spear and questing hounds.

EVENING RAMBLES.

THE sultry summer-noon is past ;
 And mellow Evening comes at last,
 With a low and languid breeze
 Fanning the mimosa trees,
 That cluster o'er the yellow vale,
 And oft perfume the panting gale
 With fragrance faint : it seems to tell
 Of primrose-tufts in Scottish dell,
 Peeping forth in tender spring
 When the blithe lark begins to sing.

But soon, amidst our Lybian vale,
 Such soothing recollections fail ;
 Soon we raise the eye to range
 O'er prospects wild, grotesque, and strange ;
 Sterile mountains, rough and steep,
 That bound abrupt the valley deep,
 Heaving to the clear blue sky
 Their ribs of granite bare and dry,
 And ridges, by the torrents worn,
 Thinly streaked with scraggy thorn,
 Which fringes Nature's savage dress,
 Yet scarce relieves her nakedness.

But where the Vale winds deep below,
 The landscape hath a warmer glow :
 There the spekboom²⁶ spreads its bowers
 Of light green leaves and lilac flowers ;
 And the aloe rears her crimson crest,
 Like stately queen for gala drest ;
 And the bright-blossomed bean-tree²⁷ shakes
 Its coral tufts above the brakes,
 Brilliant as the glancing plumes
 Of sugar birds²⁸ among its blooms,
 With the deep-green verdure blending
 In the stream of light descending.

And now, along the grassy meads,
 Where the skipping reebok²⁹ feeds,
 Let me through the mazes rove
 Of the light acacia grove ;
 Now while yet the honey-bee
 Hums around the blossomed tree ;
 And the turtles softly chide,
 Wooingly, on every side ;
 And the clucking pheasant calls
 To his mate at intervals ;
 And the duiker³⁰ at my tread
 Sudden lifts his startled head,
 Then dives affrighted in the brake,
 Like wild-duck in the reedy lake.

My wonted seat receives me now—
 This cliff with myrtle-tufted brow,
 Towering high o'er grove and stream,
 As if to greet the parting gleam.
 With shattered rocks besprinkled o'er,
 Behind ascends the mountain hoar,

Whose crest o'erhangs the Bushman's Cave³¹,
 (His fortress once, and now his grave,)
 Where the grim satyr-faced baboon³²
 Sits gibbering to the rising moon,
 Or chides with hoarse and angry cry
 The herdsman as he wanders by.

Spread out below in sun and shade,
 The shaggy Glen lies full displayed—
 Its sheltered nooks, its sylvan bowers,
 Its meadows flushed with purple flowers ;
 And through it like a dragon spread,
 I trace the river's tortuous bed.
 Lo there the Chaldee-willow weeps,
 Drooping o'er the headlong steeps,
 Where the torrent in his wrath
 Hath rifted him a rugged path,
 Like fissure cleft by earthquake's shock,
 Through mead and jungle, mound and rock.
 But the swoln water's wasteful sway,
 Like tyrant's rage, hath passed away,
 And left the ravage of its course
 Memorial of its frantic force.
 —Now o'er its shrunk and slimy bed
 Rank weeds and withered wrack are spread,
 With the faint rill just oozing through,
 And vanishing again from view ;
 Save where the guana's³³ glassy pool
 Holds to some cliff its mirror cool,
 Girt by the palmite's leafy screen³⁴,
 Or graceful rock-ash, tall and green,
 Whose slender sprays above the flood
 Suspend the loxia's callow brood
 In cradle-nests³⁵, with porch below,
 Secure from winged or creeping foe—

Weasel or hawk or writhing snake ;
 Light swinging, as the breezes wake,
 Like the ripe fruit we love to see
 Upon the rich pomegranate-tree.

But lo, the sun's descending car
 Sinks o'er Mount-Dunion's peaks afar ;
 And now along the dusky vale
 The homeward herds and flocks I hail,
 Returning from their pastures dry
 Amid the stony uplands high.
 First, the brown Herder with his flock
 Comes winding round my hermit-rock :
 His mien and gait and vesture tell,
 No shepherd he from Scottish fell ;
 For crook the guardian gun he bears,
 For plaid the sheep-skin mantle wears ;
 Sauntering languidly along ;
 Nor flute has he, nor merry song,
 Nor book, nor tale, nor rustic lay,
 To cheer him through his listless day.
 His look is dull, his soul is dark ;
 He feels not hope's electric spark ;
 But, born the White Man's servile thrall,
 Knows that he cannot lower fall³⁶.

Next the stout Neat-herd passes by,
 With bolder step and blither eye ;
 Humming low his tuneless song,
 Or whistling to the hornèd throng.
 From the destroying foeman fled,
 He serves the Colonist for bread :
 Yet this poor heathen Bechuan
 Bears on his brow the port of man ;
 A naked, homeless exile he—
 But not debased by Slavery³⁷.

Now, wizard-like, slow Twilight sails
With soundless wing adown the vales,
Waving with his shadowy rod
The owl and bat to come abroad,
With things that hate the garish sun,
To frolic now when day is done.
Now along the meadows damp
The enamoured fire-fly lights his lamp ;
Link-boy he of woodland green
To light fair Avon's Elfin Queen ;
Here, I ween, more wont to shine
To light the thievish porcupine,
Plundering my melon-bed,—
Or villain lynx, whose stealthy tread
Rouses not the wakeful hound
As he creeps the folds around.

But lo ! the night-bird's boding scream
Breaks abrupt my twilight dream ;
And warns me it is time to haste
My homeward walk across the waste,
Lest my rash tread provoke the wrath
Of adder coiled upon the path³⁸,
Or tempt the lion from the wood,
That soon will prowl athirst for blood.
—Thus, murmuring my thoughtful strain,
I seek our wattled cot again.

Glen-Lynden, 1822.

THE LION HUNT.

MOUNT—mount for the hunting—with musket and spear !
 Call our friends to the field—for the Lion is near !
 Call Arend and Ekhard and Groepe to the spoor³⁹ ;
 Call Muller and Coetzer and Lucas Van Vuur⁴⁰.

Side up Eildon-Cleugh, and blow loudly the bugle :
 Call Slinger and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal⁴¹ ;
 And George with the elephant-gun on his shoulder—
 In a perilous pinch none is better or bolder.

In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed,
 And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland's breed :
 But mount, my brave boys ! if our rifles prove true,
 We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

Ho ! the Hottentot lads have discovered the track—
 To his den in the desert we'll follow him back ;
 But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,
 For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Through the rough rocky kloof into grey Huntly-Glen,
 Past the wild-olive clump where the wolf has his den,
 By the black-eagle's rock at the foot of the fell,
 We have tracked him at length to the buffalo's well.

Now mark yonder brake where the blood-hounds are howling ;
 And hark that hoarse sound—like the deep thunder growling ;
 'Tis his lair—'tis his voice !—from your saddles alight ;
 He's at bay in the brushwood preparing for fight.

Leave the horses behind—and be still every man :
 Let the Mullers and Rennies advance in the van :
 Keep fast in your ranks ;—by the yell of yon hound,
 The savage, I guess, will be out—with a bound.

He comes ! the tall jungle before him loud crashing,
 His mane bristled fiercely, his fiery eyes flashing ;
 With a roar of disdain, he leaps forth in his wrath,
 To challenge the foe that dare 'leaguer his path.

He couches—ay now we'll see mischief, I dread :
 Quick—level your rifles—and aim at his head :
 Thrust forward the spears, and unsheath every knife—
 St. George ! he's upon us !—Now, fire, lads, for life !

He's wounded—but yet he'll draw blood ere he falls—
 Ha ! under his paw see Bezuidenhout sprawls—
 Now Diederik ! Christian ! right in the brain
 Plant each man his bullet—Hurra ! he is slain !

Bezuidenhout—up, man !—'tis only a scratch—
 (You were always a scamp, and have met with your match !)
 What a glorious lion !—what sinews—what claws—
 And seven-feet-ten from the rump to the jaws !

His hide, with the paws and the bones of his skull,
 With the spoils of the leopard and buffalo bull,
 We'll send to Sir Walter⁴².—Now, boys, let us dine,
 And talk of our deeds o'er a flask of old wine.

THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

WOULDST thou view the Lion's den ?
 Search afar from haunts of men—
 Where the reed-encircled rill
 Oozes from the rocky hill,
 By its verdure far descried
 'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
 Couchant lurks the Lion grim ;
 Watching till the close of day
 Brings the death-devoted prey.
 Heedless, at the ambushed brink
 The tall Giraffe⁴³ stoops down to drink :
 Upon him straight the savage springs
 With cruel joy. The desert rings
 With clanging sound of desperate strife—
 The prey is strong and he strives for life.
 Plunging oft with frantic bound,
 To shake the tyrant to the ground,
 He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,
 With glaring eye and headlong haste :
 In vain !—the spoiler on his prize
 Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.

For life—the victim's utmost speed
 Is mustered in this hour of need :
 For life—for life—his giant might
 He strains, and pours his soul in flight ;
 And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
 Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain ; the thirsty sands are drinking
 His streaming blood—his strength is sinking ;
 The victor's fangs are in his veins—
 His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
 His panting breast in foam and gore
 Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er :
 He falls—and, with convulsive throes,
 Resigns his throat to the ravening foe !
 —And lo ! ere quivering life has fled,
 The vultures, wheeling overhead,
 Swoop down, to watch, in gaunt array,
 Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey⁴⁴.

THE EMIGRANT'S CABIN.

AN EPISTLE IN RHYME.

WHERE the young river, from its wild ravine,
 Winds pleasantly through Eildon's pastures green⁴⁵,—
 With fair acacias waving on its banks,
 And willows bending o'er in graceful ranks,
 And the steep mountain rising close behind,
 To shield us from the Snowberg's⁴⁶ wintry wind,—
 Appears my rustic cabin, thatched with reeds,
 Upon a knoll amid the grassy meads ;
 And, close beside it, looking o'er the lea,
 Our summer-seat beneath an umbra-tree⁴⁷.

This morning, musing in that favourite seat,
 My hound, old Yarrow, dreaming at my feet,
 I pictured you, sage Fairbairn⁴⁸, at my side,
 By some good Genie wafted cross the tide ;

And, after cordial greetings, thus went on
In Fancy's Dream our colloquy, dear John.

P.—Enter, my friend, our beehive-cottage door :
No carpet hides the humble earthen floor,
But it is hard as brick, clean-swept, and cool.
You must be wearied ? Take that jointed stool ;
Or on this couch of leopard-skin recline ;
You'll find it soft—the workmanship is mine.

F.—Why, Pringle, yes—your cabin's snug enough,
Though oddly shaped. But as for household stuff,
I only see some rough-hewn sticks and spars ;
A wicker cupboard, filled with flasks and jars ;
A pile of books, on rustic frame-work placed ;
Hides of ferocious beasts that roam the waste ;
Whose kindred prowl, perchance, around this spot—
The only neighbours, I suspect, you've got !
Your furniture, rude from the forest cut,
However, is in keeping with the hut.
This couch feels pleasant : is't with grass you stuff it ?
So far I should not care with you to rough it.
But—pardon me for seeming somewhat rude—
In this wild place how manage ye for food ?

P.—You'll find, at least, my friend, we do not starve ;
There's always mutton, if nought else, to carve ;
And even of luxuries we have our share.
But here comes dinner (the best bill of fare),
Drest by that ' Nut-Brown Maiden,' Vytjè Vaal⁴⁹.
[*To the Hottentot Girl.*] Meid, roep de Juffrouwen naar't
middagmaal :

[*To F.*] Which means—' The ladies in to dinner call.'

*Enter Mrs. P. and her Sister, who welcome their Guest to
Africa. The party take their seats round the table,
and conversation proceeds.]*

P.—First, here's our broad-tailed mutton ⁵⁰, small and fine,
 The dish on which nine days in ten we dine ;
 Next, roasted springbok, spiced and larded well ;
 A haunch of hartèbeest from Hyndhope Fell ;
 A paauw ⁵¹, which beats your Norfolk turkey hollow ;
 Korhaan, and Guinea-fowl, and pheasant, follow ⁵² ;
 Kid carbonadjes, à-la-Hottentot,
 Broiled on a forkèd twig ; and, peppered hot
 With Chili pods, a dish called Caffer-stew ;
 Smoked ham of porcupine, and tongue of gnu.
 This fine white household bread (of M——t's baking)
 Comes from an oven too of my own making,
 Scooped from an ant-hill. Did I ask before
 If you would taste this brawn of forest-boar ?

Our fruits, I must confess, make no great show :
 Trees, grafts, and layers must have time to grow ⁵³.
 But there's green roasted maize, and pumpkin pie,
 And wild asparagus. Or will you try
 A slice of water-melon ?—fine for drouth,
 Like sugared ices melting in the mouth.
 Here too are wild-grapes from our forest-vine,
 Not void of flavour, though unfit for wine.
 And here comes dried fruit I had quite forgot,
 (From fair Glen-Avon, M——t, is it not ?)
 Figs, almonds, raisins, peaches. Witbooy Swart
 Brought this huge sackful from kind Mrs. Hart—
 Enough to load a Covent-Garden cart.

But come, let's crown the banquet with some wine.
 What will you drink ? Champagne ? Port ? Claret ? Stein ?
 Well—not to tease you with a thirsty jest,
 Lo, there our *only* vintage stands confest,
 In that half-aum upon the spigot-rack.
 And certes, though it keeps the old *Kaap smaak* ⁵⁴,

The wine is light and racy ; so we learn,
 In laughing mood, to call it Cape Sauterne. }
 —Let's pledge this cup ' to all our friends,' Fairbairn ! }

F.—Well, I admit, my friend, your dinner's good.
 Springbok and porcupine are dainty food ;
 That lordly paauw was roasted to a turn ;
 And in your country fruits and Cape Sauterne,
 The wildish flavour's really—not unpleasant ;
 And I may say the same of gnu and pheasant.
 —But—Mrs. Pringle . . . shall I have the pleasure . . . ?
 Miss Brown, . . . some wine?—(These quaighs* are quite
 a treasure.)
 —What ! leave us now ? I've much to ask of *you* . . .
 But, since you *will* go—for an hour adieu.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

But, Pringle—'à nos moutons revenons'—
Cui bono's still the burthen of my song—
 Cut off, with these good ladies, from society,
 Of savage life you soon must feel satiety :
 The MIND requires fit exercise and food,
 Not to be found 'mid Afric's deserts rude.
 And what avail the spoils of wood and field,
 The fruits or wines your fertile valleys yield,
 Without that higher zest to crown the whole—
 'The feast of Reason and the flow of Soul ?'
 —Food, shelter, fire, suffice for savage men ;
 But can the comforts of your wattled den,
 Your sylvan fare and rustic tasks, suffice
 For one who once seemed finer joys to prize ?
 —When, erst, like Virgil's swains, we used to sing
 Of streams and groves, and all that sort of thing †,

* Quaigh (*Scotch*), a small drinking cup, usually of wood or horn.

† *Hic gelidi fontes : hic mollia prata, Lycori ;
 Hic nemus : hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.*

The spot we meant for our 'Poetic Den'
 Was always within reach of Books and Men ;
 By classic Esk, for instance, or Tweed-side,
 With gifted friends within an easy ride :
 Besides our college chum, the Parish Priest ;
 And the said *den* with six good rooms at least.—
Here!—save for Her who shares and soothes your lot,
 You might as well squat in a Caffer's cot !

Come now, be candid : tell me, my dear friend,
 Of your aspiring aims is *this* the end ?
 Was it for Nature's wants, fire, shelter, food,
 You sought this dreary, soulless solitude ?
 Broke off your ties with men of cultured mind,
 Your native land, your early friends resigned ?
 As if, believing with insane Rousseau
 Refinement the chief cause of human woe,
 You meant to realize that raver's plan,
 And be a philosophic *Bosjesman!*—
 Be frank ; confess the fact you cannot hide—
 You sought this den from disappointed pride.

P.—You've missed the mark, Fairbairn ! my breast is clear.
 Nor wild Romance nor Pride allured me here :
 Duty and Destiny with equal voice
 Constrained my steps : I had no other choice.

The hermit 'lodge in some vast wilderness,'
 Which sometimes poets sigh for, I confess,
 Were but a sorry lot. In real life
 One needs a friend—the best of friends, a wife ;
 But with a home thus cheered, however rude,
 There's nought so very dull in solitude,—
 Even though that home should happen to be found,
 Like mine, in Africa's remotest bound.

—I have my farm and garden, tools and pen ;
 My schemes for civilising savage men ;
 Our Sunday service, till the sabbath-bell
 Shall wake its welcome chime in Lynden dell ;
 Some duty or amusement, grave or light,
 To fill the active day from morn to night :
 And thus two years so lightsomely have flown
 That still we wonder when the week is gone.

—We have at times our troubles, it is true,
 Passing vexations, and privations too ;
 But were it not for woman's tender frame,
 These are annoyances I scarce would name ;
 For though perchance they plague us while they last,
 They only serve for jests when they are past.

And then your notion that we're *quite* exiled
 From social life amid these mountains wild,
 Accords not with the fact—as you will see
 On glancing o'er this district map with me,

—First, you observe, our own Glen-Lynden clan
 (To whom I'm linked like a true Scottish man)
 Are all around us. Past that dark ravine,—
 Where on the left gigantic crags are seen,
 And the steep Tarka mountains, stern and bare,
 Close round the upland cleughs of lone Glen-Yair,—
 Our Lothian Friends with their good Mother dwell,
 Beside yon *Kranz*⁵⁵ whose pictured records tell
 Of Bushmen's huntings in the days of old,
 Ere here Bezuidenhout had fixed his fold.
 —Then up the widening vale extend your view,
 Beyond the clump that skirts the Lion's Cleugh,
 Past our old camp, the willow-trees among,
 Where first these mountains heard our sabbath song ;

And mark the Settlers' homes, as they appear
 With cultured fields and orchard-gardens near,
 And cattle-kraals, associate or single,
 From fair Craig-Rennie up to Clifton-Pringle.

Then there is Captain Harding at Three-Fountains⁵⁶,
 Near Cradock—forty miles across the mountains :
 I like his shrewd remarks on things and men,
 And canter o'er to dinner now and then.
 —There's Landdrost Stockenstrom at Graaff-Reinét,
 A man, I'm sure, you would not soon forget⁵⁷,
 Who, though in this wild country born and bred,
 Is able in affairs, in books well read,
 And—What's more meritorious in the case—
 A zealous friend to Afric's swarthy race.
 We visit there ; but, travelling in ox-wagon,
 (And not, like *you*, drawn by a fiery dragon)
 We take a month—eight days to go and come—
 And spend three weeks or so with Stockenstrom.
 —At Somerset, again, Hart, Devenish, Stretch⁵⁸,
 And ladies—whose kind acts 'twere long to sketch ;
 The officers at Káha and Roodewál,
 Bird, Sanders, Morgan, Rogers, Petingal⁵⁹ ;
 All hold with us right friendly intercourse—
 The nearest thirty miles—five hours with horse.
 —Sometimes a pleasant guest, from parts remote,
 Cheers for a passing night our rustic cot ;
 As, lately, the gay-humoured Captain Fox,
 With whom I roamed 'mid Koonap's woods and rocks,
 From Winterberg to Gola's savage grot,
 Talking of Rogers, Campbell, Coleridge, Scott,
 Of Fox and Mackintosh, Brougham, Canning, Grey ;
 And lighter themes and laughter cheered the way—
 While the wild-elephants in groups stood still,
 And wondered at us on their woody hill⁶⁰.

—Here too, sometimes, in more religious mood,
 We welcome Smith or Brownlee, grave and good,
 Or fervid Read⁶¹,—to Natives, kneeling round,
 Proclaiming the GREAT WORD of glorious sound :
 Or, on some Christian mission bravely bent,
 Comes Philip⁶² with his apostolic tent ;
 Ingenious Wright⁶³, or steadfast Rutherford⁶⁴ ;
 With whose enlightened hopes our hearts accord.

And thus, you see, even in my desert-den,
 I still hold intercourse with thinking men ;
 And find fit subjects to engage me too—
 For in this wilderness there's work to do ;
 Some purpose to accomplish for the band
 Who left with me their much loved Father-Land ;
 Something for the sad Natives of the soil,
 By stern oppression doomed to scorn and toil ;
 Something for Africa to do or say—
 If but one mite of Europe's debt to pay—
 If but one bitter tear to wipe away. }
 Yes ! here is work, my Friend, if I may ask
 Of Heaven to share in such a hallowed task !

But these are topics for more serious talk,
 So we'll reserve them for an evening walk.
 Fill now a parting glass of generous wine—
 The *doch-an-dorris* cup—for ' *Auld Lang Syne* ;'
 For my good M.—t summons us to tea,
 In her green drawing-room—beneath the tree ;—
 And lo ! Miss Brown has a whole *cairn* of stones
 To pose us with—plants, shells, and fossil bones.

[*Outside the Hut.*]

F.—'Tis almost sun-set. What a splendid sky !
 And hark—the homeward cow-boy's echoing cry

Descending from the mountains. This fair clime
 And scene recal the patriarchal time,
 When Hebrew herdsmen fed their teeming flocks
 By Arnon's meads and Kirjath-Arba's rocks ;
 And bashful maidens, as the twilight fell,
 Bore home their brimming pitchers from the well.—
 —But who are *these* upon the river's brink !

P.—Ha ! armèd Caffers with the shepherd Flink
 In earnest talk * ? Ay, now I mark' their mien ;
 It is Powána from Zwort-Kei, I ween,
 The Amatémбу Chief⁶⁵. He comes to pay
 A friendly visit, promised many a day ;
 To view our settlement in Lynden-Glen,
 And smoke the Pipe of Peace with Scottish men.
 And his gay consort, Moya, too, attends,
 To see 'the World' and 'Amanglézi friends⁶⁶,'
 Her fond heart fluttering high with anxious schemes
 To gain the enchanting beads that haunt her dreams !

F.—Yet let us not these simple folk despise ;
 Just such *our* sires appeared in Cæsar's eyes :
 And, in the course of Heaven's evolving plan,
 BY TRUTH MADE FREE, the long-scorned African,
 His Maker's Image radiant in his face,
 Among earth's noblest sons shall find his place.

P.—[*To Flink, the old Hottentot Shepherd, who comes forward.*]
 Well, Flink, what says the Chief ?

Flink. Powána wagh'
 Tot dat de Baas hem binnenshuis zal vraagh.'

P.—[*To F.*] In boorish Dutch which means, 'Powána waits
 Till Master bid him welcome to our gates.'

* See VIGNETTE.

[*To Flink.*].—We haste to greet him. Let rush mats be spread
 On th' cabin-floor. Prepare the Stranger's bed
 In the spare hut,—fresh-strewed with fragrant hay.
 Let a fat sheep be slaughtered. And, I pray,
 Good Flink, for the attendants all provide ;
 These men dealt well with us at Zwart-Kei side :
 Besides, you know, 'tis the Great Guide's command
 Kindly to treat the Stranger in our Land. [*Exeunt.*]

L'ENVOI.

FAIRBAIRN, adieu ! I close my idle strain,
 And doff wild Fancy's Wishing Cap again,
 Whose witchery, o'er ocean's wide expanse,
 Triumphant over adverse Circumstance,
 From Tyné's far banks has conjured you away,
 To spend with me this summer holiday ;
 Half-realising, as I weave these rhymes,
 Our kind companionship in other times,
 When, round by Arthur's Seat and Blackford Hill,
 Fair Hawthornden and homely Hyvotmill⁶⁷,
 (With a dear Friend, too early from us torn !)
 We roamed untired to eve from early morn.

Those vernal days are gone : and stormy gales
 Since then on Life's rough Sea have tossed our sails
 Far diverse,—led by Fortune's changeful Star,
 From quietude and competence afar.
 Yet, Comrade dear ! while memory shall last,
 Let our *leal* hearts, aye faithful to the Past,
 In frequent interchange of written thought,
 Which half the ills of absence sets at nought,
 Keep bright the links of Friendship's golden chain,
 By living o'er departed days again ;
 Or meet in Fancy's bower, for ever green,
 Though 'half the convex globe intrudes between.'

Glen-Lynden, 1822.

AN EMIGRANT'S SONG.

OH, Maid of the Tweed, wilt thou travel with me,
 To the wilds of South-Africa, far o'er the sea,
 Where the blue mountains tow'r in the beautiful clime,
 Hung round with huge forests all hoary with time ?
 I'll build thee a cabin beside the clear fount,
 Where it leaps into light from the heart of the mount,
 Ere yet its fresh footsteps have found the fair meads
 Where among the tall lilies the antelope feeds.

Our home, like a bee-hive, shall stand by the wood
 Where the lory and turtle-dove nurse their young brood,
 And the golden-plumed paroquet waves his bright wings
 From the bough where the green-monkey gambols and swings⁶⁸ :
 With the high rocks behind us, the valley before,
 The hills on each side with our flocks speckled o'er,
 And the far-sweeping river oft glancing between,
 With the heifers reclined on its margins of green.

There, rich in the wealth which a bountiful soil
 Pours forth to repay the glad husbandman's toil ;
 Content with the Present, at peace with the Past,
 No cloud on the Future our joys to o'er cast ;
 Like our brave Scottish sires in the blithe Olden Day,
 The heart will keep young though the temples wax grey ;
 While love's Olive Plants round our table shall rise—
 Engrafted with Hopes that bear fruit in the Skies.

MAKANNA'S GATHERING.

WAKE! Amakósa, wake!
 And arm yourselves for war.
 As coming winds the forest shake,
 I hear a sound from far:
 It is not thunder in the sky,
 Nor lion's roar upon the hill,
 But the voice of HIM who sits on high,
 And bids me speak his will⁶⁹!

He bids me call you forth,
 Bold sons of Káhabee⁷⁰,
 To sweep the White Men from the earth,
 And drive them to the sea:
 The sea, which heaved them up at first,
 For Amakósa's curse and bane,
 Howls for the progeny she nurst,
 To swallow them again.

Hark! 'tis UHLANGA'S voice⁷¹
 From Debè's mountain caves!
 He calls you now to make your choice—
 To conquer or be slaves:
 To meet proud Amanglézi's guns,
 And fight like warriors nobly born:
 Or, like Umláo's feeble sons⁷²,
 Become the freeman's scorn.

Then come, ye Chieftains bold,
 With war-plumes waving high ;
Come, every warrior young and old,
 With club and assagai.
Remember how the spoiler's host
 Did through our land like locusts range !
Your herds, your wives, your comrades lost—
 Remember—and revenge !

Fling your broad shields away—
 Bootless against such foes ;
But hand to hand we'll fight to-day,
 And with their bayonets close.
Grasp each man short his stabbing spear—
 And, when to battle's edge we come,
Rush on their ranks in full career,
 And to their hearts strike home !

Wake ! Amakósa, wake !
 And muster for the war :
The wizard-wolves ⁷³ from Keisi's brake,
 The vultures from afar,
Are gathering at UHLANGA's call,
 And follow fast our westward way—
For well they know, ere evening-fall,
 They shall have glorious prey !

THE INCANTATION.

HALF-WAY up Indóda⁷⁴ climbing,
 Hangs the wizard-forest old,
 From whose shade is heard the chiming
 Of a streamlet clear and cold :
 With a mournful sound it gushes
 From its cavern in the steep ;
 Then at once its wailing hushes
 In a lakelet dark and deep.

Standing by the dark blue water,
 Robed in panther's speckled hide,
 Who is she ? Jalúhsa's⁷⁵ daughter,
 Bold Makanna's widowed bride.
 Stern she stands, her left hand clasping
 By the arm her wondering child :
 He, her shaggy mantle grasping,
 Gazes up with aspect wild.

Thrice in the soft fount of nursing
 With sharp steel she pierced a vein,—
 Thrice the White Oppressor cursing,
 While the blood gushed forth amain,—
 Wide upon the dark-blue water,
 Sprinkling thrice the crimson tide,—
 Spoke Jalúhsa's high-souled daughter,
 Bold Makanna's widowed bride.

- “ Thus into the Demon’s River
Blood instead of milk I fling :
Hear, UHLANGA—great Life-Giver !
Hear, TOGUGH—Avenging King ⁷⁶ !
Thus the Mother’s feelings tender
In my breast I stifle now :
Thus I summon you to render
Vengeance for the Widow’s vow !
- “ Who shall be the Chief’s Avenger ?
Who the Champion of the Land ?
Boy ! the pale Son of the Stranger
Is devoted to *thy* hand.
HE who wields the bolt of thunder
Witnesses thy Mother’s vow !
HE who rends the rocks asunder
To the task shall train thee now !
- “ When thy arm grows strong for battle,
Thou shalt sound Makanna’s cry,
Till ten thousand shields shall rattle
To war-club and assagai :
Then, when like hail-storm in harvest
On the foe sweeps thy career,
Shall UHLANGA whom thou servest,
Make them stubble to thy spear !”

THE CAFFER COMMANDO.

HARK !—heard ye the signals of triumph afar ?
 'Tis our Caffer Commando⁷⁷ returning from war :
 The voice of their laughter comes loud on the wind,
 Nor heed they the curses that follow behind.
 For who cares for him, the poor Kosa, that wails
 Where the smoke rises dim from yon desolate vales—
 That wails for his little ones killed in the fray,
 And his herds by the Colonist carried away ?
 Or who cares for him that once pastured this spot,
 Where his tribe is extinct and their story forgot⁷⁸ ?
 As many another, ere twenty years pass,
 Will only be known by their bones in the grass !
 And the sons of the Keisi, the Kei, the Gareep,
 With the Gunja and Ghona⁷⁹ in silence shall sleep :
 For England hath spoken in her tyrannous mood,
 And the edict is writing in African blood !

Dark Katta⁸⁰ is howling : the eager jackall,
 As the lengthening shadows more drearily fall,
 Shrieks forth his hymn to the hornèd moon !
 And the lord of the desert will follow him soon :
 And the tiger-wolf⁸¹ laughs in his bone-strewed brake,
 As he calls on his mate and her cubs to awake ;
 And the panther and leopard come leaping along ;
 All hymning to Hecate a festival song :
 For the tumult is over, the slaughter hath ceased—
 And the vulture hath bidden them all to the feast !

A NOON-DAY DREAM.

’Twas noon-tide ; and breathless beneath the hot ray
 The far-winding vales of the wilderness lay :
 By the Koonap’s lone brink, with the cool shadow o’er me,
 I slept—and a Dream spread its visions before me.

Methought, among scenes which I loved when a boy
 I was walking again with fresh feelings of joy ;
 For my soul, like the landscape, seemed softened and changed
 To what it was once—when in childhood I ranged
 Through Cheviot’s valleys, to pluck the bright flowers,
 Or chase with young rapture the birds through the bowers.
 —On my dreaming ear waters were murmuring still,
 But the wild foreign river had shrunk to a rill,
 And Káha’s dark mountains had melted away ;
 And the brown thorny desert, where antelopes stray,
 Had become a sweet Glen, where the young lambs were racing,
 And yellow-haired children the butterflies chasing ;
 And the meadows were gemmed with the primrose and gowan,
 And the ferny braes fringed with the hazel and rowan ;
 The foxglove looked out from the osiers dank,
 And the wild-thyme and violet breathed from the bank.
 —And green fairy nooks ’mid the landscape were seen,
 Half hid by the grey rocks that high o’er them lean,
 Where the light birch, above its loose tresses was waving ;
 And the willow, below, in the blue stream was laving
 Its silvery garlands of soft downy buds ;
 And the throstle sang blithe to his mate in the woods ;
 And the brood of the wild-duck plashed over the pool,
 New-fledged from their nest among well-cresses cool.

—And trouts from the limpid stream lightly were springing,
 And larks in the fleckered sky cheerily singing ;
 And down in the copsewood the cushat was cooing ;
 And o'er the brown moorland the huntsman hallooing ;
 The grey-plaided shepherd piped high on the fell ;
 And the milk-maiden sang as she sat by the well :
 With the lowing of herds from the broom-blossomed lea ;
 The cuckoo's soft note from the old beechen-tree ;
 The waving of woods in the health-breathing gale ;
 The dash of the mill-wheel afar down the dale.
 —All these were around me :—and with them there came
 Sweet voices that called me aloud by my name,—
 And looks of affection from innocent eyes,—
 And light-hearted laughter,—and shrill joyous cries :
 And I saw the mild features of all that were there,
 Unaltered by years, and unclouded by care !

· Then it seemed as that Scene slowly melted away,
 Like the bright cloud of morn in a midsummer's day ;
 And I lost the blithe sounds of the Pastoral Glen,
 'Mid the rattle of wheels and loud murmurs of men.
 —I stood on a mount, and saw, towering around,
 A City with ramparts and palaces crowned ;
 Where poets and sages were passing along,
 And statesmen and heroes—a glorious throng !
 I heard from on high the loud heralds proclaim
 With silver-toned voice each illustrious name ;
 I marked from afar their mild dignified mien,
 And their aspect, benevolent, simple, serene ;
 And lingered, in heart-greeting silence to gaze
 On the faces of some I had loved in their lays.
 —But suddenly out-burst a boisterous crowd
 Of maskers and rhapsodists, railing aloud,
 And scattering brands in their frantic mirth,
 As if lewd love of mischief had called them forth :

And the burthen and boast of their scurrilous song
Was to scoff at the Right and applaud the Wrong.
—I looked on the scene till my heart grew sad—
Then turned me away from the uproar mad !

The visionary Pageant again seemed to change,
And a land lay before me of aspect strange—
Where the tumult of voices disturbed me no more,
But I heard the hoarse surf dashing wild on the shore,
As bewildered I stood. Yet I was not alone ;
For still amid crowds my dream passed on :
'Mid crowds—but silent, and sad as death ;
For it seemed as if each man held his breath,
And cowered with his body, in abject fear,
Like a caitiff beneath the proud conqueror's spear.
—Then I turned, and lifted my wondering eye,
And beheld a grim Spectre enthroned on high,
And his name it was written—TYRANNY !
—I gazed, and beheld how his scourge-bearing hand
Was high outstretched o'er the shuddering land ;
And his eyes, that like those of the basilisk shone,
Blasted whatever they glared upon.
—Yet crowds of votaries, kneeling around,
Were worshipping him with a whispering sound ;
And, ever and anon, his priests on high
Hymned forth his praises to the sky.
—Full many a race lay mingled there :
Swart Afric's tribes with their woolly hair,
The enslaved Madagass, the dejected Malay,
And degenerate Belgian baser than they,
Prone and promiscuous round him lay.
As I drew more near 'mid the suppliant train,
My heart swelled high with grief and pain,
Proud England's children there to view,
Commingled with that crouching crew ;

And I marvelled much that no manly hand
 Was raised to redeem the desolate land ;
 For I saw that the Monster's enchanted mould,
 Though braced with iron and bound with gold,
 Was formed but of vile and crumbling dust,
 Unfit to withstand the Avenger's thrust.

—While thus I was musing, a crashing stroke,
 As when the red lightning shivers the rock,
 Fell ! And I started and awoke !

Awaking, I heard but the wild river sounding ;
 I gazed, but saw only the klip-springer⁸² bounding,
 And the eagle of Winterberg high o'er the woods,
 Sailing supreme 'mid his solitudes.

River Koonap, 1825.



THE BROWN HUNTER'S SONG.



UNDER the Dídimá⁸³ lies a green dell,
 Where fresh from the forest the blue waters swell ;
 And fast by that brook stands a yellow-wood tree,
 Which shelters the spot that is dearest to me.

Down by the streamlet my heifers are grazing ;
 In the pool of the guanás the herd-boy is gazing ;
 Under the shade my Amána is singing—
 The shade of the tree where her cradle is swinging.

When I come from the upland as daylight is fading,
 Though spent with the chase, and the game for my lading,
 My nerves are new-strung, and my fond heart is swelling,
 As I gaze from the cliff on our wood-circled dwelling.

Down the steep mountain, and through the brown forest,
 I haste like a hart when his thirst is the sorest ;
 I bound o'er the swift brook that skirts the savannah,
 And clasp my first-born in the arms of Amána.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

A SONG.

Air—"The Banks o' Cayle."

By the lone Mankazána's ⁸⁴ margin grey
 A Scottish Maiden sung ;
 And mournfully poured her melting lay
 In Teviot's Border tongue :

*O, bonny grows the broom on Blaiklaw knowes,
 And the birk in Clifton dale ;
 And green are the hills o' the milk-white ewes,
 By the briary banks o' Cayle.*

Here bright are the skies—and these valleys of bloom
 May enchant the traveller's eye ;
 But all seems drest in death-like gloom
 To the exile—who comes to die !

O, bonny grows the broom, &c.

Far round and round spreads the howling waste,
Where the wild beast roams at will ;
And yawning cleughs, by woods embraced,
Where the savage lurks to kill !

O, bonny grows the broom, &c.

Full oft over Cheviot's uplands green
My dreaming fancy strays ;
But I wake to weep 'mid the desolate scene
That scowls on my aching gaze !

O, bonny grows the broom, &c.

Oh, light, light is poverty's lowliest state,
On Scotland's peaceful strand,
Compared with the heart-sick exile's fate,
In this wild and weary land !

O, bonny grows the broom, &c.

THE CAPTIVE OF CAMALU.

O CAMALÚ—green Camalú⁸⁵ !
 'Twas there I fed my father's flock,
 Beside the mount where cedars threw
 At dawn their shadows from the rock ;
 There tended I my father's flock
 Along the grassy-margined rills,
 Or chased the bounding bontèbok⁸⁶
 With hound and spear among the hills.

Green Camalú ! methinks I view
 The lilies in thy meadows growing ;
 I see thy waters bright and blue
 Beneath the pale-leaved willows flowing ;
 I hear, along the valleys lowing,
 The heifers wending to the fold,
 And jocund herd-boys loudly blowing
 The horn—to mimic hunters bold.

Methinks I see the umkóba-tree⁸⁷
 That shades the village-chieftain's cot ;
 The evening smoke curls lovingly
 Above that calm and pleasant spot.
 My father ?—Ha !—I had forgot—
 The old man rests in slumber deep :
 My mother ?—Ay ! she answers not—
 Her heart is hushed in dreamless sleep.

My brothers too—green Camalú,
 Repose they by thy quiet tide?
 Ay! there they sleep—where White Men slew
 And left them—lying side by side.
 No pity had those men of pride,
 They fired the huts above the dying!—
 —White bones bestrew that valley wide—
 I wish that mine were with them lying!

I envy you by Camalú,
 Ye wild harts on the woody hills;
 Though tigers there their prey pursue,
 And vultures slake in blood their bills.
 The heart may strive with Nature's ills,
 To Nature's common doom resigned:
 Death the frail body only kills—
 But Thralldom brutifies the mind.

Oh, wretched fate!—heart-desolate,
 A captive in the spoiler's hand,
 To serve the tyrant whom I hate—
 To crouch beneath his proud command—
 Upon my flesh to bear his brand—
 His blows, his bitter scorn to bide!—
 Would God, I in my native land
 Had with my slaughtered brothers died!

Ye mountains blue of Camalú,
 Where once I fed my father's flock,
 Though desolation dwells with you,
 And Amakósa's heart is broke,
 Yet, spite of chains these limbs that mock,
 My homeless heart to you doth fly,—
 As flies the wild-dove to the rock,
 To hide its wounded breast—and die!

Yet, ere my spirit wings its flight
 Unto Death's silent shadowy clime,
 UTÍKO ! Lord of life and light,
 Who, high above the clouds of Time,
 Calm sittest where yon hosts sublime
 Of stars wheel round thy bright abode,
 Oh, let my cry unto Thee climb,
 Of every race the Father-God !

I ask not Judgments from thy hand—
 Destroying hail, or parching drought,
 Or locust-swarms to waste the land—
 Or pestilence, by famine brought ;
 I say the prayer Jankanna⁸⁸ taught,
 Who wept for Amakósa's wrongs—
 ' Thy Kingdom come—thy Will be wrought—
 For unto Thee all Power belongs.'

Thy Kingdom come ! Let Light and Grace
 Throughout all lands in triumph go ;
 Till pride and strife to love give place,
 And blood and tears forget to flow ;
 Till Europe mourn for Afric's woe,
 And o'er the deep her arms extend
 To lift her where she lieth low—
 And prove indeed her Christian Friend !

THE DESOLATE VALLEY.

FAR up among the forest-belted mountains,
 Where Winterberg⁸⁹, stern giant old and grey,
 Looks down the subject dells, whose gleaming fountains
 To wizard Kat⁹⁰ their virgin tribute pay,
 A valley opens to the noontide ray,
 With green savannahs shelving to the brim
 Of the swift River, sweeping on his way
 To where Umtóka⁹¹ hies to meet with him,
 Like a blue serpent gliding through the acacias dim.

Round this secluded region circling rise
 A billowy waste of mountains, wild and wide ;
 Upon whose grassy slopes the pilgrim spies
 The gnu and quagga, by the greenwood side,
 Tossing their shaggy manes in tameless pride ;
 Or troop of elands near some sedgy fount ;
 Or kùdù fawns⁹², that from the thicket glide
 To seek their dam upon the misty mount ;
 With harts, gazelles, and roes⁹³, more than the eye may count.

And as we journeyed up the pathless glen,
 Flanked by romantic hills on either hand,
 The boschbok⁹⁴ oft would bound away—and then
 Beside the willows, backward gazing, stand.
 And where old forests darken all the land,
 From rocky Katberg⁹⁵ to the river's brink,
 The buffalo would start upon the strand,
 Where, 'mid palmetto flags, he stooped to drink,
 And, crashing through the brakes, to the deep jungle shrink.

Then, couched at night in hunter's wattled shieling,
 How wildly beautiful it was to hear
 The elephant his shrill *réveillé* pealing⁹⁶,
 Like some far signal-trumpet on the ear !
 While the broad midnight moon was shining clear,
 How fearful to look forth upon the woods,
 And see those stately forest-kings appear,
 Emerging from their shadowy solitudes—
 As if that trump had woke Earth's old gigantic broods !

Such the majestic, melancholy scene
 Which 'midst that mountain-wilderness we found ;
 With scarce a trace to tell where man had been,
 Save the old Caffer cabins crumbling round.
 Yet this lone glen (Sicána's ancient ground⁹⁷),
 To Nature's savage tribes abandoned long,
 Had heard, erewhile, the Gospel's joyful sound,
 And low of herds mixed with the Sabbath song.
 But all is silent now. The Oppressor's hand was strong.

Now the blithe loxia hangs her pensile nest
 From the wild-olive, bending o'er the rock,
 Beneath whose shadow, in grave mantle drest,
 The Christian Pastor taught his swarthy flock.
 A roofless ruin, scathed by flame and smoke,
 Tells where the decent Mission-chapel stood ;
 While the baboon with jabbering cry doth mock
 The pilgrim, pausing in his pensive mood
 To ask—' Why is it thus ? Shall Evil baffle Good ?'

Yes—for a season Satan may prevail,
 And hold, as if secure, his dark domain ;
 The prayers of righteous men may seem to fail,
 And Heaven's Glad Tidings be proclaimed in vain.

But wait in faith : ere long shall spring again
 The seed that seemed to perish in the ground ;
 And, fertilised by Zion's latter rain,
 The long-parched land shall laugh, with harvests crowned,
 And through those silent wastes Jehovah's praise resound.

Look round that Vale : behold the unburied bones
 Of Ghona's children withering in the blast :
 The sobbing wind, that through the forest moans,
 Whispers—' The spirit hath for ever passed !'
 Thus, in the Vale of Desolation vast,
 In moral death dark Afric's myriads lie ;
 But the Appointed Day shall dawn at last,
 When, breathed on by a Spirit from on High,
 The dry bones shall awake, and shout—' Our God is nigh !'

THE GHONA WIDOW'S LULLABY.

Uríko umkúla gozizulína ;
 Yebínza inquinquis Nosilimélè.
 Umzi wakonána subizíélè,
 Umkokéli úa sikokéli tina :
 Uénza infáma zenza ga bómi.

SICANA'S HYMN⁹⁷.

THE storm hath ceased : yet still I hear
 The distant thunder sounding,
 And from the mountains, far and near,
 The headlong torrents bounding.
 The jackal shrieks upon the rocks ;
 The tiger-wolf is howling ;
 The panther round the folded flocks
 With stifled *gurr* is prowling.

But lay thee down in peace, my child ;
God watcheth o'er us midst the wild.

I fear the Bushman is abroad—
He loves the midnight thunder⁹⁸ ;
The sheeted lightning shows the road,
That leads his feet to plunder :
I'd rather meet the hooded-snake
Than hear his rattling quiver,
When, like an adder, through the brake,
He glides along the river.
But, darling, hush thy heart to sleep—
The LORD our Shepherd watch doth keep.

The Kosa from Luhéri⁹⁹ high
Looks down upon our dwelling ;
And shakes the vengeful assagai,—
Unto his clansman telling
How he, for *us*, by grievous wrong,
Hath lost these fertile valleys ;
And boasts that now his hand is strong
To pay the debt of malice¹⁰⁰.
But sleep, my child ; a Mightier Arm
Shall shield thee (helpless one !) from harm.

The moon is up ; a fleecy cloud
O'er heaven's blue deeps is sailing ;
The stream, that lately raved so loud,
Makes now a gentle wailing.
From yonder crags, lit by the moon,
I hear a wild voice crying :
'Tis but the harmless bear-baboon,
Unto his mates replying.
Hush—hush thy dreams, my moaning dove,
And slumber in the arms of love !

The wolf, scared by the watch-dog's bay,
 Is to the woods returning ;
 By his rock-fortress, far away,
 The Bushman's fire is burning.
 And hark ! Sicána's midnight hymn,
 Along the valley swelling,
 Calls us to stretch the wearied limb,
 While kinsmen guard our dwelling :
 Though vainly watchmen wake from sleep,
 ' Unless the Lord the city keep.'

At dawn, we'll seek, with songs of praise,
 Our food on the savannah,
 As Israel sought, in ancient days,
 The heaven-descended manna ;
 With gladness from the fertile land
 The veld-kost¹⁰¹ we will gather,
 A harvest planted by the hand
 Of the Almighty Father—
 From thralldom who redeems our race,
 To plant them in their ancient place¹⁰².

Then, let us calmly rest, my child ;
 Jehovah's arm is round us,
 The God, the Father reconciled,
 In heathen gloom who found us ;
 Who to this heart, by sorrow broke,
 His wondrous word revealing,
 Led me, a lost sheep, to the flock,
 And to the Fount of Healing.
 Oh may the Saviour-Shepherd lead
 My darling where his lambs do feed !

THE ROCK OF RECONCILEMENT.

A RUGGED mountain, round whose summit proud
 The eagle sailed, or heaved the thunder cloud,
 Poured from its cloven breast a gurgling brook,
 Which down the grassy glades its journey took ;
 Oft bending round to lave, with rambling tide,
 The groves of evergreens on either side.
 Fast by this stream, where yet its course was young,
 And, stooping from the heights, the forest flung
 A grateful shadow o'er the narrow dell,
 Appeared the Missionary's hermit cell.
 Woven of wattled boughs, and thatched with leaves,
 The sweet wild jasmine clustering to its eaves,
 It stood, with its small casement gleaming through
 Between two ancient cedars. Round it grew
 Clumps of acacias and young orange bowers,
 Pomegranate hedges, gay with scarlet flowers,
 And pale-stemmed fig-trees with their fruit yet green,
 And apple blossoms waving light between.
 All musical it seemed with humming bees ;
 And bright-plumed sugar-birds among the trees
 Fluttered like living blossoms.

In the shade

Of a grey rock, that midst the leafy glade
 Stood like a giant sentinel, we found
 The habitant of this fair spot of ground—
 A plain tall Scottish man, of thoughtful mien ;
 Grave, but not gloomy. By his side was seen
 An ancient Chief of Amakósa's race,
 With javelin armed for conflict or the chase ;

And, seated at their feet upon the sod,
 A Youth was reading from the Word of God,
 Of Him who came for sinful men to die,
 Of every race and tongue beneath the sky.

Unnoticed, towards them we softly stept.
 Our Friend was wrapt in prayer; the Warrior wept,
 Leaning upon his hand; the Youth read on.
 And then we hailed the group: the Chieftain's Son,
 Training to be his country's Christian guide—
 And Brownlee and old Tshâtshu side by side¹⁰³.

THE FORESTER OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

A SOUTH-AFRICAN BORDER-BALLAD.

WE met in the midst of the Neutral Ground¹⁰⁴,
 'Mong the hills where the buffalo's haunts are found;
 And we joined in the chase of the noble game,
 Nor asked each other of nation or name.

The buffalo bull wheeled suddenly round,
 When first from my rifle he felt a wound;
 And, before I could gain the Umtóka's bank,
 His horns were tearing my courser's flank¹⁰⁵.

That instant a ball whizzed past my ear,
 Which smote the beast in his fierce career;
 And the turf was drenched with his purple gore,
 As he fell at my feet with a bellowing roar.

The Stranger came galloping up to my side,
 And greeted me with a bold huntsman's pride :
 Full blithely we feasted beneath a tree ;—
 Then out spoke the Forester, Arend Plessie.

“ Stranger ! we now are true comrades sworn ;
 Come pledge me thy hand while we quaff the horn ;
 Thou'rt an Englishman good, and thy heart is free,
 And 'tis therefore I'll tell my story to thee.

“ A Heemraad of Camdebóo¹⁰⁶ was my Sire ;
 He had flocks and herds to his heart's desire,
 And bondmen and maidens to run at his call,
 And seven stout sons to be heirs of all.

“ When we had grown up to man's estate,
 Our Father bade each of us choose a mate,
 Of Fatherland blood, from the *black* taint free¹⁰⁷,
 As became a Dutch burgher's proud degree.

“ My Brothers they rode to the Bovenland¹⁰⁸,
 And each came with a fair bride back in his hand ;
 But *I* brought the handsomest bride of them all—
 Brown Dinah, the bondmaid who sat in our hall.

“ My Father's displeasure was stern and still ;
 My Brothers' flamed forth like a fire on the hill ;
 And they said that my spirit was mean and base,
 To lower myself to the servile race.

“ I bade them rejoice in their herds and flocks,
 And their pale-faced spouses with flaxen locks ;
 While I claimed for my share, as the youngest son,
 Brown Dinah alone with my horse and gun.

“ My Father looked black as a thunder-cloud,
 My Brothers reviled me and railed aloud,
 And their young wives laughed with disdainful pride,
 While Dinah in terror clung close to my side.

“ Her ebon eyelashes were moistened with tears,
 As she shrunk abashed from their venomous jeers ;
 But I bade her look up like a Burgher’s wife—
 Next day to be *mine*, if God granted life.

“ At dawn brother Roelof came galloping home
 From the pastures—his courser all covered with foam ;
 ‘ Tis the Bushmen!’ he shouted ; ‘ haste, friends, to the spoor !
 Bold Arend ! come help with your long-barrelled roer ¹⁰⁹.’

“ Far o’er Bruintjes hoogtè ¹¹⁰ we followed—in vain :
 At length surly Roelof cried, ‘ Slaeken your rein ;
 We have quite lost the track.’—Hans replied with a smile.
 —Then my dark-boding spirit suspected their guile.

“ I flew to our Father’s. Brown Dinah was sold !
 And they laughed at my rage as they counted the gold.
 But I leaped on my horse, with my gun in my hand,
 And sought my lost love in the far Bovenland.

“ I found her ; I bore her from Gauritz’ ¹¹¹ fair glen,
 Through lone Zitzikamma ¹¹², by forest and fen.
 To these mountains at last like wild pigeons we flew,
 Far, far from the cold hearts of proud Camdebóo.

“ I’ve reared our rude shieling by Gola’s green wood,
 Where the chase of the deer yields me pastime and food :
 With my Dinah and children I dwell here alone,
 Without other comrades—and wishing for none.

“ I fear not the Bushman from Winterberg’s fell,
 Nor dread I the Caffer from Kat-River’s dell ;
 By justice and kindness I’ve conquered them both,
 And the Sons of the Desert have pledged me their troth.

“ I fear not the leopard that lurks in the wood,
 The lion I dread not, though raging for blood ;
 My hand it is steady—my aim it is sure—
 And the boldest must bend to my long-barrelled roer.

“ The elephant’s buff-coat my bullet can pierce ;
 And the giant rhinoceros, headlong and fierce,
 Gnu, eland, and buffalo furnish my board,
 When I feast my allies like an African lord.

“ And thus from my kindred and colour exiled,
 I live like old Ismael, Lord of the Wild—
 And follow the chase with my hounds and my gun ;
 Nor ever repent the bold course I have run.

“ But sometimes there sinks on my spirit a dread
 Of what may befall when the turf’s on my head ;
 I fear for poor Dinah—for brown Rodomond
 And dimple-faced Karel, the sons of the *bond*¹¹³.

“ Then tell me, dear Stranger, from England the free,
 What good tidings bring’st thou for Arend Plessie ?
 Shall the Edict of Mercy be sent forth at last,
 To break the harsh fetters of Colour and Caste ?”

THE SLAVE DEALER.

FROM ocean's wave a Wanderer came,
 With visage tanned and dun :
 His Mother, when he told his name,
 Scarce knew her long-lost son ;
 So altered was his face and frame
 By the ill course he had run.

There was hot fever in his blood,
 And dark thoughts in his brain ;
 And oh ! to turn his heart to good
 That Mother strove in vain,
 For fierce and fearful was his mood,
 Racked by remorse and pain.

And if, at times, a gleam more mild
 Would o'er his features stray,
 When knelt the Widow near her Child,
 And he tried with her to pray,
 It lasted not—for visions wild
 Still scared good thoughts away.

“ There's blood upon my hands ! ” he said,
 “ Which water cannot wash ;
 It was not shed where warriors bled—
 It dropped from the gory lash,
 As I whirled it o'er and o'er my head,
 And with each stroke left a gash.

“ With every stroke I left a gash,
 While Negro blood sprang high ;
 And now all ocean cannot wash
 My soul from murder’s dye ;
 Nor e’en thy prayer, dear Mother, quash
 That Woman’s wild death-cry !

“ Her cry is ever in my ear,
 And it will not let me pray ;
 Her look I see—her voice I hear—
 As when in death she lay,
 And said, ‘ With me thou must appear
 On God’s great Judgment-day ! ’ ”

“ Now, Christ from frenzy keep my son ! ”
 The woeful Widow cried ;
 “ Such murder foul thou ne’er hast done—
 Some fiend thy soul belied ! ”—
 “ —Nay, Mother ! the Avenging One
 Was witness when she died !

“ The writhing wretch with furious heel
 I crushed—no mortal nigh ;
 But that same hour her dread appeal
 Was registered òn high ;
 And now with God I have to deal,
 And dare not meet His eye ¹⁴ ! ”

THE TORNADO.

Dost thou love to list the rushing
 Of the Tempest in its might ?
 Dost thou joy to see the gushing
 Of the Torrent at its height ?
 Hasten forth while lurid gloaming
 Waneth into wilder night,
 O'er the troubled ocean, foaming
 With a strange phosphoric light.

Lo, the sea-fowl, loudly screaming,
 Seeks the shelter of the land ;
 And a signal-light is gleaming
 Where yon Vessel nears the strand :
 Just at sun-set she was lying
 All-becalmed upon the main ;
 Now with sails in tatters flying,
 She to seaward beats—in vain !

Hark ! the long-unopened fountains
 Of the clouds have burst at last :
 And the echoes of the mountains
 Lift their wailing voices fast :
 Now a thousand rills are pouring
 Their far-sounding waterfalls ;
 And the wrathful stream is roaring
 High above its rocky walls.

Now the forest-trees are shaking,
 Like bulrushes in the gale ;
 And the folded flocks are quaking
 'Neath the pelting of the hail.

From the jungle-cumbered river
 Comes a growl along the ground ;
 And the cattle start and shiver,
 For they know full well the sound.

'Tis the lion, gaunt with hunger,
 Glaring down the darkening glen ;
 But a fiercer Power and stronger
 Drives him back into his den :
 For the fiend TORNADO rideth
 Forth with FEAR, his maniac bride,
 Who by shipwrecked shores abideth,
 With the she-wolf by her side.

Heard ye not the Demon flapping
 His exulting wings aloud ?
 And his Mate her mad hands clapping
 From yon scowling thunder-cloud ?
 By the fire-flaucht's gleamy flashing
 The doomed Vessel ye may spy,
 With the billows o'er her dashing—
 Hark (Oh God !) that fearful cry !

Twice two hundred human voices
 In that shriek came on the blast !
 Ha ! the Tempest-Fiend rejoices—
 For all earthly aid is past !
 White as smoke the surf is showering
 O'er the cliffs that seaward frown,
 While the greedy gulf, devouring,
 Like a dragon sucks them down !

PARAPHRASE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD
PSALM.

THE Lord himself my steps doth guide ;
 I feel no want, I fear no foe :
 Along the verdant valley's side,
 Where cool the quiet waters flow,
 Like as his flock a shepherd feedeth,
 My soul in love Jehovah leadeth.

And when amid the stumbling mountains
 Through frowardness I blindly stray,
 Or wander near forbidden fountains
 Where the Destroyer lurks for prey,
 My wayward feet again he guideth
 To paths where holy Peace resideth.

Though that dread Pass before me lies,
 (First opened up by Sin and Wrath)
 Where Death's black shadow shrouds the skies,
 And sheds its horrors o'er the path,
 Yet even there I'll fear no ill,
 For my Redeemer guards me still.

Even He who walked by Abraham's side
My steps doth tend through weal and woe ;
With rod and staff to guard and guide,
And comfort me where'er I go ;
And He his ransomed flock that keepeth,
Our Shepherd, slumbereth not nor sleepeth.

For me a banquet he doth spread
Of high desires and hallowed joys ;
With blessings he anoints my head,
And fills a cup that never cloy ;
And nothing more my soul doth lack,
Save gratitude to render back.

Oh ! still may Goodness, Mercy, Truth,
Attend my steps from stage to stage,
As they have followed me from youth
Through life's long weary pilgrimage ;
Till He who Israel led of old,
Shall guide me to his heavenly fold.

SONNETS.

I.

THE HOTTENTOT.

MILD, melancholy, and sedate, he stands,
 Tending another's flock upon the fields,
 His fathers' once, where now the White Man builds
 His home, and issues forth his proud commands.
 His dark eye flashes not ; his listless hands
 Lean on the shepherd's staff ; no more he wields
 The Libyan bow—but to th' oppressor yields
 Submissively his freedom and his lands.
 Has he no courage ? Once he had—but, lo !
 Harsh Servitude hath worn him to the bone.
 No enterprise ? Alas ! the brand, the blow,
 Have humbled him to dust—even *hope* is gone !
 “ He's a base-hearted hound—not worth his food ”—
 His Master cries—“ he has no *gratitude* ¹¹⁵ ! ”

II.

THE CAFFER.

Lo ! where he crouches by the cleugh's dark side,
 Eyeing the farmer's lowing herds afar ;
 Impatient watching till the Evening Star
 Lead forth the Twilight dim, that he may glide
 Like panther to the prey. With freeborn pride
 He scorns the herdsman, nor regards the scar
 Of recent wound—but burnishes for war
 His assagai and targe of buffalo-hide.
 He is a Robber ?—True ; it is a strife
 Between the black-skinned bandit and the white.
 A Savage ?—Yes ; though loth to aim at life,
 Evil for evil fierce he doth requite.
 A Heathen ?—Teach him, then, thy better creed,
 Christian ! if thou deserv'st that name indeed.

III.

THE BUSHMAN.

THE Bushman sleeps within his black-browed den,
 In the lone wilderness. Around him lie
 His wife and little ones unfearingly—
 For they are far away from ' Christian Men.'
 No herds, loud lowing, call him down the glen :
 He fears no foe but famine ; and may try
 To wear away the hot noon slumberingly ;
 Then rise to search for roots—and dance again.
 But he shall dance no more ! His secret lair,
 Surrounded, echoes to the thundering gun,
 And the wild shriek of anguish and despair !
 He dies—yet, ere life's ebbing sands are run,
 Leaves to his sons a curse, should they be friends
 With the proud ' Christian-Men '—for they are fiends ¹¹⁶ !

IV.

SLAVERY.

OH SLAVERY ! thou art a bitter draught !
 And twice accursèd is thy poisoned bowl,
 Which taints with leprosy the White Man's soul,
 Not less than his by whom its dregs are quaffed.
 The Slave sinks down, o'ercome by cruel craft,
 Like beast of burthen on the earth to roll.
 The Master, though in luxury's lap he loll,
 Feels the foul venom, like a rankling shaft,
 Strike through his reins. As if a demon laughed,
 He, laughing, treads his victim in the dust—
 The victim of his avarice, rage, or lust,
 But the poor Captive's moan the whirlwinds waft
 To Heaven—not unavenged : the Oppressor quakes
 With secret dread, and shares the hell he makes !

1823.

V.

FRANSCHHOEK ¹¹⁷.

To this far nook the Christian exiles fled,
 Each fettering tie of earthly texture breaking ;
 Wealth, country, kindred, cheerfully forsaking,
 For that good cause in which their fathers bled.
 By Faith supported and by Freedom led,
 A fruitful field amidst the desert making,
 They dwelt secure when kings and priests were quaking,
 And taught the waste to yield them wine and bread.
 And is their worth forgot ? their spirit gone ?
 Now, in the breach of wickedness forth-breaking,
 At the lone watchman's warning call awaking,
 To lift the faithful standard is there none ?
 Yes—still 'mong the dry bones there is a shaking,
 And a faint glimmering still where former lustre shone.

1824.

VI.

GENADENDAL.

IN distant Europe oft I've longed to see
 This quiet Vale of Grace ; to list the sound
 Of lulling brooks and moaning turtles round
 The apostle Schmidt's old consecrated tree ;
 To hear the hymns of solemn melody
 Rising from the sequestered burial ground ;
 To see the heathen taught, the lost sheep found,
 The blind restored, the long-oppressed set free.
 All this I've witnessed now—and pleasantly
 Its memory shall in my heart remain ;
 But yet more close familiar ties there be
 That bind me to this spot with grateful chain—
 For it hath been a Sabbath Home to me,
 Through lingering months of solitude and pain ¹¹⁸.

November, 1824.

VII.

ENON ¹¹⁹.

BY Heaven directed, by the World reviled,
 Amidst the Wilderness they sought a home,
 Where beasts of prey and men of murder roam,
 And untamed Nature holds her revels wild.
 There, on their pious toils their MASTER smiled,
 And prospered them, beyond the thoughts of men,
 Till in the satyr's haunt and dragon's den
 A garden bloomed, and savage hordes grew mild.
 —So, in the guilty heart when Heavenly Grace
 Enters, it ceaseth not till it uproot
 All Evil Passions from each hidden cell ;
 Planting again an Eden in their place,
 Which yields to men and angels pleasant fruit ;
 And God himself delighteth there to dwell.

April, 1821.

VIII.

THE GOOD MISSIONARY.

HE left his Christian friends and native strand,
 By pity for benighted men constrained :
 His heart was fraught with charity unfeigned ;
 His life was strict, his manners meek and bland.
 Long dwelt he lonely in a heathen land,
 In want and weariness—yet ne'er complained ;
 But laboured that the lost sheep might be gained,
 Nor seeking recompense from human hand.
 The credit of the arduous works he wrought
 Was reaped by other men who came behind :
 The world gave him no honour—none he sought,
 But cherished Christ's example in his mind.
 To one great aim his heart and hopes were given—
 To serve his God and gather souls to Heaven.

Cafferland, 1825.

IX.

TO THE REV. DR. PHILIP.

THY heavenly MASTER'S voice with reverent awe
 Thou heard'st, as thus to thy stirred heart it spoke :
 ' Go forth and gather yon poor scattered Flock
 Within the free pale of the Gospel Law.
 The trembling lamb pluck from the tiger's paw,
 Nor fear his cruel fangs ; for by the stroke
 Of thy frail staff his cheek-bone shall be broke,
 And many saved from the Devourer's jaw.'
 Such the high task : and manfully and well
 Thou for that peeled and scattered Flock hast striven ;
 And henceforth they in quietude shall dwell,
 (Their ruthless spoilers fettered, or forth-driven,)

With nought to scare them, save the baffled yell
 Of hungry wolves from whom the prey was riven ¹²⁰.

1828.

X.

A COMMON CHARACTER.

Not altogether wicked—but so weak,
 That greater villains made of him their tool ;
 Not void of talent—yet so much a fool
 As honour by dishonest means to seek :
 Proud to the humble, to the haughty meek ;
 In flattery servile, insolent in rule :
 Keen for his own—for others' interest cool ;
 Hate in his heart, and smiles upon his cheek.
 This man, with abject meanness joined to pride,
 Was yet a pleasant fellow in his day ;
 For all unseemly traits he well could hide,
 Whene'er he mingled with the great and gay.
 —But he is buried now—and, when he died,
 No one seemed sorry that he was away !

Cape Town, 1825.

XI.

THE NAMELESS STREAM.

I FOUND a Nameless Stream among the hills ¹²¹,
 And traced its course through many a changeful scene ;
 Now gliding free through grassy uplands green,
 And stately forests, fed by limpid rills ;
 Now dashing through dark grottos, where distils
 The poison dew ; then issuing all serene
 'Mong flowery meads, where snow-white lilies screen
 The wild-swan's whiter breast. At length it fills
 Its deepening channels ; flowing calmly on
 To join the Ocean on his billowy beach.
 —But that bright bourne its current ne'er shall reach :
 It meets the thirsty Desert——and is gone
 To waste oblivion ! Let its story teach
 The fate of one—who sinks, like it, unknown.

Glen-Lyndon, 1825.

XII.

MY COUNTRY.

My Country ! when I think of all I've lost,
 In leaving thee to seek a foreign home,
 I find more cause the farther that I roam
 To mourn the hour I left thy favoured coast ;
 For each high privilege which is the boast
 And birth-right of thy sons, by patriots gained,
 Dishonoured dies where Right and Truth are chained,
 And caitiffs rule—by sordid lusts engrossed.
 I *may*, perhaps, (each generous purpose crossed,)
 Forget the higher aims for which I've strained,
 Calmly resign the hopes I prized the most,
 And learn cold cautions I have long disdained ;
 But my heart must be calmer—colder yet—
 Ere thee, my Native Land! I can forget.

1825.

XIII.

THE CAPE OF STORMS.

O CAPE of Storms ! although thy front be dark,
 And bleak thy naked cliffs and cheerless vales,
 And perilous thy fierce and faithless gales
 To stanchest mariner and stoutest bark ;
 And though along thy coasts with grief I mark
 The servile and the slave, and him who wails
 An exile's lot—and blush to hear thy tales
 Of sin and sorrow and oppression stark :—
 Yet, spite of physical and moral ill,
 And after all I've seen and suffered here,
 There are strong links that bind me to thee still,
 And render even thy rocks and deserts dear ;
 Here dwell kind hearts which time nor place can chill—
 Loved Kindred and congenial Friends sincere.

1825.

XIV.

TO OPPRESSION.

OPPRESSION ! I have seen thee, face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow :
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now ;
For dread to prouder feelings doth give place
Of deep abhorrence. Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees that near thy footstool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other Vow
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base.
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart with heart and hand
Thy brutalising sway—till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,—
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod.
—Such is the Vow I take—So help me God !

1825.

NOTES.

1.—*I'm in the world alone!*—P. 3, l. 16.

'*Ik ben alleenig in de waereld!*' was the touching expression of Marossi, the Bechuana orphan boy, in his broken Dutch, when he first fell accidentally under my protection, at Milk River in Camdeboo, in September 1825. He was then apparently about nine or ten years of age, and had been carried off from his native country by the Bergenaars. He was sold to a Boor, (for an old jacket!) only a few months previously, when the kraal or hamlet of his tribe had been sacked by those banditti in the manner described in the text. The other incidents of the poem are also taken from his own simple narrative, with the exception of his flying to the desert with a tame springbok—a poetical license suggested to me by seeing, a few days afterwards, a slave child playing with a springbok fawn at a boor's residence.

This little African accompanied my wife and me to England; and with the gradual development of his feelings and faculties he became interesting to us in no ordinary degree. He was indeed a remarkable child. With a great flow of animal spirits and natural hilarity, he was at the same time docile, observant, reflective, and always unselfishly considerate of others. He was of a singularly ingenuous and affectionate disposition; and, in proportion as his reason expanded, his heart became daily more thoroughly imbued with the genuine spirit of the gospel, insomuch that all who knew him involuntarily and with one consent applied to this African boy the benignant words of our Saviour—'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' He was baptized in 1827, and took on himself (in conjunction with Mrs. P. and me) his baptismal vows, in the most devout and sensible manner. Shortly afterwards he died of a pulmonary complaint under which he had for many months suffered with exemplary meekness.

2.—*This desolate Karroo*—P. 4, l. 4.

For a description of the Great Karroo, see *Author's Narrative**, p. 297.

* The Narrative affixed to the foolscap edition of *The Poems*, 1834.

3.—*The Bergenaars*—P. 4, l. 10.

See *Author's Narrative*, p. 360.

4.—*The broad Gareep*—P. 5, l. 9.

The Gareep is the native appellation of the Orange River.

5.—*Huge sea cows*—P. 5, l. 11.

The Sea-cow, or *Zeekoe*, is the Hippopotamus.

6.—*Wolfish wild dogs*—P. 6, l. 28.

The Wild-dog, or *Wilde-honde*, of South Africa, is the *Hyæna Venatica*.

7.—*Good Utiko*—P. 7, l. 3.

Utiko, a term now in general use among many of the South African tribes for the Supreme Being, is derived from the Hottentot word 'Tiko, which is said literally to signify 'The Beautiful.' It has been adopted by the missionaries to denote the true God.

8.—*By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,
And the kùdù and eland unhunted recline*—P. 9, l. 26.

The *Oribi* is termed by Lichtenstein the *Antilope Pigmæa*; but it is not the same as the *Blauwbok* of the Colonists, or the *Iputi* of the Caffers, an animal from nine to twelve inches in height, which is, I believe, the true *Antilope Pigmæa*. *Oribi* is the Hottentot name of an antelope somewhat resembling the Steenbok (*A. Rupestris*), but rather larger, and of a darker brown colour.

For a notice of the *Gnu*, see *Author's Narrative*, p. 273.

Gazelle is here used to denote the *Reebok*, or any other of the smaller antelopes.

The *Hartèbeest* (*Antilope Caama*), is one of the finest animals of the antelope family. It is fleet, and graceful in its gait. The male is about seven feet long and five feet high, with handsome recurvated horns growing from approximated bases; the female of a similar size. The flesh is good, and bears a considerable resemblance to beef.

The *Kùdù*, or *Koodoo*, (*Antilope Strepsiceros*,) is also a very handsome antelope, in size somewhat smaller than the Hartèbeest, being about six feet in length by four feet ten inches in height. The male is ornamented with magnificent horns, which are twisted in a spiral form, and, in the full-grown animal, are frequently found fully four feet long. A black mane adorns the neck of the Kùdù.

The *Eland* (*Antilope Orcas*), called by the Hottentots *Kanna*, is the largest of the South African antelopes, being estimated, when full grown, to be usually larger than an ox with respect to the quantity of flesh. The male measures about six feet in height by seven feet nine inches in length;

with straight spiral horns, inclined backwards, about two feet in length. Its flesh is more juicy than that of most of the other antelopes. The name of *Eland*, i. e. *Elk*, has been applied to this animal by the colonists, from some fancied resemblance to the elk of Europe, in the same mode as many other names of animals have been misapplied by them.

9.—*Forests overhung with wild vine*—P. 9, l. 28.

See *Author's Narrative*, p. 218.

10.—*The timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh*—P. 10, l. 5.

The cry of the *Quagga* (pronounced *quagha*, or *quacha*) is very different from that of either the horse or ass; and I have endeavoured to express its peculiar character in the above line.

11.—*The fleet-footed ostrich, &c.*—P. 10, l. 9—14.

See *Author's Narrative*, p. 299—301.

12.—*Away, away, in the Wilderness vast*—P. 10, l. 17.

The Desert of Kalleganny or Challahengah, north of the Orange River, and lying between the countries of the Bechuanas and Damaras, is said to be for the most part entirely destitute of water, so that the Bechuanas and Corannas in crossing it are forced to subsist on a species of wild water-melon, which grows abundantly on those arid plains.—See *Thompson's Travels*, vol. ii., p. 72; and *Philip's Researches*, vol. ii. p. 123.

13.—*The bitter-melon for food and drink*—P. 10, l. 27.

The wild water-melon of the Desert is a species of *Coloquintida*, and is bitter and pungent to the taste. I have seen on the skirts of the Karroo a species of prickly cucumber which is considered edible; and Mr. Burchell mentions having found in a similar situation the *Stapelia pilifera*, a fleshy plant, with a cool and watery taste, which is much used by the Hottentots for the purpose of quenching thirst. These and other plants of the same character appear to be designed, by a beneficent provision of Nature, to mitigate the defects of climate, being only found in hot and arid tracts of country.—See *Burchell*, vol. i. p. 243.

14.—*The salt lake's brink*—P. 10, l. 28.

In the midst of those desolate regions, large lakes or reservoirs of native salt are frequently found; formed apparently by the heavy rains, which falling once in two or three years, wash into hollow places the saline particles with which the neighbouring soil is impregnated. During the long droughts which ensue, the water is exhaled, and the dry crystalised salt remains, white as a frozen lake, in the bosom of the dry parched land.

15.—*The Desert my domain*—P. 11, l. 14.

For notices of the Bushmen, see *Author's Narrative*, pp. 362—373.

16.—*The countless springboks, &c.*—P. 11, l. 20.

See *Author's Narrative*, p. 201.

17.—*The wild horse to my rein*—P. 11, l. 22.

The Zebra is commonly termed *Wilde-Paard*, or Wild-horse, by the Dutch African Colonists. This animal is now scarce within the colony, but is still found in considerable herds in the northern wastes and mountains inhabited by the Bushmen.

18.—*For I make of them my bread*—P. 12, l. 8.

“The Bushmen,” says Captain Stockenstrom, “consider the locusts a great luxury, consuming great quantities fresh, and drying abundance for future emergencies.” Locusts are in like manner eaten by the Arabs of the Desert, and by other nomadic tribes in the East.

19.—*The listless Coran, &c.*—P. 12, l. 18.

The Corannas, Koras, or Koraquas, are a tribe of independent Hottentots, inhabiting the banks of the Gareep, or Great Orange River. They are naturally a mild, indolent, pastoral people, subsisting chiefly on the milk of their goats and cows, and by occasional hunting. (See Thompson.) From causes, however, very similar to those which have transformed the Bushmen into a race of desperate and vindictive savages, not a few of the Corannas have recently become bands of robbers; and in conjunction with Bergenaars and other banditti, have committed many deplorable ravages upon the Bechuana tribes, and sometimes on the Colony.

20.—*The gorrah's humming reed*—P. 12, l. 20.

The Gorrah is one of the few rude musical instruments peculiar to the Hottentot race. It is not now very often to be met with in the Colony, where it is seldom well played upon except by old shepherds and herdsmen. I have frequently heard it played, but not by a first-rate *gorra-ist*. Mr. Burchell has given a minute description of this curious instrument, with the portrait of a Bushman playing on it, and the notes of the air, or piece of music, performed. “The gorrah,” he observes, “as to its appearance and form, may be more aptly compared to the bow of a violin than to any other thing; but in its principle and use it is quite different, being in fact that of a stringed and a wind instrument combined; and thus it agrees with the Æolian harp. But with respect to the principle on which its different tones are produced, it may be classed with the trumpet, or French horn; while in the nature and quality of the sound which it gives, at least in the hands of one who is master of it, this strange instrument approaches to the violin. It consists merely of a slender stick, or bow, on which a string of catgut is strained. But to the lower end of this string, a flat piece, of about an inch and a half long, of the quill of an ostrich, is attached, so as to constitute a part of the length of the string. This quill,

being applied to the lips, is made to vibrate by strong inspirations and expirations of the breath; each of which ending with an increased degree of strength, has always the effect of forcing out the upper octave, exactly in the same way as produced on the flute."—*Travels in Southern Africa*, vol. i. p. 458.

Lichtenstein, who has also described this instrument, remarks that, "heard at a distance there is nothing unpleasant in it, but something plaintive and soothing. Although no more than six tones can be produced from it, which besides do not belong to our gamut, but form intervals quite foreign to it, yet the kind of vocal sound of these tones, the uncommon nature of the rhythm, and even the oddness, I may say wildness, of the harmony, give to this music a charm peculiar to itself."—*Travels in Southern Africa* (English translation), vol. ii. p. 232.

21.—*Tightening famine's girdle round*—P. 13, l. 8.

In seasons of long continued drought, the Corannas are occasionally reduced to extreme destitution; and are then forced, like the Bushmen, to subsist on wild roots, ants, and locusts. On such occasions, they are accustomed to wear a leathern band bound tightly round their middle, which they term the 'girdle of famine.' The Arabs of the Desert are said to employ a similar contrivance to alleviate the pangs of hunger, and call it 'the girdle of emptiness.'

22.—*The free-born Kosa*—P. 13, l. 15.

That tribe of Caffers whose territory is now divided from the Colony by the river Keisi, or Keiskamma, are, in their own language, designated the *Amakosa*, and their country *Amakosina*. These are collective terms, formed from the word *Kosa*, which denotes an individual of the tribe, by adding the prefix *ama*, according to the regular usage of their language. The Chumi, Debè, and Kalumna, are border streams in the Amakosa territory.

23.—*With fragrant hoard of honey-bee
Rifted from the hollow tree*—P. 13, l. 26.

In the country of the Amakosa wild honey is found plentifully, and the natives very frequently avail themselves of the assistance of the Honey-bird, or Bee-cuckoo (*Cuculus Indicator*), in searching for it. This bird, which is of a cinereous colour, and somewhat larger than the common sparrow, is well known in South Africa for its extraordinary faculty of discovering the hives or nests of the wild bees, which in that country are constructed either in hollow trees, in crevices of the rocks, or in holes in the ground. Being extremely fond of honey, and of the bees' eggs, or larvæ, and at the same time unable, without assistance, to obtain access to the bee-hives, nature has supplied the Indicator with the singular instinct

of calling to its aid certain other animals, and especially man himself, to enable it to attain its object. This is a fact long ago established on the authority of Sparrman, Vaillaut, and other scientific travellers in Southern Africa; and, in Father Lobo's Travels in Abyssinia, a similar account is given of the Moroc, a bird found in that country, of precisely the same habits, and apparently of the same family with the *Cuculus Indicator* of the Cape of Good Hope.

With the habits of this curious bird I was myself acquainted during my residence in the interior of the Cape colony, and have often partaken of wild honey procured by its guidance. It usually sits on a tree by the way side, and when any passenger approaches, greets him with its peculiar cry of *cherr-a-cherr! cherr-a-cherr!* If he shows any disposition to attend to its call, it flies on before him, in short flights, from tree to tree, till it leads him to the spot where it knows a bee-hive to be concealed. It then sits still and silent till he has extracted the honeycomb, of which it expects a portion as its share of the spoil; and this share the natives who profit by its guidance never fail to leave it.

Sparrman states that the Ratel, or Honey-badger, (*Gulo Mellivorus*), avails itself of the help of this bird to discover the retreat of those bees that build their nests in the ground, and shares with it the plunder of them. Some of the Hottentots assert, also, that to obtain access to the hives in hollow trees, the Honey-bird sometimes calls to its aid the Woodpecker, a bird which finds in the larvæ, or young bees, a treat as enticing to its taste as the honey is to that of its ingenious associate. I cannot vouch, on my own knowledge, for the truth of the latter statement; but as it seems quite in conformity with the general habits of this singular bird, it may, at all events, be admitted as sufficient *poetical* authority for the following little fable, which, though written only for juvenile readers, has a moral serious enough to entitle it to a place among these African notices:—

THE Honey-bird sat on the yellow-wood tree,
 And aye he was singing—' *Cherr-cherr-a, cu-coo la!*'
 A-watching the hive of the blithe Honey-bee,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a cu-coo-la!*'

The bee-hive was built in the hollow-tree bole,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a cu-coo-la!*'
 Without any entrance but one little hole,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a cu-coo-la!*'

The Bees they flew in, and the Bees they flew out,
 ' *Boom-a-boo, foom-a-boo, boom-a-buzz-zoola!*'
 And they seemed to buzz round with a jeer and a flout,
 ' *Boom-a-boo, foom-a-boo, boom-bom-a-boo-la!*'

But the Honey-bird swore by the Aasvogel's* bill,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr, Aasvogel, gobb-a gob-oo-la !* '
 Of their honeycomb he would soon gobble his fill,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, gobble-a-goola !* '

So he flew to the Woodpecker—'Cousin,' quoth he,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a cu-coo-la !* '
 'Come, help me to harry the sly Honey-bee,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr, Wood-peck-er, cherr-a chop-hoola !* '

Says the Woodpecker, gravely, 'To rob is a crime,
 ' *Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, chop-at-a-hoola—*
 'Besides, I hate honey, and cannot spare time,
 ' *Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, snap-at-a-snoola !* '

Quoth the Honey-bird, 'Cousin, reflect, if you please,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a cu-coo-la !*
 'The honey-comb's half full of juicy young-bees,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, gobble-a-goola !* '

'Ha! ha!' cries the Woodpecker, 'that's a strong plea—
 ' *Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, tac-at-a-foola !*
 'I now see the justice of robbing the Bee—
 ' *Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, snap-at-a-snoola !* '

'They're a *poly-pode* race, and have poisonous stings—
 ' *Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, chop-at-a-hoola !*
 'And then they're but *insects*—and insects are *things*—
 ' *Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, snap-at-a-snoola !* '

So the bee-hive was harried; and, after their toil,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr,* ' *tic-a-tac,* ' *snap-at-a-snoola !* '
 The jolly birds jested while parting the spoil,
 ' *Cherr-a-cherr,* ' *tic-a-tac,* ' *gobble-a-goola !* '

'Poor Pigeons may prate about Natural Rights,'
 Quoth the Honey-bird, ' *Coorr-a-moo, coor-a-mur-roo-ra !* '—
 'But the merry Owl mocks such Poetical Flights,'
 Quoth the Woodpecker,—' *Hu-hu-hoo ! tu-whit ! tu-whoor-r-a !* '

While thus with pungent jibe and jest
 The friends gave relish to their feast,
 Suddenly burst on their ear
 Sounds of tumult, fury, fear—
 The rush of steeds, the musket's rattle,
 The female shriek, the shout of battle,
 The bellowing of captured cattle.

* *Aasvogel*, the Vulture. One of the most common species in South Africa is the *Percnopterus*, the Sacred Vulture of the Egyptians.

—Flew the startled birds on high,
 Of this rout the cause to spy,
 Perched upon the topmost bough,
 Quoth Cuculus, ‘I see it now :
 ‘ Those unfeathered bipeds, MEN,
 ‘ Are at their bloody work again ;
 ‘ Dutch and British in a band
 ‘ Are come to rifle Cafferland.
 ‘ Lo, like bees around their hive,
 ‘ The dusky Amakosa strive ;
 ‘ But they buzz and sting in vain,
 ‘ The honey-nest—the kraal is ta’en* :
 ‘ Young and old in death are lying,
 ‘ And the harried swarm are flying ;
 ‘ While around the cattle pen
 ‘ Loudly laugh the “ Christian men ! ”
 ‘ How can Dutch or English care
 ‘ For Africans with woolly hair ?
 ‘ What care they who dies or lives ?
 ‘ They have got the bonny beeves.
 ‘ And, to hallow this day’s work,
 ‘ They’ll tithe the spoil to build a kirk† !
 —‘ Faugh ! I hate that smell of blood,
 ‘ Let us down into the wood—
 ‘ Let us back unto our feast—
 ‘ We’re no hypocrites at least !

* The comparison of a Caffer kraal to a ‘ honey-nest ’ is borrowed from Colonial phraseology ; and my friend John Tzatzoe, the Christian Caffer chief, gives the following illustration of its application :—In the close of 1816 or beginning of 1817, when the Colonial Government was in amity and alliance with Gaika, a commando was sent into Cafferland to attack Islambi. A letter was written to Mr. Williams the missionary, then settled under Gaika’s protection at the Kat River, desiring him to apprise Gaika that the commando was entering the country, but that neither Gaika nor any of his adherents were the objects of it, but his enemy Islambi. The expedition accordingly marched in the direction of Islambi ; but they found that chief so well prepared to give them a warm reception, that the boors, who formed a principal part of the commando, became frightened, and said to the commander, Major Fraser, “ You should never attack a honey-nest behind, but always in front. If we go farther into Cafferland, Islambi may cut us off ; let us attack Gaika in front.” Major Fraser, says Tzatzoe, weakly allowed himself to be persuaded. The commando suddenly turned, and fell upon Gaika’s kraals, along the Kat and Koonap rivers ; killed one of Gaika’s chiefs, and one chief and seven men of Enno’s clan, and swept off an immense number of cattle.—*See South African Advertiser for November 17, 1832, and March 10, 1833.*

† Colonel Breerton’s commando in 1818 plundered the Caffers of more than 23,000 head of cattle. A large number of these cattle were sold, and 3,000 rix-dollars of the proceeds were allotted to build a church at Uitenhage. This consecrated fund was, however, afterwards devoted by the local authorities to a different purpose.

24.—*The honey-mead, the millet-ale*—P. 14, l. 13.

A sort of mead, called honey-beer by the Hottentots, and *boialloa* by the Bechuanas, is used both by these tribes and by the Caffers. Of millet beer or ale the Caffers have two kinds, the common sort termed *chaloa*, and the stronger *inguya*. The millet (*Sorghum*) is first carefully malted, afterwards boiled in large earthen pots, and then regularly fermented with the aid of a root, which appears greatly to increase the inebriating effects of the liquor. This native beverage is used on all festive occasions, when war-songs of the most exciting character, and recited with much gesticulation, form usually one of the chief entertainments.—(See Lichtenstein, vol. i., p. 271; Burchell, vol. ii., p. 552; Thompson, vol. ii., p. 230; Kay, p. 371, 375.

25.—*Stretched by his Gulúwi's side*—P. 15, l. 2.

Gulúwi, here used as a female proper name, signifies literally the *Loory* or *Touracoo* (*Corythaix*.) It is customary with the Caffers to give the names of animals, flowers, and other natural objects, to persons. *Moya*, the name of a Caffer female of rank (see p. 31), signifies literally the Wind.

26.—*The spekboom spreads its bowers*—P. 16, l. 3.

The *Spekboom* (*Portulacaria Afra*), a favourite food of the elephant, is a succulent arboreous evergreen, found in great abundance in many parts of the Colony, and, when profusely covered in summer with its lilac-like blossoms, has a very lively appearance.

27.—*The bright-blossomed bean-tree*—P. 16, l. 7.

The *Hottentot Bean-tree* is the *Guaiacum Afrum*, or *Schotia Speciosa*, of botanists. It grows abundantly in some parts of the Glen-Lynden valley; and its clusters of scarlet flowers, intermingled with the small and elegant dark green foliage, give it a remarkable pre-eminence among the trees of the cleughs, and the thick shrubbery on the lower declivities of the hills. The seeds of this leguminous plant are eaten by the natives,—whence its colonial name. The *Caffer Bean-tree* (*Erythrina Caffra*) is also a splendid flowering-tree.

Among several other beautiful flowering trees found in the forest of Glen-Lynden, the Koonap, and the Boschberg, one of the most remarkable is the *Sophora Sylvatica*. (Burch.) This tree sometimes attains the height of thirty feet, and rivals our laburnum in a profusion of bunches of fine yellow blossoms. It produces flowers even in the deepest shade of the forest.

28.—*Brilliant as the glancing plumes*

Of sugar-birds among its blooms—P. 16, l. 10.

“The delicate humming-birds (*Trochili*) of South America,” says Mr. Burchell, “are in Southern Africa represented by the *Nectarinæ*, here

called by the Dutch Colonists *Suiker-vogels*, (sugar-birds,) from having been observed, at least in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, to feed principally on the honey of the flowers of the *Suiker-bosch* (*Protea mellifera*.) In the interior parts of the Colony, where this species of *Protea* does not prevail, I have seen at certain seasons of the year several species of *Nectariniæ* or *Certhiæ*, sometimes so numerous as to seem almost like a hive of bees, fluttering about various flowery shrubs, and sucking with their long sickle-shaped bills the honied sweets. The iridescent and brilliant colours of these beautiful little birds, outrivalling the blossoms among which they feed and sport, render them very attractive; and one species (the *Chalybea*) has a clear melodious note, and sings delightfully.

29.—*The skipping reebok*—P. 16, l. 14.

The *Reebok*, (*Antilope Capreolus* or *villosa*,) abounding in Glen-Lynden and the mountainous country around, is one of the smaller species of antelopes. These animals are generally found in pairs, and run with wonderful rapidity. The fur, which is of a cinereous colour, is of a soft, curly, and woolly texture.

30.—*The duiker*—P. 16, l. 23.

The *Duiker*, or *Diver*, (*Antilope mergens*,) is so named on account of its peculiar mode of plunging among the brushwood when startled or pursued. It inhabits bushy countries.

31.—*The Bushman's Cave*—P. 17, l. 1.

We discovered among the rocks of Glen-Lynden two or three caves, or rather dens, which bore the obvious traces of having formerly afforded shelter or concealment to the Bushman race, by whom the whole of this district appears, at no very remote period, to have been inhabited. On the sides of those caverns or overhanging rocks many of the rude paintings of the Bushmen are still visible. They are executed chiefly with a sort of red ochre; and represent with considerable spirit herds of various wild animals, and the hunters in pursuit of them. The paintings of the Bushmen are well described in Mr. Barrow's Travels, vol. ii. p. 239.

32.—*The grim satyr-faced baboon*—P. 17, l. 3.

Cercopithecus ursinus.

33.—*The guana's glassy pool*—P. 17, l. 27.

The Cape Guana, or *Leguan*.

34.—*The palmite's leafy screen*—P. 17, l. 29.

The Palmite, *Acorus Palmita*, is a tall water-plant.

35.—*Cradle-nests*—P. 17, l. 33.

See *Author's Narrative*, p. 279.

36.—*The white man's servile thrall*—P. 18, l. 23, 24.

The Hottentot, in his state of debasement.

37.—*A naked, homeless exile he*—P. 18, l. 33, 34.

The Bechuana Refugee.

38.—*Adder coiled upon the path*—P. 19, l. 22.

The Night-adder is referred to.

39.—*Call Arend and Ekhard and Groepe*—P. 20, l. 3.

Arend or Arendz, Ekhard, and Groepe, were three of the principal families of our Mulatto tenants.

40.—*Muller and Coetzer and Lucas Van Vuur*—P. 20, l. 4.

The brothers Diederik and Christian Muller, two of our Dutch-African neighbours, then residing near the Zwart-Kei, were among the most intrepid lion-hunters in South Africa. They had between them killed upwards of thirty lions—not without some hair-breadth escapes. Diederik was deaf in one ear, from the effects of the clutch of a lion, which his brother shot while he was lying under it. Others of their adventures may be seen in the appendix to *Thompson's Travels*, vol. ii., p. 379. Diederik, who was a fine, frank, generous-hearted man, was quite a favourite with us all, and accompanied me on several of my excursions into the wild parts of the country. On my finally leaving Glen-Lynden, in order to testify his regard for me, he went out and shot a lion, and sent me the skin and skull as a parting gift. He closed his earthly career two or three years afterwards, in a mode quite accordant with the habits and ruling passion of his life. He had been for some time confined at home by a pulmonary complaint; but, tiring of inactivity, he urged so strenuously his brothers and his friend Mr. George Rennie (who had become almost as fond of this perilous pastime as the Mullers) to accompany him on a hunting expedition into Cafferland, that, in spite of their apprehensions for his health, they at length consented, and set out together with a Mr. Gisborne, an Englishman, like themselves an enthusiastic hunter. They had not been above a week or two in the woods, however, before poor Diederik became dangerously ill. His friends endeavoured to convey him to his brother's house on the frontier; but he did not live to reach it. He died where he had most delighted to live—in the wilderness.

The Coetzer mentioned in the text was Arend, one of the sons of our neighbour, old Winzel, of Eland's-drift.

Lucas Van Vuur (or Van Vuuren) was a tall, dark, muscular man, in height about six feet-two, with a bushy, coal-black beard, and an eye like an eagle's. He was for some time one of our nearest neighbours at Glen-Lynden, where he occupied the farm of Lyndoch-Cleugh, the property of Mrs. Colonel Graham. He usually carried a huge elephant gun, as long

and unwieldy as himself; but he had left it at home on the following occasion, when he had most special need of it. Lucas was riding across the open plains near the Little Fish River, one morning about day-break, when, observing a lion at a distance, he endeavoured to avoid him by making a circuit. There were thousands of springboks scattered over the extensive flats; but the lion, from the open nature of the country, had probably been unsuccessful in hunting. Lucas soon perceived at least that he was not disposed to let *him* pass without further par lance, and that he was rapidly approaching to the encounter; and being without his *roer*, and consequently little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles, laid the sjambok freely to his horse's flank, and galloped for life. But it was too late. The horse was fagged, and bore a heavy man on his back; the lion was fresh, and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunder-bolt. In a few minutes he overtook Lucas, and, springing up behind, brought horse and man in an instant to the ground. Luckily the boor was unhurt, and the lion was too eager in worrying the horse to pay any immediate attention to the rider. Hardly knowing himself how he escaped, he contrived to scramble out of the fray, and made a clean pair of heels of it till he reached the nearest house. Lucas, when he gave me the details of this adventure, made no observation on it as being any way remarkable, except in the circumstance of the lion's audacity in pursuing a 'Christian man' (*Christen mensch*) without provocation, in open day. But what chiefly vexed him in the affair was the loss of the *saddle*. He returned next day with a party of friends to search for it, and take vengeance on his feline foe; but both the lion and saddle had disappeared, and nothing could be found but the horse's clean-picked bones. Lucas said he could excuse the *schelm* for killing the horse, as he had allowed himself to get away, but the felonious abstraction of the saddle (for which, as he gravely observed, the lion could have no possible use) raised his spleen mightily, and called down a shower of curses whenever he told the story of this hair-breadth escape.

41.—*Slinger and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal*—P. 20, l. 6.

Slinger, Allie, and Dikkop, were Hottentot servants on the location. Dugal was a Bushman lad, placed under my charge by Landdrost Stockenström in 1820. He was but partially *tamed*, poor fellow, and used to take himself off to the wilds, occasionally, for two or three days at a time; but always returned when he tired of the *veld-kost* (country food, *i. e.* wild roots). I named him Dugal after Sir Walter Scott's 'Son of the Mist' of that name.

42.—*We'll send to Sir Walter*—P. 21, l. 23.

See note at page 261 of *Author's Narrative*.

43.—*The tall Giraffe*—P. 22, l. 12.

The sketch in the text was borrowed from an account given me by old

Teysho, a Bechuana Chief, of the mode taken by the Lion to surprise the Giraffe or Camelopard, when that magnificent animal comes to drink at the fountains of the wilderness.

44.—*The vultures, wheeling overhead.*—P. 23, l. 10.

There are several species of the vulture in South Africa, some of which, such as the black vulture of the Winterberg, are of very large size. One of the most common is the *Vultur percnopterus*. These fowls divide with the hyænas the office of carrion-scavengers; and the promptitude with which they discover and devour every dead carcase is truly surprising. They also instinctively follow any band of hunters, or party of men travelling, especially in solitary places; wheeling in circles high in the air, ready to pounce down on any game that may be shot and not instantly secured, or on the carcase of any ox or other animal that may perish on the road. I have seen a large ox so dexterously handled by a flock of these voracious fowls, that, in the course of three or four hours, not a morsel except the bones and the skin (which they had contrived to *disincarnate* entire) remained for the hyænas.

45.—*Eildon's pastures green*—P. 23, l. 14.

See *Author's Narrative*, p. 239.

46.—*The Snowberg's wintry wind*—P. 23, l. 18.

The *Sneeuwbergen* (Snowy Mountains) lie north-west from Glen-Lynden, from which direction the wind blows sometimes very cold in winter.

47.—*Beneath an umbra-tree*—P. 23, l. 22.

The tree to which I have given the above name, is termed by the Dutch-African Colonists the *witte-gat boom* (white-bark tree). It is an evergreen, with a small dark-green leaf, and a light-coloured stem, rising generally to the height of ten or twelve feet, and then spreading out into an umbrella-shaped top. One of these trees happened to grow close to the spot where I erected my bee-hive cabin, and offered its shade very commodiously for a summer seat.

48.—*I pictured you, sage Fairbairn, at my side.*—P. 23, l. 25.

At the date of this 'Epistle,' Mr. Fairbairn was resident at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He is now Editor of the South African Advertiser at Cape Town. What he has done and suffered for South Africa may be partly estimated by referring to the *Author's Narrative*.—See pp. 311, 332, 342, 489—493.

49.—*Vytjè Vaal.*—P. 24, l. 27.

Vytjè is a Dutch diminutive for Sophia, and *Vaal* signifies a pale reddish colour, the hue of a faded leaf—which is precisely the colour of the Hot-tentot. The girl's real name, however, was *Vytjè Dragoener*. She was a

native of Betheldorp, and was an extremely faithful, neat-handed, and respectable servant; and most affectionately attached to her mistress.

50.—*Our broad-tailed mutton, small and fine*—P. 25, l. 1.

The broad-tailed sheep of Southern Africa is long-legged, small in the body, and has little fat except on its tail; but the flesh when young is very well-flavoured, not unlike Welsh or Highland mutton. Mr. Barrow has given a description and engraving of the Cape sheep. See his *Travels*, vol. i. p. 67.

51, 52.—*A paauw, which beats your Norfolk turkey hollow; Korhaan, and Guinea-fowl, and pheasant follow*.—P. 25, l. 5, 6.

The *Wilde Paauw* (wild peacock) is a large species of *Otis*, about the size of the Norfolk bustard, and is esteemed the richest flavoured of all the African feathered game. The spread of its wings is about seven feet, and the whole length of the bird about three feet and a half. Two smaller species of bustard are known by the name of *Korhaans*.

The Guinea-fowl is plentiful in the valleys at certain seasons of the year.

Partridges also, of several species, are abundant; but the bird called a *Pheasant* at the Cape is a sort of grouse, or rather a species intermediate between the grouse and the partridge.

All these, and other sorts of game, we had *occasionally*; but the reader must not suppose they were always so very plentiful, or so easily procured, that we could on any day of the year have thus feasted a chance visitor. But if I might *conjure* my guest from England, I might also *conjure* my game from the woods and hills.

53.—*Trees, grafts, and layers must have time to grow*—P. 25, l. 16.

See *Author's Narrative*, pp. 166, 242.

54. — — *though it keeps the old Kaap smaak, The wine is light and racy*—P. 25, l. 33.

Some of the lighter Cape wines are occasionally found of good quality and agreeable flavour, though seldom *altogether* free of the earthy taste, or *Kaap smaak*, which seems peculiar to the soil or climate.

55.—*Beside yon Kranz*—P. 28, l. 26.

Kranz, in colonial usage, signifies a steep cliff or overhanging rock, such as the Bushmen often select for depicting their rude sketches on. One of these is close to Craig-Rennie. See Note 31.

56.—*Captain Harding at three Fountains*—P. 29, l. 5.

Captain Harding, now deceased, a very intelligent officer, who had seen much foreign service, was Deputy-Landdrost of Cradock at the time of our location, and for several years afterwards. We had frequent friendly intercourse with him and his family.

57.—*Landdrost Stockenstrom at Graaf-Reinét*—P. 29, l. 10.

Captain Andrew Stockenstrom, a native of the Cape Colony, entirely educated in it, and who, until he came to Europe in 1833, was never in any other country than South Africa, is a man of uncommon merit. I have had occasion so frequently to mention this gentleman in the course of my narrative, that it is unnecessary here to add more than the mere references to the pages where his name occurs.—See *Author's Narrative*, pp. 163, 188, 189, 193, 194, 196, 201, 226, 227; 293, 356, 394, 401—409, 433, 434, 435, 458, 459, 463, 466, 470, 472, 495.

58.—*Hart, Devenish, Stretch*—P. 29, l. 19.

Half-pay officers, then employed in the superintendence of Somerset Farm, with all of whom and their families we had frequent intercourse.

59.—*Bird, Sanders, Morgan, Rogers, Pettingal*—P. 29, l. 22.

Officers stationed at the military posts of Roodewal and Kaha, or engaged in the government survey of the neighbouring country.

60.—*The gay-humoured Captain Fox*—P. 29, ll. 27—34.

Captain (now Lieutenant-Col.) C. R. Fox, paid me a visit in my beehive cabin in 1822; and I had the pleasure of introducing him to a couple of lion-hunters and a 'covey of elephants.' Six years afterwards we chanced to meet again in London, 'among books and men,' when he repaid me (how amply I need not add) by seating me at his English fire-side with Sir James Mackintosh and the poet Rogers.

———"The tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire."

"Hail, sweet Society! in crowds unknown,
Though the vain world would claim thee for its own.
Still where thy small and cheerful converse flows,
Be mine to enter ere the circle close.
Where in retreat —— lays his thunder by,
And Wit and Taste their mingled charms supply;

* * * * *

Where genius sheds its evening sunshine round,
Be mine to listen; pleased yet not elate,
Ever too modest or too proud to rate
Myself by my companions, self-compelled
To earn the station that in life I held."

61.—*We welcome Smith or Brownlee, grave and good,
Or fervid Read*—P. 30, l. 3.

I feel it to be truly an honour and a privilege to 'enter on my list of friends' these three excellent and meritorious men.

The Rev. Alexander Smith, district clergyman of Uitenhage, is a most exemplary Christian Pastor: nor know I how to express a higher eulogy. Of the Rev. John Brownlee, Missionary in Cafferland, I shall only say, that I have endeavoured faithfully to pourtray his character in the sonnet entitled 'The Good Missionary.' (See page 68). His valuable Notes on the Caffers have been constantly referred to in my chapter upon that topic.

Mr. Read was the friend and fellow-labourer of Dr. Vanderkemp; and his services as a missionary among the Hottentot people have been inestimable. Mr. Read married a woman of the Hottentot race, and his family are consequently Mulattoes, a circumstance which in South Africa still involves a *social* proscription (though the 50th Ordinance has swept off all *legal* disabilities) only inferior to that existing in the United States: but now that the dragon Slavery is destroyed, its odious brood, the prejudices of caste and colour, must ere long also expire. Having on various occasions been a visitor for several days together in Mr. Read's house, I am enabled to add, that nothing can be more truly respectable and becoming than the whole demeanour of Mrs. Read and her well-educated and intelligent family, all of whom are now most diligently and successfully occupied in conducting Infant and Sunday schools at the Kat River, among the rescued remnant of their long-oppressed brethren.

62.—*Comes Philip with his apostolic tent*—P. 30, l. 6.

The Rev. Dr. Philip, Superintendent of the Missions of the London Missionary Society, and author of 'Researches in South Africa.' In his missionary journeys, Dr. Philip used to travel with a tent attached to the tilt of his waggon, to which the expression in the text refers, and in the shade of which, seated with him and the Missionaries Read and Brownlee, in the wilds of Bruintjeshoogtè and Camdeboo, I learned much of the African race, which it has been pleasant and profitable to remember.

63.—*Ingenious Wright*—P. 30, l. 7.

The Rev. William Wright (now Dr. Wright), a gentleman of no ordinary acquirements in Biblical erudition, of which he has just given a valuable proof in his translation of Seiler's *Hermeneutics*, or 'Art of Biblical Interpretation,' with notes. He resided for ten years at the Cape, in the service of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and was the only clergyman of the Church of England in the colony, during my residence there, who was friendly to the freedom, or active in promoting the improvement of the coloured classes. He founded a school at Wynberg in 1821, and another at Cape Town in 1822, where free coloured and slave children were instructed; and he maintained the latter school

entirely at his own expense until it was taken out of his hands by the colonial government in Oct. 1823, and exhibited to the Commissioners of Inquiry as an institution 'established by the government itself, for the instruction of slave children!' This, indeed, was only one scene of the extraordinary farce which was then performed, and in which several grave functionaries, lay and ecclesiastical, acted the degrading parts assigned them, with a view to *mystify* the Commissioners; but into the details of which (afterwards well known to the Commissioners themselves) I shall not here enter. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Wright, who was too honest and free of speech to be made a political tool in these disreputable transactions, and who, on the contrary, furnished much useful information to the Commissioners, became an object of bitter persecution. Injury and insult were heaped upon him in the colony, and he was moreover studiously calumniated to his own Society in England; by whom he was thereupon charged with having 'formed connexions with persons *ill-affected to the Church*,' merely because he kept company and sat on Committees with such respectable individuals as Dr. Philip, Mr. Fairbairn, &c.! The Propagation Society, I am constrained to add, instead of affording due encouragement and support to their African Missionary, not only gave ready reception to these *secret* calumnious reports from the *most impure sources* (through whatever *channels* conveyed), but *acted* upon them in preference to the favourable statements of the upright General Bourke, who became the warm friend of Dr. Wright, and made ample and encouraging arrangements for the discharge of his duties on the frontier of the colony. The Propagation Society, however, not only discountenanced those arrangements in favour of their Missionary, after they had received the sanction of the Secretary of State, but treated Dr. Wright with such glaring and intolerable injustice, that, being at the same time assailed with violent popular prejudice in the colony on account of his opinions in favour of the coloured race, he found it necessary to return to England in 1830. Here, unable to obtain either redress or investigation, and treated in every respect by the managers of the Society with the most supercilious disregard, he had eventually no alternative but to resign his colonial appointments. Having witnessed with disgust all this, and much more that I cannot here allude to, I print this notice expressly in the hope that it may meet the eyes of respectable and upright men connected with the Propagation Society, and lead to some scrutiny into this and such like cases.

64.—*Or steadfast Rutherford*—P. 30, l. 7.

Mr. H. E. Rutherford, an English merchant of Cape Town.

65.—*The Amatembu Chief*—P. 31, l. 11.

With Powána, and his clan of the Amatembu Caffers, we had friendly intercourse on several occasions; but the scene in the text is a poetical fiction.

66.—*Amanglézi friends*—P. 31, l. 16.

Amanglézi is the plural of *Englézi*, i. e. *English*, according to Caffer pronunciation. In the same manner the word *Boor* is euphonicly transformed into *Ibúlu*, of which the plural becomes *Amabúlu* by the usual prefix of *ama*.

67.—*Fair Hawthornden and homely Hyvotmill*—P. 32, l. 18.

Hyvotmill is a farm-house between Hawthornden and Edinburgh, the residence of Mr. Fairbairn's family relatives at the time of our first acquaintance.

68.—*The green-monkey gambols, &c.*—P. 32, l. 12.

The green-monkey (*Cercopithecus glaucus*) is a long-tailed ape, inhabiting the forests. Its Caffer name is *imkáo*.

69.—*And bids me speak his will*—P. 34, l. 8.

See *Author's Narrative*, pp. 428, 429, 430, 438.

70. ——— *sons of Káhabee*—P. 34, l. 10.

Káhabee, or Káhabi, the father of Islambi, Jalúhsa, Seko, &c., and grandfather of Gaika, is considered the patriarch of all the frontier clans, except the Amandanka and Gunuquebi, and his descendants and their vassals are to this day always addressed as 'Sons of Káhabi.' Hinza is the direct descendant from Galeka, the elder brother of Káhabi, and is, consequently, the chief highest in rank of the Amakoso tribe or nation.

71.—*Hark! 'tis Uhlanga's voice*—P. 34, l. 17.

The term *Uhlanga*, sometimes used by the frontier Caffers for the Supreme Being, is supposed by the Missionaries to be derived from *hlanganisa*, to join together. But from Mr. Kay's account of the Amakosa genealogy, it appears that *Uhlanga*, or *Thlanga*, is also the name of the oldest of their kings of whom there is any tradition, and by whose name they always swore in former days. It seems to me, therefore, doubtful, whether the god Uhlanga be not merely a deified chief, or hero, like the Thor and Woden of our own Teutonic ancestors.

The names for the deity used more generally by the Caffer tribes are *Udali*, *Umdali*, or *Ulodali*, i. e. Former or Creator, from *dala*, to form or fashion, and *Umenzi*, i. e. Maker, from *enza*, to make; "and which," says Mr. Kay, "when used in a sacred sense, are fully understood as referring to that Being by whom the great works of nature were produced—the heavens, the earth, the sea," &c. The Hottentot word *Utiko* is now, however, used by all the frontier tribes to denote the Christian God.

72.—*Umláo's feeble sons*—P. 34, l. 23.

'Sons of Umláo' is the Caffer name for the Colonial Hottentots.

73.—*The wizard-wolves, &c.*—P. 35, l. 15.

One of the common superstitions of the Caffers is the belief that wolves or hyænas are employed by the sorcerers to commit ravages on those they dislike, and that sorcerers themselves sometimes assume the shape and habits of hyænas for destructive purposes. This superstition resembles in some respects that of the *loup-garou* of the dark ages.

74.—*Half-way up Indóda, &c.*—P. 36, l. 1.

Indódo or *Indóda Intába*, i. e. the Man Mountain, is a conical peaked hill in the Amakosa territory, so called from some resemblance it is supposed to bear to the human figure.

75.—*Jalúhsa's daughter*—P. 36, l. 11.

Jalúhsa, the brother of Islambi, was one of the principal chiefs arrayed against the English in 1819. But the description of his daughter as the widow of Makanna, and the whole scene of the incantation, are fictions; though the latter is founded, in some measure, on native superstitions. Sacrifices are offered and invocations made on momentous occasions to the spirits of their ancestral chiefs (see Thompson, vol. ii., p. 352; Kay, p. 374); and the widows, during the period of mourning for their deceased husbands, cut and lacerate different parts of the body till the blood flows in streams. When Islambi died, his ten wives, according to the universal custom, were obliged to go into the wilderness, and to separate themselves by mourning, and fasting, &c., until the period of purification was over.

76.—*Togúh, avenging king*—P. 37, l. 4.

Togúh, fourth in descent from Uhlanga, is one of the patriarch chiefs whose spirit is commonly invoked on great national occasions.

77.—*'Tis our Caffer commando, &c.*—P. 38, l. 2.

Commando literally means a party *commanded*, or called out, for military purposes. In colonial phraseology, it is a term usually applied to any expedition against the natives.

78 —*His tribe is extinct and their story forgot*—P. 38, l. 10.

The *Ghona* or *Ghonaqua* tribe is here referred to. This tribe, which formerly inhabited the country between the Keisi and Camtoos rivers, and of which so much has been written by former travellers, is now extinct. Of those who have survived the ravages of war and oppression, the greater part have become incorporated with the Gunuguebi clan of Caffers; and another remnant, formerly residing at the Kat River, under the ministry of the missionary Williams, have been partly re-assembled in that district with the other Hottentot settlers. Andrew Stoffels, one of

the most intelligent men of that settlement, is a Ghona.—See *Philip's Researches*, vol. ii., p. 191.

79.—*With the Gunja and Ghona, &c.*—P. 38, l. 14.

The *Gunja* or *Gunjaman* tribe of Hottentots, was that which lived nearest the spot where Cape Town now stands, and who first ceded to the Dutch East India Company a tract of their country. Thunberg, who travelled in 1773, remarks that, in his time, this tribe was nearly extinct. At the present moment the work of extirpation is proceeding with accelerated rapidity in the regions beyond the Orange River.

80.—*Dark Katta*—P. 38, l. 17.

The Katberg, or Kat Mountain.

81.—*The tiger-wolf*—P. 38, l. 21.

The colonial name for the *Hyæna crocuta*.

82.—*The klip-springer*—P. 42, l. 11.

The klip-springer, or rock-leaper, (*Antilope oreotragus*), is so called from the amazing agility with which it springs from cliff to cliff among the crags and mountain rocks where it makes its abode. Its hoofs are adapted by a peculiar formation to enable it to traverse with security the giddy heights it delights to frequent.

83.—*The Didima*—P. 42, l. 14.

A mountain between the sources of the Kat and Koonap.

84.—*By the lone Mankazana's, &c.*—P. 43, l. 9.

A Branch of the Koonap River.

85.—*Green Camalú*—P. 45, l. 1.

Camalú, a glen at the source of the Kat River. The 'Captive of Camalú' is supposed to express the feelings of some of those Caffers and Ghonaquas converted by the missionary Williams, who, after the devastating wars of 1818, 1819, were forced to become bondmen among the Boors, or imprisoned in Robben Island.—See *Philip's Researches*, pp. 190—192.

86.—*The bounding bontèbok*—P. 45, l. 7.

Antilope scripta.

87.—*The umkóba tree*—P. 45, l. 17.

Caffer name for the yellow-wood tree.

88.—*The prayer Jankanna taught*—P. 47, l. 13.

Jankanna was the name given to Dr. Vanderkemp by the Caffers. See *Philip's Researches*, vol. ii., p. 161.

89.—*Winterberg, stern giant, &c.*—P. 48, l. 2.

A lofty mountain on the frontier.

90.—*Wizard Kat*—P. 48, l. 4.

The Kat River.

91.—*To where Umtoka hies, &c.*—P. 48, l. 8.

Umtoka is a branch of the Kat.

92, 93.—*Kùdù fawns, &c.*

With harts, gazelles, and roes, &c.—P. 48, ll. 16, 18.

By *harts* and *roes* are here meant *hartebeests* and *reboks*; for *kùdù* and *gazelle*, see note 8.

94.—*The Boschbok*—P. 48, l. 21.

Antilope sylvatica. This animal inhabits the thick forests; but at the dawn it leaves its sylvan retreats, and is to be seen feeding in the adjacent plains and valleys.

95.—*Rocky Katberg*—P. 48, l. 24.

A ridge of mountains bounding the Kat River on the east.

96.—*The elephant his shrill réveillè pealing*—P. 49, l. 3.

The voice of the elephant at a distance, and especially when heard at night among the mountains, bears a striking resemblance to the sound of a trumpet.

97.—*Sicána's Hymn*—Pp 49, 50.

Sicána, a secondary chief, or captain of a Caffer hamlet, at the Kat River, was one of the converts of the missionary Williams. This remarkable man composed the first Christian hymn, or sacred song, ever expressed in his native tongue; and, after the decease of his teacher, he continued to instruct his followers in the blessed truths he had learned, until his own death. See *Philip's Researches*, vol. ii., p. 186.

Sicána's Hymn, which I first heard sung to a plaintive native air, by some Christian Caffers, who visited me at Glen-Lynden in 1825, was printed the following year in the *New Monthly Magazine*, from a copy with which I was furnished by Mr. Brownlee. It has been repeatedly reprinted since, as a curious specimen of a language remarkable for its euphonic rhythm, and for the peculiarities of its construction. Nor is it without great interest also in other respects. I now give it, with a literal

translation, in which I have had the assistance of my ingenious and learned friend, the Rev. Dr. Wright, who studied the language in the native hamlets of the Amakosa.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| <i>Ulinguba Inkulu siambata tina,</i> | O thou Great Mantle which envelopes us, |
| <i>Ulodali bomi uaduli pezula,</i> | Creator of the light which is formed in the heavens, |
| <i>Umdala, uadala, idala izulu,</i> | Who framed and fashioned the heavens themselves, |
| <i>Yebinza inqunqis zixeliela ;</i> | Who hurled forth the ever-twinkling stars ; |
| <i>Utiko Umkulu gozizuline,</i> | O thou Mighty God of Heaven, |
| <i>Yebinza inqunqis, Nozilimele,</i> | Who whirlest round the stars—the Pleiades, |
| <i>Umzi uakonana subiziele,</i> | In thy dwelling place on thee we call, |
| <i>Umkokeli ua sikokeli tina,</i> | To be a leader and a guide to us, |
| <i>Uenze infuma zenza ga bomi.</i> | O thou who to the blind givest light. |
| <i>Imali inkula, subiziele ;</i> | Our great treasure, on thee we call ; |
| <i>Wena wena q'aba inyaniza ;</i> | For thou, O thou art the true rock ; |
| <i>Wena wena kaka linyaniza ;</i> | Thou, O thou art the true shield ; |
| <i>Wena wena klati linyaniza.</i> | Thou, O thou art the true covert. |
| <i>Invena inh'inani sibiziele,</i> | On thee, O holy Lamb, we call, |
| <i>Ugaze laku ziman'heba wena,</i> | Whose blood for us was sprinkled forth, |
| <i>Usanhla zaku ziman'heba wena ;</i> | Whose hands for us were pierced ; |
| <i>Umkokeli ua, sikokeli tina,</i> | O be thou a leader and a guide to us, |
| <i>Ulodali bomi uaduli pezula,</i> | Creator of the light which is formed in the heavens, |
| <i>Umdala, uadala, idala izulu.</i> | Who framed and fashioned the heavens themselves. |

It is singular that the word *Nozilimélè*, or *Izilimélè*, the Pleiades, in the above hymn, signifies literally the *Cultivators* ; because the Caffers begin to plant their millet at the season when this constellation assumes a certain position in the southern hemisphere. This reminds us of the expression in Job, “Canst thou bind *the sweet influences of Pleiades* ?”

The tribes now known to speak, with but slight dialectic variations, the language of which the above is a specimen, are computed to amount to at least 650,000 souls, besides innumerable hordes farther in the interior, who are supposed to speak the same tongue, but with whom Europeans have not yet come into contact. By the persevering labours of the missionaries, exerted in brotherly competition in this good work, nearly the whole of both the Old and New Testaments have now been translated into the Caffer tongue, together with a copious vocabulary, and some elementary school-books and tracts. A complete grammar of this language has also been just announced for publication at Graham's Town, by the Rev. Mr. Boyce, Wesleyan Missionary, by whom one of its remarkable peculiarities is thus described:—“With the exception of a change of termination in the ablative case of the noun, and five changes of which the verb is susceptible in its principal tenses, the whole business of declension, conjugation, &c., is carried on by prefixes, and by the changes which take place in the initial letters or syllables of words subject to grammatical government. As these changes, in addition to the precision they communicate to the language, promote its euphony, and cause the frequent repetition of the same letter as initial to many words in a sentence, this peculiarity, upon which the whole grammar of the language depends, has been termed the *Euphonic* or *Alliteral Concord*.”

98.—*He loves the midnight thunder*—P. 51, l. 4.

Stormy nights are often selected by the Bushmen for making their predatory attacks. Sparrman states that they often rail at the thunder, and defy the lightning, with the exclamations *t'guzeri* and *t'gaunatzi*, which appear to be terms of sorcery or magical incantation. They make signals to each other, by night, by means of fires on elevated situations.

99.—*Luhéri high*—P. 51, l. 13.

Luhéri, sometimes called Gaika's hill, is an elevated peak of the ridge which overlooks the Kat River valley on the east.

100.—*The debt of malice*—P. 51, l. 20.

Alluding to the resentment of Makomo's clan, who had been driven out of the Kat River glen a few months before the settlement of the Hottentots.

101.—*The veld-kost*—P. 52, l. 16.

Veld-kost, literally *country-food*, is the term used for the wild roots and bulbs eaten by the Bushmen, and also by the Colonial Hottentots, on occasions of emergency. The edible bulbs, of which there are several kinds, are generally called *uyentjes* (onions) by the colonists. Among these *uyentjes* are the bulbs of the *iris edulis*, and of several other liliaceous plants, some of which, when roasted in the embers, have very much the flavour of a chestnut. The bulb of a species of *cyperus-grass*, about the size of a hazel-nut, is a good deal used. What are called Hottentot-figs, or the fruit of many sorts of *mesembryanthemum*, are also considered *veld-kost*.

102.—*To plant them in their ancient place*—P. 52, l. 20.

Many of the Ghonaqua Hottentots, as has been already noticed, formerly resided on the Kat River, which belongs to the original territory of that tribe.—See Note 79.

103.—*Brownlee and old Tshátshu side by side*—P. 54, l. 10.

The Caffer chief Tzatzoe, (pronounced *Tshátshu*.) who was formerly associated with Congo in the Zureveld, resided for some little time at Bethelsdorp with Dr. Vanderkemp, and left one of his sons to be educated by the missionaries. Young Tzatzoe, with whom I am personally acquainted, is now a well-informed and highly respectable man, and has become a most valuable missionary to his countrymen. In 1826 he accompanied Mr. Brownlee to the Buffalo River, in order to assist in establishing a missionary institution in the territory, and under the protection of his father, the aged chief. The poem entitled 'The Rock of Reconciliation' describes an *imaginary* scene; but yet drawn with a strict regard to truth, both as

regards scenery and sentiment.—See *Philip's Researches*, vol. i. p. 102, and vol. ii. p. 197.

104.—*The Neutral Ground*—P. 54, l. 11.

See *Author's Narrative*, pp. 244—246.

105.—*His horns were tearing my courser's flank*—P. 54, l. 18.

See *Author's Narrative*, pp. 246, 269—272.

106.—*A Heemraad of Camdebóo*—P. 55, l. 9.

A Heemraad was a provincial functionary somewhat analogous to a justice of the peace, and was a member of the landdrost's board.

Camdebóo, a Hottentot word signifying *green elevations*, is a term applied to the projecting buttresses which support the Snowy Mountains, and which are mostly covered with verdure; and the adjacent district of country is called by that name.

107.—*From the black taint free*—P. 55, l. 15.

The prejudice of colour is so strong in the Cape colony, or at least was so a few years ago, that any white man who should *marry* a native or coloured female would be considered to have greatly degraded himself, if not to have altogether *lost caste*.—See Note 61.

108.—*The Bovenland*—P. 55, l. 17.

The term *Bovenland* (Upper-country) is used to signify those parts of the colony nearer to Cape Town, or Cape Town itself.

109.—*Long-barrelled roer*—P. 56, l. 12.

Roer signifies simply *gun*; but the term is more especially applied to the heavy long-barrelled guns used by the Boors for hunting elephants and other large game.

110.—*Far o'er Bruintjes-hoogtè*—P. 56, l. 13.

Bruintjes-hoogtè (the Height of Bruintjè) is the appellation of a long ridge or elevation running out from the Boschberg, which bounds abruptly the arid plains of Camdeboo on the east.

111.—*Gauritz' fair glen*—P. 56, l. 21.

The Gauritz river bounds the district of Swellendam on the east, and falls into the sea near Mossel bay.

112.—*Lone Zitzikamma*—P. 56, l. 22.

Zitzikamma is a wild tract of forest country, lying along the coast west of Camtoos river.

113.—*The sons of the bond*—P. 57, l. 20.

By the Cape colonial laws, as by those of most other slave colonies, the children of a free man by a slave woman, became legally the *property* of the *owner* of the female, unless where they could be proved to be that owner's own children. In this latter respect the Dutch colonial law was somewhat better than either the French or the English. But in the fictitious case given in the text, the children, as well as the mother, might be claimed as the property of the legal owner. The *story* of the poem is founded on facts, which occurred some years ago in a different quarter of the colony.

114.—*And dare not meet His eye*—P. 59, l. 24.

Long after the sketch entitled 'The Slave Dealer' was written, I found the following account of a case remarkably similar to the supposed one, related by the Rev. T. R. England at an Anti-slavery meeting at Cork, in September 1829.

"One day I was sent for to visit a sailor who was approaching fast to his eternal account. On my speaking to him of repentance, he looked sullen and turned from me in the bed; of a great God, he was silent—the mercy of that God, he burst into tears. 'Oh!' said he, 'I can never expect mercy from God. I was ten years on board a slave ship, and then superintended the cruel death of many a slave. Many a time, amid the screams of kindred, has the sick mother, father, and new-born babe, been wound up in canvas and remorselessly thrown overboard. Now, their screams haunt me, night and day, and I have no peace and expect no mercy!'"

115.—*He has no gratitude*—P. 64, l. 14.

Such was the common allegation of the colonists respecting the Hottentots, and frequently have I heard it repeated. My own experience enables me totally to deny its truth. But as a body, how could *gratitude* be then expected from them by the white men?

116.—*The proud 'Christian men'*—P. 65, l. 28.

Christian men (*Christen menschen*) is the term always used by the Boors to distinguish themselves from the coloured races.

The Rev. Mr. Faure, formerly minister of Graaf-Reinét, mentioned to me, that having occasion in his clerical capacity to attend the execution of a Bushman malefactor, the savage fiercely interrupted his religious exhortation with the following exclamation:—"I knew you would kill me, you murderer! for my father always told me to beware of the White Men, because they would kill me, and I see he has spoken the truth."

117.—*Franschehoek*—P. 66.

The French Protestant refugees, who emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, were settled by the Dutch government in the secluded valley of Franschehoek (or French Corner), so named from that circumstance. Here those meritorious men first introduced the cultivation of the vine, and other useful arts, which greatly tended to the improvement of the settlement.

118.—*Through lingering months, &c.*—P. 67, l. 14.

See *Author's Narrative*.

119.—*Enon*—P. 67.

See *Author's Narrative*.

120.—*Hungry wolves from whom the prey was riven*—P. 68, l. 28.

See *Author's Narrative*, pp. 392, 394, 483, &c.

121.—*I found a Nameless Stream among the hills.*—P. 69, l. 15.

Having sent this Sonnet, written in a fit of despondency, to my friend Fairbairn, he kindly reproved the feeling I had indulged in it, by transmitting, by return of post, the following, in which, though tinged perhaps with a little mysticism, I 'owned the strain was of a higher mood:'

I found a Stream among the hills by night ;
 Its Source was hidden and its End unknown ;
 But Heaven was in its bosom, and the throne
 Which there the Sun fills beautifully bright
 Here held the lesser and the lovelier light ;
 Nor seemed the excelling beauty less alone
 Because the Stars her handmaids round her shone,
 And homelier Earth did with the throng unite.
 I thought not of its Source nor of its Ending ;
 'Twas but the mirror of enchanting things,
 Where Heaven and Earth, their softest graces blending,
 Owned the new world which from their union springs.
 Thus be my soul TRUTH'S purified abode :
 Whence, or for what, I am, is thine, O God !

I shall conclude with another specimen of Mr. Fairbairn's poetry, which will probably cause the reader to share in the regret of his friends, that one who can write so well has written so little. It is entitled, 'The Heart's Confessions:—'

HEART-WRUNG with grief and bitter care,
 Thy wounds unsalved and bleeding still,
 Who pierced thee thus, poor heart, declare ?
 —' 'Twas my own will.

Thy will ! What tempter, full of guile,
 Could turn thee from thy hopes aside,
 And life's young well with wrath defile ?

— ' 'Twas my own pride.'

Bad counsellor ! When all around,
 Great, Fair, and Good, conspired to move,
 From humble joys what had thee bound ?

— ' 'Twas my self-love.'

Alas ! the Charities were near
 The Duties too, an armed troop,
 To guide, to fortify, to cheer—

— ' I could not stoop.'

Faith stretched from heaven her golden key,
 And Purity, twice born, before
 The narrow portal beckoned thee.

— ' I could not soar.'

Wretched ! from earth and heaven returned
 Empty, what findest thou within
 To balance what thy madness spurned ?

— ' Error and sin !'

THE EMIGRANTS.

[I PROPOSE, if I can find time, to complete my original design with regard to the fragment entitled "Glen-Lynden," namely, to make it the *first part* of a Poem to be entitled *The Emigrants*, and which will comprise two, or perhaps three, parts of similar length. This, with my juvenile and miscellaneous Poetry, might make a moderate-sized Volume. My African Poetry to make another Volume by itself.]

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

SWEET Teviot, fare thee well ! Less gentle themes
 Far distant call me from thy pastoral dale,
 To climes where Amakosa's woods and streams
 Invite, in the fair South, my venturous sail.
 There roaming sad the solitary vale,
 From native haunts and early friends exiled,
 I tune no more the string for Scottish tale ;
 For to my aching heart, in accents wild,
 Appeals the bitter cry of Afric's race reviled.

From Keissi's meads, from Chumi's hoary woods,
 Bleak Tarka's dens, and Stormberg's rugged fells,
 To where Gareep pours down his sounding floods
 Through regions where the hunted Bushman dwells,
 That bitter cry wide o'er the desert swells,
 And, like a spirit's voice, demands the song
 That of these savage haunts the story tells—
 A tale of foul oppression, fraud, and wrong,
 By Afric's sons endured from Christian Europe long.

Adieu, ye lays to youthful fancy dear !
 Let darker scenes a sterner verse inspire,
 While I attune to strains that tyrants fear
 The deeper murmurs of the British lyre,—
 And from a holier altar ask the fire
 To point the indignant line with heavenly light,
 (Though soon again in darkness to expire,)
 That it oppression's cruel pride may blight,
 By flashing TRUTH'S full blaze on deeds long hid in night !

THE EMIGRANTS.

—•—

SWEET Teviot ! by adventurous Leyden sung,
 And famed by mighty Scott in deathless lays,
 I may not hope, with far less gifted tongue,
 Aught higher to advance thy classic praise ;
 Yet, as a son his pious tribute pays
 To the loved mother he has left behind,
 I fain some grateful monument would raise,
 Which in far foreign lands may call to mind
 The scenes that Scottish hearts to their dear country bind.

And, though the last and lowliest of the train
 By haunted Teviot smit with love of song,
 (Sweet witchery that charms full many a pain !)
 I join with venturous voice the minstrel throng :
 For NATURE is the nurse to whom belong
 Alike the thrush that cheers the broomy dale,
 And the proud swan that, on bold pinions strong,
 Through the far tracts of ether dares to sail,
 And pours 'mid scenes sublime his soul-subduing wail.

THE EMIGRANTS.

No perilous theme I meditate : To me
To soar 'mid clouds and storms hath not been given ;
Or through the gates of Dread and Mystery
To gaze—like those dark spirits who have striven
To rend the veil that severs Earth from Heaven :
For I have loved with simple hearts to dwell,
That ne'er to Doubt's forbidden springs were driven,
But lived sequestered in life's lowly dell,
And drank the untroubled stream from Inspiration's well.

Such were thy virtuous sons, fair Teviotdale,
While old simplicity was yet in prime ;
But now among thy glens the faithful fail,
Forgetful of our sires in olden time :
That grey-haired race is gone—of look sublime,
Calm in demeanour, courteous, and sincere ;
Yet stern, when duty called them, as their clime
When it flings off the autumnal foliage sere,
And shakes the shuddering woods with solemn voice severe.

And such were they whose tale I now rehearse—
But not to fashion's minions, who in vain
Would ask amusement from the artless verse
Of one who sings to soothe long hours of pain :
A nameless exile o'er the southern main,
I pour 'mid savage wilds my pensive song ;
And if some gentle spirits love the strain,
Enough for me, though midst the louder throng
Few may be found to prize, or listen to it long.

A rustic home in Lynden's pastoral dell
With modest pride a verdant hillock crowned ;
Where the bold stream, like dragon from the fell,
Came glittering forth, and, gently gliding round

The broom-clad skirts of that fair spot of ground
 Danced down the vale, in wanton mazes bending ;
 Till finding where it reached the meadow's bound,
 Romantic Teviot on his bright course wending,
 It joined the sounding streams—with his blue waters blending.

Behind, a lofty wood along the steep
 Fenced from the chill north-east this quiet glen ;
 And green hills, gaily sprinkled o'er with sheep,
 Spread to the south ; while by the bughting-pen
 Rose the blithe sound of flocks and hounds and men,
 At summer dawn and gloaming ; or the voice
 Of children nutting in the hazelly den,
 Sweet mingling with the wind's and water's noise,
 Attuned the softened heart with nature to rejoice.

Upon the upland height a mouldering Tower,
 By time and outrage marked with many a scar,
 Told of past days of feudal pomp and power
 When its proud chieftains ruled the dales afar.
 But that was long gone by : and waste and war,
 And civil strife more ruthless still than they,
 Had quenched the lustre of Glen-Lynden's star—
 Which glimmered now, with dim declining ray,
 O'er this secluded spot,—sole remnant of their sway.

A grave mild husbandman was Lynden's lord,
 Who, smiling o'er these wrecks of grandeur gone,
 Had for the plough-share changed the warrior's sword
 Which, like his sires, he erst had girded on.
 And on his toils relenting Fortune shone,
 And blessed his fruitful fields and fleecy store ;
 And she he loved in youth, and loved alone,
 Was his : ah, what could wealth have added more,
 Save pride and peevish cares which haunt the rich man's door ?

Vain wealth or rank could ne'er have won such love
 As that devoted bosom's—lofty, warm,—
 Which, while it blooms below, puts forth above
 Celestial shoots secure from earthly harm.
 And now his pleasant home and pastoral farm
 Are all the world to him : he feels no sting
 Of restless passions ; but, with grateful arm,
 Clasps the twin cherubs round his neck that cling,
 Breathing their innocent thoughts like violets in Spring.

Another prattler, too, lisps on his knee,
 The orphan daughter of a hapless pair,
 Who, voyaging upon the Indian sea,
 Met the fierce typhon-blast—and perished there :
 But she was left the rustic home to share
 Of those who her young mother's friends had been ;
 And old affection thus enhanced the care
 With which those faithful guardians loved to screen
 This sweet forsaken flower, in their wild arbours green.

With their twin children dark-eyed Helen grew—
 (Arthur and Anna were the kindred twain)—
 And she, the engrafted germ, appeared to view
 So like a younger sister, that 'twere pain
 To think that group should ever part again :
 They grew, like three fair roses on one stalk,
 In budding beauty yet without a stain :
 So the fond parents said in kindly talk,
 Nor dreamt how frowning fate their blooming hopes would
 balk.

But dark calamity comes aye too soon—
 And why anticipate its evil day ?
 Ah, rather let us now in lovely June
 O'erlook these happy children at their play :

Lo, where they gambol through the garden gay,
 Or round the hoary hawthorn dance and sing,
 Or, 'neath yon moss-grown cliff, grotesque and grey,
 Sit plaiting flowery wreathes in social ring,
 And telling wondrous tales of the green Elfin King.

And Elfin lore and ancient Border song
 The mother, smiling o'er the eager train,
 Would often chant in winter evenings long—
 And oft they pressed the pleasing task again:
 But still she warned them that such tales were vain,
 And but the dotage of a darker time;
 And urged them better knowledge to attain
 While yet their pliant minds were in their prime,
 And open for the seed of scripture truth sublime.

Then would she tell—and in far other tone—
 Of evil times gone by and evil men—
 “When they who worshipped God must meet alone
 At midnight, in the cleugh or quaking-fen,
 In peril and alarm,—for round them then
 Were ranging those who hunted for their blood:
 Ay! long shall we remember!—In this glen,
 From yon grim cavern where the screech-owls brood
 Our ancestor was dragged, like outlaw from the wood!

“He died a victim; and his ancient lands,
 Held by Glen-Lynden's lords since Bruce's day,
 Have passed for ever to the spoiler's hands!”—
 —“Hush thee!” the father then would gently say;
 “'Twas Heaven's good pleasure we that debt should pay—
 Perchance for guilt of those fierce feudal lords,
 Who, void of pity, when they shared the prey,
 Full often in the balance flung their swords,
 And wasted orphans' lands with their marauding hordes.”

Such was their talk around the evening hearth :
 And mildly thus, as the young playmates grew,
 They taught them to join trembling with their mirth ;
 For life is but a pilgrim's passage through
 A waste, where springs of joy are faint and few :
 Yet, lest this thought their hearts too much o'ercast,
 They oft would turn to lightsome themes anew :
 For youth's hilarity we must not blast,
 But lead it kindly on to wisdom's paths at last.

Fain would I linger 'mong those fairy bowers,
 Aloof from manhood's feverish hopes and fears,
 Where Innocence among the vernal flowers
 Leads young Delight, aye laughing through his tears ;
 But lo ! the cruel spectre Time appears,
 Half hid amidst the foliage bright with bloom,
 Weaving his ceaseless web of hours and years,
 Still onward dyed with deeper hues of gloom—
 And Death behind stands darkly—pointing to the tomb !

Ay ! Time's harsh hand for youth nor age will stay—
 And I must hasten with my lagging strain.
 Years steal on years : the locks are wearing grey
 On either parent's brow : the youthful train
 Have long outgrown their childish pastimes vain :
 On Arthur's manly features we may trace
 High thought and feeling, checked by anxious pain ;
 And, in each timid maiden's milder face,
 Some shade of pensive care with woman's opening grace.

So young—so innocent—can grief's dark cloud
 Thus early o'er their hearts its shadow fling ?
 Affliction's angel, though he crush the proud,
 Might pass the humble with relenting wing !

Yet death has not been here ; nor hath the sting
 Of baleful passion touched one gentle breast :
 Whence then can venom'd care and sorrow spring,
 In this calm seat of love and pious rest ?
 And the dear parent twain—why look they so distressed ?

Ah ! evil days have fallen upon the land :
 A storm that brooded long has burst at last ;
 And friends, like forest trees that closely stand,
 With roots and branches interwoven fast,
 May aid awhile each other in the blast ;
 But as when giant pines at length give way
 The groves below must share the ruin vast,
 So men, who seemed aloof from Fortune's sway,
 Fall crushed beneath the shock of loftier than they.

Even so it fared. And dark round Lynden grew
 Misfortune's troubles ; and foreboding fears,
 That rose like distant shadows, nearer drew,
 O'er casting the calm evening of his years :
 Yet still amidst the gloom fair Hope appears,
 A rainbow in the cloud. And, for a space,
 Till the horizon closes round, or clears,
 Returns our tale the enchanted paths to trace
 Where Youth's fond visions rise with fair but fleeting grace.

Far up the dale, where Lynden's ruined towers
 O'erlooked the valley from the old oak wood,
 A lake, blue-gleaming from deep forest bowers,
 Spread its fair mirror to the landscape rude :
 Oft by the margin of that quiet flood,
 And through the groves and hoary ruins round,
 Young Arthur loved to roam in lonely mood ;
 Or, here, amid tradition's haunted ground,
 Long silent hours to lie in mystic musings drowned.

Bold feats of war, fierce feuds of elder times,
 And wilder Elfin legends,—half forgot,
 And half preserved in uncouth ballad rhymes,—
 Had peopled with romantic tales the spot :
 And, here, save bleat of sheep, or simple note
 Of shepherd's pipe far on the upland lone,
 Or linnet in the bush and lark afloat
 Blithe carolling, or stock-dove's plaintive moan,
 No sound of living thing through the long day was known.

No sound—save, aye, one small brook's tinkling dash
 Down the grey mossy cliffs ; and, midst the lake,
 The quick trout springing oft with gamesome splash ;
 And wild ducks rustling in the sedgy brake ;
 And sighing winds that scarce the willows shake ;
 And hum of bees among the blossomed thyme ;
 And pittering song of grasshoppers—that make
 Throughout the glowing meads their mirthful chime ;
 All rich and soothing sounds of summer's fragrant prime.

Here, by the fairy brooklet's sylvan side,
 Young Arthur, deep-entranced in poets' dream,
 His bosom's bashful ecstasy to hide
 Would fling him by the hazel-margined stream,
 Giving free fancy rein,—till twilight's gleam
 Died in the rosy west ; the summer-day
 All, all too brief for the enthusiast theme,
 Though voice nor verse gave utterance to the lay
 That from the up-gushing fount of rapture welled away.

Not sounding verse, but sweet and silent tears,
 Poured forth unbidden far from mortal eye,
 Formed the pure offering of the blissful years
 When first he wooed the enchantress, Poesy

And found for glowing thought expression high
 In moaning forest and deep-murmuring flood,
 In every gorgeous cloud that streaked the sky,
 In every beauteous hue that tinged the wood,
 In each expressive change of Nature's fitful mood.

Thus passed his lonely hours the dreaming boy,
 Erewhile, romantic reveries to frame ;
 Or read adventurous tales with thrilling joy,
 Till his young breast throbbed high with thirst of fame ;
 But with fair manhood's dawn Love's tender flame
 'Gan mingle with his minstrel musings high ;
 And trembling wishes,—which he feared to name,
 Yet oft betrayed in many a half-drawn sigh,—
 Told that the hidden shaft deep in his heart did lie.

And there were eyes that from long silken lashes
 With stolen glance could spy his secret pain,—
 Soft hazel eyes, whose dewy light out-flashes
 Like joyous day-spring after summer rain :
 And she, sweet Helen, loved the youth again
 With maiden's first affection, fond and true.
 —Ah ! youthful love is like the tranquil main,
 Heaving 'neath smiling skies its bosom blue—
 Beautiful as a spirit—calm but fearful too !

And forth they wander, that fair girl and boy,
 To roam in gladness through the summer bowers ;
 Of love they talk not, but love's tender joy
 Breathes from their hearts like fragrance from the flowers :
 Elysium opens round them ; and the hours
 Glide on unheeded, till grey Twilight's shade
 Wraps in its wizard shroud the ivied towers,
 And fills with mystic shapes the forest glade—
 And wakes "thick-coming fancies" in strange guise arrayed.

And oft they linger those lone haunts among,
 Though darker fall the shadows of the wood,
 And the witch-owl invokes with fitful song
 The phantom train of Superstition's brood.
 A gentle Star lights up their solitude,
 And lends fair hues to all created things ;
 And dreams alone of beings pure and good
 Hover around their hearts with angel wings—
 Hearts, like sweet fountains sealed, where silent rapture
 springs.

I may not here their growing passion paint,
 Or their day-dreams of cloudless bliss disclose :
 I may not tell how hope deferred grew faint,
 When griefs and troubles in far vista rose :
 As the woods tremble ere the tempest blows,
 How quaked their hearts (misled by treacherous fears)
 When that fell nightmare of the soul's repose,
 Green Jealousy his snaky crest uprears,
 Whose breath of mildew blights the cherished faith of years.

* * * * *

'Tis Autumn's pensive noon : no zephyr's breath
 The withered foliage in the woods is shaking ;
 Their feeble song the mournful birds bequeath
 To the sere coverts they are fast forsaking.
 And now their last farewell that pair are taking ;
 For Arthur, bound to Indian climes, must leave
 These early haunts. Each silent heart is breaking—
 Yet both attempt to hide how much they grieve—
 And each, deceived in turn, the other doth deceive !

How can they part ?—The lake, the woods, the hills,
 Speak to their pensive hearts of early days ;

Remembrance woos them from the haunted rills,
 And hallows every spot their eye surveys ;
 Some sweet memorial of their infant plays,
 Some tender token of their bashful loves,
 Each rock, and tree, and sheltered nook displays :
 How can they part ?—Nature the crime reproves,
 And their commingling souls to milder purpose moves !

For what were life—ah, what were weary life,
 Without each other, in this world of care ?
 A voyage through wild seas of storm and strife,
 Without an aim for which to struggle there.
 But, blessed in wedded hopes, how sweet to share
 The gladness or the grief that life may bring !
 Then join, relenting Love ! this gentle pair ;
 Let worldly hearts to gold and grandeur cling ;
 Around the lowly cot thy turtles sweetest sing.

Yes ! they shall part no more ! Those downcast eyes,
 And blushes mantling o'er the changeful cheek—
 The plighted kiss—the tears—the trembling sighs—
 The head upon his arm declining meek—
 Tell, far more tenderly than words can speak,
 How that devoted heart is all his own !
 Oh, Love is eloquent !—but language weak
 To paint the feelings to chaste bosoms known,
 When Transport's heavenly wings are sweetly round them
 thrown !

And now the lake, the hills, the yellow woods,
 Are bathed in beauty by the parting ray :
 Through earth and air a hallowed rapture broods,
 And starting tears confess its mystic sway :
 As home they wend, amidst the year's decay,

Some magic spell the hues of Eden throws
 O'er every scene that, on their outward way,
 Told but of pleasures past and coming woes ;
 Such the enchanted radiance heartfelt bliss bestows.

Oh Nature ! by impassioned hearts alone
 Thy genuine charms are felt. The vulgar mind
 Sees but the shadow of a Power Unknown :
 Thy loftier beauties beam not to the blind
 And sensual throng, to grovelling hopes resigned :
 But they whom high and holy thoughts inspire,
 Adore thee, in celestial glory shrined
 In that diviner fane where Love's pure fire
 Burns bright, and Genius tunes his rapt immortal lyre !

* * * * *

Change we once more the strain. The sire has told
 The heart-struck group of dark disaster nigh :
 Their old paternal home must now be sold,
 And that last relic of their ancestry
 Resigned to strangers. Long and strenuously
 He strove to stem the flood's o'erwhelming mass ;
 But still some fresh unseen calamity
 Burst like a foaming billow—till, alas !
 No hope remains that this their sorest grief may pass.

“ Yet be not thus dismayed. Our altered lot
 He that ordains will brace us to endure.
 This changeful world affords no sheltered spot,
 Where man may count his frail possessions sure :
 Our better birthright, noble, precious, pure,
 May well console for earthly treasures marred,—
 Treasures, alas ! how vain and insecure,
 Where none from rust and robbery can guard :
 The wise man looks to heaven alone for his reward.”

The Christian father thus. But whither now
 Shall the bewildered band their course direct ?
 What home shall shield that matron's honoured brow,
 And those dear pensive maids from wrong protect ?
 Or cheer them 'mid the world's unkind neglect ?
 That world to the unfortunate so cold,
 While lavish of its smiles and fair respect
 Unto the proud, the prosperous, the bold ;
 Still shunning want and woe ; still courting pomp and gold.

Shall they adopt the poor retainer's trade,
 And sue for pity from the great and proud ?
 No ! never shall ungenerous souls upbraid
 Their conduct in adversity—which bowed
 But not debased them. Or, amidst the crowd,
 In noisome towns shall they themselves immure,
 Their wants, their woes, their weary days to shroud
 In some mean melancholy nook obscure ?
 No ! worthier tasks await, and brighter scenes allure.

A land of climate fair and fertile soil,
 Teeming with milk and wine and waving corn,
 Invites from far the venturous Briton's toil :
 And thousands, long by fruitless cares foreworn,
 Are now across the wide Atlantic borne,
 To seek new homes on Afric's southern strand :
 Better to launch with them than sink forlorn
 To vile dependence in our native land ;
 Better to fall in God's than man's unfeeling hand !

With hearts resigned they tranquilly prepare
 To share the fortunes of that exile train.
 And soon with many a follower, forth they fare—
 High hope and courage in their hearts again :
 And now, afloat upon the dark-blue main,

They gaze upon the fast-receding shore
With tearful eyes—while thus the ballad strain,
Half heard amidst the ocean's weltering roar,
Bids farewell to the scenes they ne'er shall visit more : —

“ Our native Land—our native Vale—
A long and last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Cheviot-mountains blue !

“ Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song ;
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long.

“ Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow ;
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

“ The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
That Scotia's annals tell ;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each—to all—farewell !

“ Home of our hearts ! our fathers' home !
Land of the brave and free !
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee :

“ We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main ;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again :

“ But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green Island of our Sires !

“ Our native Land—our native Vale—
A long, a last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Scotland’s mountains blue.”

EPHEMERIDES.

PART I.



JUVENILE POEMS.

VOUCHSAFE IN WORTH THIS SMALL GUILT TO RECEAUE,
WHICH IN YOUR HANDS AS LOWLYE PLEDGE I LEAVE
OF PURPOSED THEME, IN SCOTIA'S PASTORAL GUISE ;
IF SO THE MUSE SHALL E'ER THE DREAMES FULFILL
WITH WHICH SHE ERST HATH CHARMD MY TRANCED EYES :
NOT THAT MY LINES MAY FOR SUCH THEMES SUFFICE ;
FOR THEREUNTO DOTH NEED A GOLDEN QUILL,
AND SILUER LEAUES, THEM RIGHTLY TO DEUISE ;
BUT TO MAKE HUMBLE PRESENT OF GOOD WILL ;
WHICH, WHEN AS TIMELY MEANES IT PURCHASE MAY,
IN AMPLER WISE ITSELFE WILL FORTH DISPLAY.

(Altered from Spenser.)

EDINBURGH, JANUARY 5TH, 1819.

THE AUTUMNAL EXCURSION.

(A POETICAL EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.)

Hic inter flumina nota
Et fontes sacros—

DEAR STORY, while the southern breeze
Floats, fragrant, from the upland leas,
Whispering of Autumn's mellow spoils,
And jovial sports and grateful toils,—
Awakening in the softened breast
Regrets and wishes long suppress,—
O, come with me once more to hail
The scented heath, the sheafy vale,
The hills and streams of Teviotdale.
—'Tis but a parting pilgrimage,
To save, from Time's destroying rage,
And changeful Fortune's withering blast,
The pictured relics of the Past.

Then come, dear Comrade!—welcome still
In every change of good or ill ;
Whom young affection's wishes claim,
And friendship ever finds the same ;
Awake, with all thy flow of mind,
With fancy bright and feelings kind,
And tune with me the rambling lay,
To cheer us on our mountain way.

Say, shall we wander where the swain,
 Bent o'er his staff, surveys the plain,
 With ruddy cheek and locks of grey,
 Like patriarch of the olden day?—
 Around him ply the reaper band,
 With lightsome heart and eager hand :
 And mirth and music cheer the toil ;
 While sheaves that stud the russet soil,
 And sickles gleaming in the sun,
 Tell, jocund AUTUMN is begun.

I love the blithesome harvest morn,
 Where Ceres pours her plenteous horn :
 The hind's hoarse cry from loaded car,
 The voice of laughter from afar,
 The placid master's sober joy,
 The frolic of the thoughtless boy ;
 Cold is the heart when scenes like these
 Have lost their genial power to please.
 But yet, my friend, there is an hour
 (Oft has thy bosom owned its power)
 When the full heart, in pensive tone,
 Sighs for a scene more wild and lone.
 Oh then, more sweet on Scotland's shore
 The beetling cliff, the breaker's roar,
 The moorland waste, where all is still
 Save wheeling plover's whistle shrill,—
 More sweet the seat by ancient stone
 Or tree with lichens overgrown,—
 Than richest bower that Autumn yields
 'Midst merry England's cultured fields.

Then, let our pilgrim footsteps seek
 Old Cheviot's pathless mossy peak ;

For there the Mountain Spirit still
 Lingers around the lonely hill,
 To guard his wizard grottoes hoar
 Where Cimbrian sages dwelt of yore ;
 Or, shrouded in his robes of mist,
 Ascends the mountain's shaggy breast,
 To seize his fearful seat—upon
 The elf-enchanted Hanging Stone¹,
 And count the kindred streams that stray
 Through the broad regions of his sway :—
 Fair sister streams, that wend afar
 By rushy mead or rocky scaur,
 Now hidden by the clustering brake,
 Now lost amid the mountain lake,
 Now clasping, with protective sweep,
 Some mouldering castle's moated steep ;
 Till issuing from the uplands brown,
 Fair rolls each flood by tower and town ;
 The hills recede, and on the sight
 Swell the bold rivers broad and bright.

The eye—the fancy almost fails
 To trace them through their thousand vales,
 Winding these Border hills among,
 (The boast of chivalry and song,)
 From Bowmont's banks of softest green²
 To the rude verge of dark Lochskene³.
 —'Tis a heart-stirring sight to view,
 Far to the westward stretching blue,
 That frontier ridge, which erst defied
 The invader's march, or quelled his pride ;
 The bloody field, for many an age,
 Of rival nations' wasteful rage ;
 In later times a refuge given
 To outlaws in the cause of Heaven⁴.

Far inland, where the mountain crest
 O'erlooks the waters of the west,
 And 'mid the moorland wilderness,
 Dark moss-cleughs form a drear recess,
 Curtained with ceaseless mists, which feed
 The sources of the Clyde and Tweed ;
 There, injured Scotland's patriot band
 For Faith and Freedom made their stand ;
 When traitor Kings, who basely sold
 Their country's fame for Gallic gold,—
 Too abject o'er the free to reign,—
 Warned by a Father's fate in vain,—
 In bigot frenzy trampled down
 The race to whom they owed their crown.—
 There, worthy of his masters, came
 The despots' champion, *Bloody Graham* ^s,
 To stain for aye a warrior's sword,
 And lead a fierce though fawning horde,
 The human bloodhounds of the earth
 To hunt the peasant from his hearth !
 —Tyrants ! could not misfortune teach
 That man had rights beyond your reach !
 Thought ye the torture and the stake
 Could that intrepid spirit break,
 Which even in woman's breast withstood
 The terrors of the fire and flood !—

Ay !—though the sceptic's tongue deride
 Those martyrs who for conscience died ;
 Though modish history blight their fame,
 And sneering courtiers hoot the name
 Of men who dared alone be free
 Amidst a nation's slavery ;
 Yet long for them the poet's lyre
 Shall breathe its notes of heavenly fire ;

Their names shall nerve the patriot's hand
Uprear'd to save a sinking land ;
And piety shall learn to burn
With holier transport o'er their urn !—

But now, all sterner thoughts forgot,
Peace broods upon the peasant's cot ;
And if tradition still prolongs
The memory of his father's wrongs,
'Tis blent with grateful thoughts that borrow
A blessing from departed sorrow.

How lovely seems the simple vale
Where lives our sires' heroic tale !
Where each wild pass and wandering flood
Was hallowed by the patriot's blood ;
And the cold cavern once his tent,
Is now his deathless monument,—
Rehearsing, to the kindling thought,
What faith inspired and valour wrought !
—Oh, ne'er shall he whose ardent prime
Was fostered in the freeman's clime,
Though doomed to seek a distant strand,
Forget his glorious native land—
Forget these storied hills and streams,
Scenes of his youth's enthusiast dreams !
Sequestered haunts—so still—so fair—
That Holy Faith might worship there,
And Error weep away her stains,
And dark Remorse forget his pains ;
And Homeless hearts, by fortune tost
Or early hopeless passion crost,
Regain the peace they long had lost !

Then, let us roam that lovely land,
 By Teviot's lone, historic strand
 By sylvan Yair, by Ettrick's glens,
 By haunted Yarrow's 'dowie dens ;'
 Till, with far-circling steps we hail
 Thy native Bowmont's broomy dale,
 And reach my boyhood's birchen bowers
 'Mong Cayle's fair cottages and towers⁶.

Sweet Cayle ! like voice of years gone by,
 I hear thy mountain melody ;
 It comes with long-forgotten dreams
 Once cherished by thy pastoral streams ;
 And sings of school-boy rambles free,
 And heart-felt young hilarity !
 I see the mouldering turrets hoar
 Dim gleaming on thy woodland shore,
 Where oft, afar from vulgar eye,
 I loved at summer tide to lie ;
 Abandoned to the witching sway
 Of some old bard's heroic lay ;
 Or poring o'er the immortal story
 Of Roman and of Grecian glory.
 But aye one minstrel charmed me more
 Than all I learned of classic lore,
 Or war and beauty gaily blent
 In pomp of knightly tournament,—
 Even he, in rustic verse, who told
 Of Scotland's champion—Wallace bold—⁷
 Of Scotland's ancient "lve and lee,"
 And Southrons' cruel treachery !
 —And oft I coned that Harper's page
 With old hereditary rage,
 Till I have wept, in bitter mood,
 That *now* no more, in English blood,

My country's falchion might atone
 The warrior's fall and widow's moan !
 —Or 'neath the oak's broad-bending shade,
 With half-shut eye-lids musing laid,
 (Weaving in fancy's tissue strange
 The shapeless visions of revenge !)
 I conjured back the past again—
 The marshalled bands ; the battle plain ;
 The Border slogan's pealing shout ;
 The shock, the tumult, and the rout ;
 Victorious Scotland's bugle blast ;
 And charging knights that hurry past :
 Till down the dim-withdrawing vale
 I seemed to see their glancing mail,
 And hear the fleet barb's furious tramp
 Re-echoed from yon ancient camp.

But chief, when summer Twilight mild
 Drew her dim curtain o'er the wild,
 I loved beside that ruin grey
 To watch the dying gleam of day.
 And though, perchance, with secret dread,
 I heard the bat flit round my head,
 While winds that waved the long lank grass
 With sound unearthly seemed to pass,
 Yet with a pleasing horror fell
 Upon my heart the thrilling spell ;
 For all that met the ear or eye
 Breathed such serene tranquillity,
 I deemed nought evil might intrude
 Within the saintly solitude.
 —Still vivid memory can recall
 The figure of each shattered wall ;
 The aged trees, all hoar with moss,
 Low-bending o'er the circling fosse ;

The rushing of the mountain flood ;
 The ring-doves cooing in the wood ;
 The rooks that o'er the turrets sail ;
 The lonely curlew's distant wail ;
 The flocks that high on Hounam rest ;
 The glories of the glowing west.

And, tinged with that departing sun,
 To Fancy's eye arises dun
 Lone Blaiklaw, on whose trenchèd brow,
 Yet unprofaned by ruthless plough,
 The shaggy gorse and brown heath wave
 O'er many a nameless warrior's grave.
 —Yon ridge, of yore, which wide and far
 Glean'd like the wakeful Eye of War,
 And oft, with warning flame and smoke,
 Ten thousand spears to battle woke,
 Now down each subject glen descries
 Blue wreaths from quiet hamlets rise,
 To where, soft-fading on the eye,
 Tweed's cultured banks in beauty lie,
 Wide waving with a flood of grain,
 From Eildon to the eastern main.
 —Oft from yon height I loved to mark,
 Soon as the morning roused the lark,
 And woodlands raised their raptured hymn,
 That land of glory spreading dim ;
 While slowly up the awakening dale
 The mists withdrew their fleecy veil,
 And tower, and wood, and winding stream,
 Were brightening in the orient beam.
 —Yet where the westward shadows fell,
 My eye with fonder gaze would dwell ;
 Though wild the view, and brown and bare,—
 Nor castled halls, nor hamlets fair,
 Nor range of sheltering woods, were there—

Nor river's sweeping pride between,
To give *expression* to the scene.
There stood a simple home,—where swells
The meadow sward to moory fells,—
A rustic dwelling, thatched and warm,
Such as might suit the upland farm.
A honeysuckle clasped the sash,
Half shaded by the giant ash :
And there the wall-spread apple-tree
Gave its white blossoms to the bee,
Beside the hop-bower's twisted shade
Where age reclined and childhood played.
Below, the silvery willows shook
Their tresses o'er a rambling brook,
That gambolled 'mong its banks of broom,
Till lost in Lerdan's haunted gloom,
Methinks I hear that streamlet's din
Where straggling alders screen the linn,
Gurgling into its fairy pool,
With pebbled bottom clear and cool.
Full oft, in boyhood, from its marge
I loved to launch my mimic barge,
And laughed to see it deftly sail ;
While faithful Chevy wagged his tail,
And, moved with sympathetic glee,
Would bounce and bark impatiently,
Until I bade him plunge and swim
To bring it dripping to the brim.

From Teviot's richer dales remote
The traveller's glance would scarcely note
That simple scene,—or there espy
Aught to detain his wandering eye :
But partial memory pictures still
Each bush and stone that specked the hill ;

The braes with broom and copsewood green ;
 The rocky knolls that rose between ;
 The fern that fringed each fairy nook ;
 The mottled mead ; the mazy brook,
 That, underneath its ozier shade,
 Still to the wild its music made.

Beside that brook, among the hay,
 I see an elfin band at play ;
 Blithe swinging on the green-wood bough ;
 Or guiding mimic wain and plough ;
 Intent a summer booth to build ;
 Or tilling each his tiny field :
 Or, proudly ranged in martial rank,
 In rival bands upon the bank,
 With rushy helm and sword of sedge,
 A bloodless Border War to wage.

Anon, with lapse of circling years,
 In other guise that group appears,
 As childhood's gamesome mood gives place
 To manly thought and maiden grace.
 Beneath yon rock with lichens hoar,
 Of fabled Elves the haunt of yore,
 They sit beside the Fairy's Spring.
 I hear the low winds whispering
 The mournful ballad's simple strain ;
 Or breathing flute awakes again
 The echoes of each sylvan grot,
 With many a sweetly-melting note.

Or, from the chambers of the north,
 Comes Winter with his tempests forth ;
 Athwart the shivering glebe to fling
 The blinding snow-drift from his wing ;

Shrouding, with many a fleecy fold,
 The bosky dell and battle wold ;
 While, banished from his half-ploughed field
 The hind essays the flail to wield ;
 And o'er the hills, the perilous road
 Alone by shepherd's foot is trod,
 Who gathers on the furzy heath,
 His flocks dug from the smothering wreath :—
 Then, was it joy indeed to meet
 With long-loved friends in that retreat ;
 And that bleak upland dell's recess
 Could charm in winter's wildest dress :
 Whether the mountain speat has drowned,
 With mingling floods, the meadow ground,
 And through their hundred sluices break
 The headlong torrents to the Lake ;
 Or the choked streamlet's deafened flow
 Is hushed in crystal caves below,
 And down the cliffs the trickling rills
 Congeal in columned icicles.

But when day's hasty steps retire,
 Still sweeter by the blazing fire,
 In that low parlour's narrow bound,
 To draw the social circle round ;
 Where no unwelcome step intrudes,
 To check the heart's unstudied moods.
 —Round flows the rural jest ; the tale
 Of Cloister in fair Clifton dale ;
 Of Weeping Spirit of the Glen^s ;
 Or Dragon of dark Wormeden ;
 Of Ladies doomed by Rome's command
 To sift the Church-yard mound of sand,
 By penance drear to wash away
 Foul murder's dire anathema.

—Or graver history's pregnant page,
 Or traveller's venturous toils engage ;
 Or poet's lay the bosom warms,
 With virtue's praise and nature's charms,
 And faithful loves and feats of arms.

And 'midst that friendly circle now
 I mark a Youth with open brow,
 And thoughtful blue eyes beaming mild,
 And temples wreathed with clusters wild
 Of light brown hair. The pensive grace
 Upon his features, seems the trace
 Of thought more tender and refined
 Than dawns upon the vulgar mind :
 But oft across his blooming cheek
 Flushes a quick and hectic streak,
 Like that which, in an Indian sky,
 Though cloudless, tells of danger nigh !
 Deepening—until the gazer start,
 As if he saw Fate's shadowy dart,
 Foredoomed to strike from life and fame
 The latest of a gentle name !

How fearful to affection's view
 That blush more bright than beauty's hue—
 Where, sad as cypress wreath, the rose
 Amid Consumption's ruin glows,
 Bedecking with deceitful bloom
 The untimely passage to the tomb !

Rememberest thou, my Friend, the hour
 When some strange sympathetic power
 Once led from far our wandering feet
 At that Monastic Mound to meet ?

—Where slopes the green sward to the west,
 We sat upon the tomb where rest
 My kindred's bones, — conversing late
 Of Man's mysterious mortal state.
 'Twas summer eve, serene and still ;
 The broad moon rose behind the hill,
 Blending her soft and soothing ray
 With the last gleam of closing day :
 Amid the circling woods alone
 Was heard the stockdove's plaintive moan,
 And streamlet's murmur gliding by ;
 All else was calm in earth and sky.
 The scene was such as fancy paints
 For visit of departed saints—
 And sure if that sublime controul
 Which thrills the deep chords of the soul—
 If tears of joy 'midst grief—could prove
 The ministry of sainted love—
 Our hearts in that blest hour might dare
 To own some heavenly presence there !

Yes still, dear Friend ! (although it seem
 To worldly minds a childish dream)
 When life is o'er—I love to think
 There still may last some mystic link
 Between the Living and the Dead,—
 Some beam from better regions shed
 To lighten with celestial glow
 The pilgrim's darkling path below :
 Or, if 'tis but a vain belief,
 Framed by the phantasies of grief,
 A loftier solace is not vain—
Death parts us but to meet again !

Ah, while amid the world's wild strife
 We yet may trace that sweeter life,

Now fading like a lovely dream,—
 Why cannot Memory too redeem
 The feelings pure, the thoughts sublime,
 That sanctified our early prime?—
 Alas ! like hues of breaking day
 The soul's young visions pass away ;
 And elder Fancy scarce may dare
 To image aught again so fair—
 As when that Mother's warblings wild
 Had soothed to rest her sickly child,
 And o'er my couch I dreamt there hung
 Celestial forms, with seraph tongue
 Who told of purer happier spheres,
 Exempt from pain, unstained with tears !
 Or, waking lone at midnight deep,
 When heaven's bright host their vigils keep,
 I viewed with meek mysterious dread
 The moon-beam through the lattice shed—
 Deeming 'twas God's eternal EYE,
 Bent down to bless us from on high !

And when that gentlest human Friend
 No more her anxious eye could bend
 On one by young affliction prest
 More close to her maternal breast,
 I deemed she still beheld afar
 My sorrows from some peaceful star,—
 In slumber heard her faintly speak,
 And felt her kiss upon my cheek.
 And oft, when through the solemn wood
 My steps the schoolway path pursued,
 I paused beneath its quiet shade
 To view the spot where she was laid,
 And pray, like hers, my life might be
 From all ungentle passions free,—

It seemed as if I inly felt
 That still her presence round me dwelt,
 And awed me with a holy dread,
 Lest I should sin and grieve the dead.

O sainted Spirit!—(if thy care
 An earthly wanderer yet may share!)
 Still in celestial dreams return
 To bid faith's failing embers burn—
 While yet unquenched the smoking brand
 By worldly passion's wasting hand!
 Oh still,—although around my breast
 The snaky coils of care are prest,—
 Let fond remembrance oft restore
 Each long-lost friend endeared of yore,
 And picture o'er the scenes where first
 My life and loveliest hopes were nurst;
 The heaths which once my fathers trod,
 Amidst the wild to worship God;
 The tales which fired my boyish eye
 With patriot feelings proud and high;
 The sacred sabbath's mild repose;
 The social evening's saintly close,
 When ancient Zion's solemn song
 Arose the lonely banks among;
 The music of the mountain rills;
 The moonlight sleeping on the hills;
 The STARRY SCRIPTURES of the sky,
 By God's own finger graved on high
 On Heaven's expanded scroll—whose speech
 To every tribe doth knowledge teach,
 When silent Night unlocks the seals,
 And to forgetful Man reveals
 The wonders of eternal night
 In living lines of glorious light!

Nor yet shall faithful memory fail
 To trace the shepherd's homelier tale⁹ ;
 For well I loved each simple strain
 Rehearsed by that kind-hearted swain,
 Of sports where he a part had borne
 In boyhood's blithe and cloudless morn ;
 Or pious words and spotless worth
 Of friends who long have left the earth :
 Or legends of the olden times,
 And rural jests, and rustic rhymes :
 While aye as he the story told
 Of Scotland oft betrayed and sold,
 With ancient grudge his wrath would glow
 Against that " faithless Southron foe !"

Nor shall the enthusiast dreams decay
 Which charmed the long and lonely day,
 When, wrapt in chequered Border cloak,
 On Blaiklaw's ridge I watched the flock,
 (What time the harvest toils detain
 The Shepherd with the reaper train :)
 When, far remote, I loved to lie
 And gaze upon the flecker'd sky,
 Amid the mountain thyme's perfume,
 Where boundless heaths of purple bloom,
 Heard but the zephyr's rustling wing
 And wild-bee's ceaseless murmuring,
 —'Twas there, amid the moorlands wild,
 A Fairy found the mountain child,
 And oped to its enchanted eyes
 Imagination's Paradise.

Even as I muse my bosom burns,
 The Past unto my soul returns ;

And lovely, in the hues of truth,
 Return the Scenes, the Friends of Youth !
 I see the dusky track afar,
 Where, lighted by the evening star,
 I sought that home of early love.
 The balmy west-wind stirs the grove,
 And waves the blossom'd eglantine
 I taught around its porch to twine.
 I hear kind voices on the breeze,
 From the green bower of cherry-trees.
 The sire—the kindred band I see—
 They rise with smiles to welcome me !
 —Again sweet Fancy's dream is gone,
 And 'midst the wild I walk alone !

Now scattered far the smiling flowers
 That grew around these rustic bowers :
 Ungentle hearts, and strangers rude,
 Have passed along its solitude !
 The hearth is cold, the walls are bare,
 That heard my grandsire's evening prayer—
 Gone even the trees he planted there !
 —Yet still, dear Friend, methinks 'twere sweet
 To trace once more that loved retreat ;
 Still, there, where'er my footsteps roam,
 ' My heart untravelled' finds a home :
 For 'midst these Border Mountains blue,
 And Vales receding from the view,
 And lonely Lakes and misty Fells,
 Some nameless charm for ever dwells,—
 Some spirit that again can raise
 The visions of Departed Days,
 And thoughts unuttered—undefined—
 That gleamed across my infant mind !

—O, lovely was the blest controul
 Which came like music o'er my soul,
 While, there,—a rude untutored boy,
 With heart tuned high to Nature's joy,—
 Subdued by beauty's winning form,
 Or kindling 'midst the mountain Storm,—
 Alive to Feeling's gentle smart,
 Which wakes but does not wound the heart,—
 I dreamt not of the workings deep
 Of wilder passions yet asleep !

Long from those native haunts estranged,
 My home but not my heart is changed—
 Amid the city's feverish stir
 'Tis still a mountain-wanderer !
 And though (if bodings be not vain)
 Far other roamings yet remain,
 In climes where, 'mid the unwonted vales,
 No early friend the wanderer hails,
 Nor well-known hills arise to bless
 His walks of pensive loneliness ;
 Yet still shall fancy haunt with you
 The scenes beloved when life was new,
 And oft with tender zeal return,
 By yon deserted tomb to mourn ;
 For, oh, whate'er the lot may be
 In Fate's dark book reserved for me,
 I feel that nought in later life,—
 In Fortune's change, or Passion's strife,
 Or proud Ambition's boundless grasp,—
 This bosom with a tie can clasp,
 So strong—so sacred—as endears
 The Scenes and Friends of Early Years !

STREAMS, WHOSE LONELY WATERS GLIDE.

—◆—

STREAMS, whose lonely waters glide
 Down Glen-Lynden's wizard dell,
 Woods that clothe the mountain's side,
 Winged wanderers of the fell,
 Tell me in what flowery glade
 Shall I find my favourite Maid !

Echo of the haunted rock,
 Heard'st thou not my Azla's song ?
 Sought she not the plighted oak
 Lynden's briary banks among ?
 Lingers she by airy steep,
 Or elfin lakelet still and deep ?

Rover of the land and sea,
 Zephyr ! whither dost thou fly !
 Bear'st thou home the loaded bee ?
 Or the lover's secret sigh ?
 Hast thou not my Azla seen
 Through all the mazes thou hast been ?

Didst thou perfume, O gentle gale !
 In Araby, thy fragrant breath ?
 In sweeter Teviot's thymy vale ?
 On Lynden's hills of blossom'd heath ?
 Or, Zephyr ! hast thou dared to sip
 The sigh of love from Azla's lip ?

Young Azla's eye of tender blue
 Outvies the crystal fountain bright,—
 Her silken locks of sunny hue,
 The birch-tree's foliage floating light ;
 And light her form as bounding fawn,
 Just wakened by the vernal dawn.

Like youthful Spring's refreshing green,
 Like dewy Morning's smile of gladness,
 The radiance of her look serene
 Might win to joy the soul of sadness,
 But where in nature shall I find
 An Image for my Azla's mind ?

The azure depths of summer noon
 Might paint her pure and happy breast :
 Yet, like the melancholy moon,
 She loveth pensive pleasures best,
 And woos the fairy solitudes
 Embosomed in the leafy woods.

The melodies of air and earth,
 The hues of mountain, wood, and sky,
 And Loneliness more sweet than Mirth,
 That leads the mind to musings high,
 Give to the sweet enthusiast's face
 The charm of more than earthly grace !

But tell me now, ye Woods and Streams,
 Fond Echo, and thou sighing Gale,
 Why She, the Fairy of my dreams,
 Thus in her plighted faith doth fail ?
 Of all of you I'll jealous be
 Should she forget our Trysting 'Tree !

Ah no ! She fails not ! 'Mong these bowers
 Young Love, I ween, delights to dwell,
 And spends his most entrancèd hours
 In Contemplation's hermit cell ;
 Where votaries of gentle mood
 Find him with Truth and Solitude.

A GRACEFUL FORM, A GENTLE MIEN.

—•—

A GRACEFUL form, a gentle mien,
 Sweet eyes of witching blue ;
 Dimples where young Love nestles in,
 Around a ' cherry mou : '

The temper kind, the taste refined,
 A heart nor vain nor proud ;
 A face, the mirror of her mind,
 Like sky without a cloud :

A fancy pure as virgin snows,
 Yet playful as the wind ;
 A soul alive to others' woes,
 But to her own resigned :

This gentle portraiture to frame
 Required not FANCY's art :
 But do not ask the lady's name—
 'Tis hidden in my heart.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

LADY, one who loves thee well
 Sent me here with thee to dwell ;
 I bring with me thy lover's sigh,
 I come with thee to live and die ;
 To live with thee, beloved, carest—
 To die upon that gentle breast !
 —Sweeter than the myrtle wreath,
 Of Love and Joy my blossoms breathe—
 LOVE—whose name thy breast alarms,
 Yet who heightens all thy charms,—
 Who lends thy cheek its orient dyes,
 Who triumphs in thy bashful eyes—
 'Twas from him I borrowed, too,
 My sweet perfume, my purple hue ;
 His fragrant breath my buds exhale ;
 My bloom—Ah, Lady ! list my tale.—

I was the summer's fairest pride,
 The Nightingale's betrothed Bride ;
 In Indian bower I sprung to birth
 When LOVE first lighted on the earth,
 And *then* my pure inodorous blossom
 Blooming on its thornless tree,
 Was snowy as his Mother's bosom
 Rising from the emerald sea.

Young Love, rambling through the wood,
Found me in my solitude,
Bright with dew and freshly blown,
And trembling to fond Zephyr's sighs ;
But, as he stopt to gaze upon
The living gem with longing eyes,
It chanced a Bee was busy there
Searching for its fragrant fare ;
When Cupid stooping, too, to sip,
The angry insect stung his lip—
And, gushing from the ambrosial cell,
One bright drop on my bosom fell !

Weeping, to his Mother he
Told the tale of treachery ;
And she, her vengeful boy to please,
Strung his bow with captive bees ;
But placed upon my guiltless stem
The poisoned stings she plucked from them—
And none, since that eventful morn,
Has found the flower without a thorn !

Yet even the sorrows Love doth send
But more divine enchantment lend :
Still in Beauty's sweetest bowers
Blooms the Rose, the Queen of Flowers,
Brightening with the sanguine stains,
Borrowed from celestial veins,—
And breathing of the KISS she caught
From LOVE'S own lips with rapture fraught !

THE WREATH.

I sought the garden's gay parterre,
 To cull a wreath for Mary's hair ;
 And thought I surely there might find
 Some emblem of her lovely mind,
 Where taste displays the varied bloom
 Of Flora's beauteous drawing-room.

And, first, of peerless form and hue,
 The stately Lily caught my view,
 Fair bending from her graceful stem
 Like queen with regal diadem :
 But though I viewed her with delight,
 She seemed too much to woo the sight,—
 A fashionable belle—to shine
 In some more courtly wreath than mine.

I turned, and saw a tempting row
 Of flaunting Tulips full in blow—
 But left them with their gaudy dyes
 To Nature's beaux—the butterflies.

Bewilder'd 'mid a thousand hues,
 Still harder grew the task to choose :
 Here, delicate Carnations bent
 Their heads in lovely languishment,—
 Much as a pensive Miss expresses,
 With neck declined, her soft distresses !
 There, gay Jonquilles in foppish pride
 Stood by the Painted-Lady's side,

And Hollyhocks superbly tall
Beside the Crown-Imperial :
But still, 'mid all this gorgeous glow,
Seemed less of sweetness than of show,
While close beside in warning grew
The allegoric *Thyme* and *Rue*.

There, too, stood that fair-weather flower,
Which, faithful still in *sunshine* hour,
With fervent adoration turns
Its breast where golden Phœbus burns—
Base symbol (which I scorned to lift)
Of friends that change as fortunes shift !

Tired of the search, I bent my way
Where Teviot's haunted waters stray ;
And from the wild-flowers of the grove
I framed a garland for my Love.
The slender circlet first to twine,
I plucked the rambling Eglantine,
That decked the Cliff in clusters free,
As sportive and as sweet as she :
I stole the Violet from the brook,
Though hid like her in shady nook,
And wove it with the mountain Thyme—
The myrtle of our stormy clime :
The Blue-bell looked like Mary's eye ;
The Blush-rose breathed her tender sigh :
And Daisies, bathed in dew, exprest
Her innocent and gentle breast.

And, now, my Mary's brow to braid,
This chaplet in her bower is laid—
A fragrant emblem, fresh and wild,
Of simple Nature's sweetest child.

FRAGMENTS

OF

A DREAM OF FAIRY-LAND.

FYTTE I.

“ And see not ye that bonny road
 “ That winds about the fernie brae ?
 “ That is the road to fair Elfland,
 “ Where thou and I this night maun gae.”

Thomas the Rhymer.

Thro countreis seir, holtis and rockis hie,
 Ouir vailis, planis, woddis, wallie sey,
 Ouir fluidis fair, and mony strait mountane,
 We war caryit in twinkling of ane ee ;
 Our charett flew, and raid nocht, as thoct me.

Gavin Douglas.

'TWAS in the leafy month of June,
 Ere yet the lark hath hushed his tune ;
 When fair athwart the summer sky
 Bright fleecy clouds sail softly by,
 And sweeping shadows lightly pass,
 Like spirits dancing o'er the grass ;
 And new-fledged birds are in the bowers,
 And bees are humming round the flowers,
 And through the meads is heard the stir
 Of the blithe chirring grasshopper :

'Twas sweet Midsummer Eve : I lay
 Alone by Eildon's haunted brae,
 Soothed by the sound of woods and streams ;
 While, fitful as the shifting gleams,
 Of sunshine o'er the forest glade,
 Poetic fancies round me played ;
 And young love's tender reveries
 Came fluttering, like the fragrant breeze,
 Or wild-dove's wing among the trees.
 Thus slumber found me : and I fell
 Into a trance, as if some spell
 Had rapt my willing soul away
 From its cast slough of earthly clay :
 Was waking mortal ne'er so blest—
 Then, gentle Azla, ' list, O list !'

Methought a Maid of heavenly mien,
 Whose garb bespoke the Elfin Queen,
 Appeared—and, with a winning smile
 Might well the wariest heart beguile,
 Waved o'er me thrice her magic wand,
 And summoned me to Fairy-Land.
 Who could resist the charming Elf ?
 She seemed the while my Azla's self !

Now, seated in her wingèd car,
 We lightly speed o'er realms afar,
 Where alpine ridges wildly rise,
 With glaciers gleaming to the skies,
 Or sandy deserts, scorched and dun,
 Stretch boundless 'neath a fiery sun.
 Her fair hand guides the magic rein,
 While buoyantly o'er mount and plain,
 And over ocean's trackless tides,
 Our car like a swift comet glides :

Till far beyond the Western Deep
 And fair Hesperides we sweep ;
 Then launch upon the Enchanted Sea,
 Which laves the Land of Faërie.

At length, when daylight long has passed,
 And the short night is waning fast,
 We leap upon the star-lit strand
 Of a remote and shadowy land ;
 Where mountains rear their summits bold
 From dark umbrageous forests old ;
 And streamlets flow with lulling sound
 Through verdant valleys opening round ?
 And breathing myrtles softly twine
 Their branches with the clustering vine ;
 And zephyrs wave with fragrant wing
 The tresses of immortal Spring.

Ah Lady ! in that lovely Isle
 How sweet, methought, to live with Thee !
 Where summer skies for ever smile,
 And sighing gales just stir the sea,
 The silvery sea without a bound
 That clasps th' Elysian Isle around !

* * * * *
 * * * * *

FYTTE II.

Within an Yle methought I was—
 Ful thick of grasse ful soft and swete,
 With flouris fele fare undir fete,
 And lytel used, it seemed thus,
 For bothe Flora and Zephyrus,
 They two that makin flouris growe,
 Had made ther dwelling there, I trowe.—
 —And many a hart and many a hinde
 Was both before me and behind,
 Of fawnis, sowirs, buckis, does,
 Was ful the wodde, and many roes,
 And many squirillis, that sete
 Ful high upon the trees and ete.

Chaucer's Dreame.

'Tis day-break ! Lo, the Morning Star
 Looks o'er the brightening peaks afar ;
 And now we wander, hand in hand,
 Along the shell-besprinkled strand,
 To watch Aurora's footsteps dim
 Come dancing o'er blue ocean's brim,
 With Zephyr, flinging in his mirth
 Fresh odours o'er the laughing earth :
 And now with upward gaze we mark,
 High poised in air, the minstrel lark,
 Warbling wild his thrilling strain,
 As if his breast could not contain
 The out-gushings of his boundless pleasure,—
 And, therefore, without stint or measure,
 From his oriel in the cloud,
 His joyous lay he singeth loud.

Now we walk the groves among,
 Rich with fragrance, rife with song,

Where the woodbine breathes its balm
 'Neath the shadow of the palm ;
 Where the hum of early bee
 Soundeth from the citron tree ;
 And the squirrel, just awake,
 From his fur the dew doth shake,
 As he skips from oak to pine
 O'er festoons of eglantine.

—Now, ere yet the sun may sip
 The fresh dew from the lily's lip,
 While the pheasant leaves the brake,
 While the wild swan seeks the lake,
 While the long cool shadows lean
 O'er the dell's delicious green,
 Lo, we trace the gurgling rills
 To their fountains in the hills ;
 Where the hart and hind are straying,
 Where the antelopes are playing,
 Where the flocks which need no folding
 Jocundly their games are holding,
 As if old Pan the watch were keeping,
 While the wanton kids are leaping,
 And the rocky cliffs resounding
 To their bold hoofs wildly bounding.

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FYTTE III.

There the wyse Merlin whylome wont (they say)
 To make his wonne, in fearful hollow place,
 Under a rock that lyes a little way
 From the swift river, tumbling down apace
 Emongst the woody hilles—
 —And there that great magitian had deuz'd,
 By his deep science and hell-dreaded might,
 A looking-glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd—
 —It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
 Whatever thing was in the world contaynd.

Spenser's Faery Queene.

BUT when up the middle heaven
 Sol his glowing car hath driven,
 From his fervid searching eye
 To the Enchanted Grot we hie,—
 Where a solemn river sounds,
 Deep amidst the forest bounds,
 And romantic rocks are seen
 Rising o'er the cedar screen.
 Like some temple's ruined pile
 Quarried in the cliffs of Nile,
 In the mount's basaltic side
 Opes the pillared portal wide ;
 Grooved with sculpture strange and quaint—
 Hieroglyphic figures faint,
 Interlaced with graceful twine
 Of amaranth and jessamine.

At the touch of magic wand,
 Slow the granite gates expand ;
 And, extending far aloof,
 Inward springs the archèd roof

O'er the high and echoing hall,
 Circled by its columned wall
 With stalactite frieze bedight :
 Fitting lustres dimly light
 The dome with gleam of sparry gems,
 Like jewelled stars and diadems
 Pendent from the pictured ceiling,—
 Gorgeous tracery revealing,
 Sketched in nature's arabesque
 With necromantic shapes grotesque,
 Never seen by sea or land,
 Never graved by human hand.
 —Through that rich and stately room
 Hangs a soft yet solemn gloom,
 Like the meditative shade
 By primeval forests made ;
 While, with coral crusted o'er,
 Spreads the fair mosaic floor,
 Round whose ample verge, I ween,
 Ne'er was creeping creature seen.

But, behold, an inner aisle
 Opens from this shadowy pile,
 Deep into the Stygian gloom
 Of the mountain's caverned womb ;
 Whence the rushing of a river
 Sounds upon the ear for ever,
 Like some prophet's solemn strain
 Warning guilty worlds in vain.
 —I turned ; and to my asking eye
 Thus the Fairy made reply :
 " 'Tis the ceaseless Stream of Time,
 Flowing on its path sublime
 To the dim and shoreless sea
 Of fathomless Eternity :

Light as foam on ocean's tide,
Mortals on its current glide ;
Nor could an archangel's force
For an instant stay its course."

While I listen, slowly rise
Wilder wonders to my eyes :
Strange unearthly light is streaming
Down that Delphic cave—and, gleaming
From its dim chaotic shelves,
The Magic Mirror of the Elves
Emerges from the mystic shroud,
Like the broad moon from a cloud.

Slowly o'er the wizard glass
Phantom shapes successive pass,
Groups like these on Grecian Shrine
Graved by sculptor's art divine,
Proudly bearing spear and shield
Helm'd and harnessed for the field,
—As more earnestly I look,
Behold, as in a blazoned book,
Pale History unfolds her page—
Down from man's primeval age,
Through the lapse of distant times,
Round the wide globe's many climes,
Blotted with ten thousand crimes.
Still I view, where'er I scan,
Man himself a wolf to man ;
Thirsting for his brother's blood,
From Abel's murder to the Flood—
From Nimrod's huntings to the cry
That rent the horror-stricken sky,
When, yesterday, Napoleon's car
Resistless swept the ranks of war,

And trampled Europe cowered beneath
The murder-glutted scythe of death.

The piteous scene I pondered well,
Till darkness on my spirit fell ;
Then, turning mournfully aside,
I thus addressed my silent Guide :—
“ Fair Spirit ! shut that page of woe :
It is enough for me to know
That thus, from Adam’s day to ours,
Man ever hath abused the powers
Our bounteous Maker to him gave ;
His brother’s tyrant or his slave,
Still miserable, weak or strong,
Enduring or inflicting wrong !
—My soul is weary of the past :
Prospectively the vision cast,
That my prophetic gaze may trace
The onward fortunes of our race :
Or, from the hidden rolls of fate,
Unfold the destinies that wait
My country, on the perilous track
Whence nations never voyage back.”—
Replied the Fay—“ Thou seek’st to scan
Dark knowledge all unmeet for man :
Time’s issues I may not reveal,
Bound fast by Fate’s mysterious seal.
Let it content thee to explore
The labyrinths of lawful lore ;
And learn the FUTURE to forecast
From Wisdom’s horoscope—the PAST.

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FYTTE IV.

And all about grew every flower and tree,
 To which sad lovers were transformed of yore.—
 —Me seems of those I see the hapless fate
 To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date.

Spenser's Faery Queene.

THE cool breeze from the billowy main
 Breathes through the cedar groves again ;
 When from the grotto's mystic shade
 We fare into the forest glade,
 And through its wildering mazes glide
 Until we gain the farther side,—
 Whence the distant view descends,
 Dimly seen, the Vale of Sighs.

Winding down, the pathway slow
 Leads us to that valley low,
 Deep amidst the mountains wending ;
 Where the silvery willows, bending
 O'er the melancholy stream,
 Like despairing damsels seem,
 With dishevelled tresses swinging,
 Evermore their white hands wringing.
 All along that lonesome glen,
 Tall grey stones like shapes of men,
 Rocks with tufts of myrtle crowned,
 Cast their shadows o'er the ground—
 Shadows strange that seem to fly,
 Ghost-like, from my earthly eye ;
 And, at times, a feeble wail
 Floats upon the sighing gale,

From those willows by the river
 With their tresses waving ever,
 Or the myrtle bowers above,
 Like voice of one who dies for love.

As we silently pass on,
 Fair groups, upon the marble stone
 Graven with surpassing skill,
 The softened soul with pity fill :
 Many a scene of mournful mood,
 And acts of generous womanhood,
 Such as high bards in ancient days
 Sung to the lyre in tender lays,
 In magic sculpture tell their tale,
 Along that monumental vale,—
 Preserved from ravage or decay
 While crowns and empires pass away:
 —Full many a scene we linger o'er
 That thrilled the hearts of classic yore—
 Young Thisbe watching in the wood,
 Sweet Hero by wild Sestos' flood,
 Pale Dido in her frenzied grief,
 Deserted by the Trojan chief :
 For in that Vale of Sighs appear
 All scenes that waken pity's tear,
 All tragie tales of gentle strain
 Where woman's heart has bled in vain.
 —In vain ? No ! I the word recal :
 A lofty moral lives in all
 Those stories of the heart's devotion,
 Opening sources of emotion
 Deeper far than Love can boast
 Where his hopes have ne'er been crossed.

At length, by the spell-guarded mount,
 Where gushes a bright river's fount
 Into the limpid pool below,
 We pause with faltering step and slow
 In that lone dell's remotest bound,
 Arrested by a mournful sound ;
 For there, where clustering forests tall
 Embower the deep-voiced waterfall,
 Is heard the ever-moaning wail
 Of one forlorn. Her tragic tale
 In Grecian glen sweet Ovid found—
 The Nymph who faded to a sound
 For grief of unrequited love.
 And lo, her Naiad sisters rove
 For ever round the enchanted spot
 Where Echo holds her misty grot,
 Conversing with the viewless shade
 Hovering o'er that haunted glade.
 Oft as they tell her hapless story,
 Responsive from the cavern hoary,
 Loud wailing words of tender woe,
 Half heard amidst the waters' flow,
 Murmur of love's deceitful arts,
 Of blighted forms and broken hearts,
 And woman's triumph pure and high
 In generous, deathless constancy !

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FYTTE V.

What there thou seest, fair creature ! is thyself ;
 With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
 And I will lead thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming.

Paradise Lost.

Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
 Towards a higher object.—Love was given,
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end :
 For this the passion to excess was driven—
 That self might be annulled ; her bondage prove
 The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.

Wordsworth's Laodamia.

ISSUING from that pensive vale,
 Soon an alpine scene we hail,
 Where Olympian peaks arise
 Towering to the bright blue skies,
 And a rock's romantic mound,
 By a ruined temple crowned,
 Overhangs the central tide
 Whence fair Elfland's rivers glide.
 —Girt by cliff and shaggy brake,
 Softly lay that silent lake,
 In the mountain's stern embrace
 Sleeping in its simple grace,
 With a pure and placid breast,
 Like a dreaming child at rest.

Leaning o'er its liliated side,
 Thus began my lovely Guide :
 " Listen to a legend hoar
 Of far-distant days of yore :
 And, while I the story tell,
 Ponder thou its purport well.

“ When first this Eden of the deep,
Was wakened from chaotic sleep,
To be the destined dwelling-place
Of those yeleft the Elfin race ;
(Beings formed by nature free
From sin and sad mortality ;
Yet by ties of mystic birth
Linked unto the sons of Earth ;)
On that bright primeval morn,
She of Fays the eldest born, —
PHYSIS erst by mortals named,
Later as TITANIA famed,—
Roaming through her natal Isle,
Came where yonder votive pile
(A temple reared to Solitude
By the young Naiads of the flood)
O'erlooks the wave. With wondering eye,
She sees what seems a downward sky
Stretching far its depths of blue,
With the stars dim-gleaming through,
Whene'er the sun his brightness shrouds
'Neath some veil of fleecy clouds,
And the shadows come and go
Athwart the liquid plain below.
—As she gazes, still, behold,
Marvels to her eyes unfold ;
Massive rocks and towering mountains,
With their woods and sparkling fountains,
In the inverted landscape lie,
Pointing to a nether sky.

“ Suddenly, with swan-like flight
Launching from the clifty height,
On the buoyant air she springs,
(Scorns an elf the aid of wings,)

In the middle space upborne,
 Like a cloudlet of the morn ;
 With her vesture floating free,
 And her locks luxuriantly
 Backward o'er her shoulders flung ;
 While her face and bosom young
 Forward bend with fearless pride
 To the fair illusive tide.
 —Wherefore, in her downward track,
 Starts the Fairy Virgin back—
 And, again, with fond surprise,
 Waveward casts her wistful eyes ?
 Lo ! to meet her wildered gaze,
 Upwards through the lucid maze
 Swiftly glides a glorious creature,
 Sister-like in form and feature ;
 In her modest maiden charms,
 In her lovely locks and arms,
 In her eyes and graceful mien,
 An image of that Elfin Queen.
 —Fair Physis smiles—and from the wave
 The Form returns the smile she gave :
 She spreads her arms—with winning grace
 The Phantom offers her embrace :
 But when she fondly strives to clasp
 The beauteous Shade—it flies her grasp,
 Amidst the broken billows lost ;
 And all the enchanting scene is tost
 Fantastically, heaving wide
 Athwart the bosom of the tide !

“ Abashed and sad, upon the strand
 The virgin stood—when accents bland
 Came, like sweet music on the wind,
 From amaranthine groves behind :—

' Grieve no longer, gentle Elf,
 For that semblance of thyself !
 All that meets the gaze below,
 Like that shade an empty show
 Formed to charm the *finite* sense,
 Faileth from the grasp intense
 Of creature longing for the love
 That looks below — but lives above.
 —Virgin ! upward lift thine eye
 Where the peak ascendeth high :
 Lo ! yon Mount of Vision towers
 O'er Elysium's blissful bowers,
 Where the flower of beauty bloweth,
 Where the fruit immortal groweth.
 Behold, I come thy path to guide
 Up the mountain's rugged side,
 Where for thee thy Lover waits
 By the Enchanted Palace gates :
 'Tis no shadow *there* that meets thee—
 'Tis thy glorious bridegroom greets thee,
 With that pure celestial love
 Blessed Genii own above.' ”

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FYTTE VI.

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be !
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful, and beauty-making power—
 —Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower
 A new earth and new heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud.

Coleridge.

Now Hesper from the blushing west
 Leads that sweet hour I love the best,
 When birds their fluttering pinions fold,
 And wild-bees seek their honied hold,
 And deer that never heard a hound
 Across the verdant valleys bound,
 To couch among the banks of thyme
 Where greenwoods to the uplands climb.
 —Now by some lawny slope we linger,
 While quiet Eve with jealous finger
 Closes the curtains of the skies
 Till modest Dian deign to rise :
 Now by the murmuring beach we walk,
 Pausing oft in pensive talk,
 To list the hermit nightingale
 Entrancing all the moonlight vale :
 Or, from some sea-ward hanging steep,
 View boundless ocean round us swelling,
 Without a wish to cross the deep,
 Or leave again that lovely dwelling.

“ Behold,” (thus spoke the bright-eyed Fay,)

“ Endeth now the Elfin day :

Ere the star of morning gleams
 Thou must leave this Isle of Dreams :
 Yet, before the vision part,
 Mortal, let thy listening heart
 Devoutly learn to understand
 The scenes of this symbolic land ;
 For here a parable doth lie
 In all that meets the ear or eye.”

* * * * *

Ere she ceased, pale Dian's crest,
 Slowly waning in the west,
 Sank behind the shadowy hill ;
 And the nightingale was still
 On his fragrant orange bough.
 It is solemn midnight now ;
 And the silent landscape lies
 Hushed beneath the starry skies,
 Like a meek and gentle child
 Listening to his mother mild,
 While her earnest eyes above
 O'er him bend with looks of love,
 As she prayeth God to keep
 Watch around his midnight sleep.—
 Like such heart-hushed little one,
 Hung my listening soul upon
 Words (which I may not rehearse
 In this vain and idle verse)—
 Things with deepest meaning fraught
 By that Gentle Fairy taught,
 In whose mien I then might trace
 The sister of man's godlike race,
 Ere his half-angelic nature
 Lapsed into the lowlier creature,

Ere the golden link was riven
 That upheld the heart to heaven,
 And the ethereal light grew dim
 Of the fallen seraphim !
 —Lovely lessons *there* I read,
 There I learn a lofty creed,
 In the expression of a mind
 By a fearless faith refined,
 Such as we of mortal strain
 Beneath the stars may not attain,
 But such themes are all too high
 For this lay of Phantasy ;
 So I close the rambling rhyme
 Of my Flight to Fairy Clime.

Fitting pause from minstrel task,
 Now, sweet Azla, let me ask :
 But if thou wilt deign to smile
 On this Dream of Elfin Isle,
 Haply, in an altered strain,
 I may touch the harp again ;
 Richer veins of thought revealing,
 Deeper springs of love unsealing,
 Where the Passions have their strife
 'Midst ' the bosom-scenes of life ;'
 For the poet's art must borrow
 Spells of might from Fear and Sorrow,
 Since our nature seeks relief
 From Pleasure in ' the Joy of Grief.'

LINES,

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF AN EARLY
FRIEND.



WAS this sad fate the only fruit
Of thy brief, feverish life's pursuit ?
To gain—for years in travel worn—
For dangers braved and troubles borne—
For all, 'mid mankind's conflicts rude,
That chills the soul or chafes the blood—
For wounded feeling's bitter smart—
For scenes that wring or sear the heart—
To gain—in a drear distant clime,
A nameless grave before thy prime !

Was this—was this the bridal bed
To which thy cruel mistress led—
The Fiend Ambition ? she who brings
A chaplet wreathed with scorpion's stings
To crown her lovers !—she whose waist
And bosom are with snakes enlaced !
Who scatters wide her victim's bones
O'er blighting swamps—o'er burning zones—
Where on the stranger's loveless bier,
No friend shall drop a parting tear,
Nor sister come to watch and weep,
And break with sobs the silence deep !

Yet why o'er thy untimely urn
With vain regret thus weakly mourn ?

Struck by the bolt that levels all,
 What recks it how or where we fall?
 Are they not blest, the early dead,
 Wherever fate their pall may spread?
 More blest than those whom long decay
 Detains—slow lingering by the way,
 Without a wish to wake the soul;
 Yet shuddering at the dreary goal
 To which with viewless pace they steal,
 Dragged on by Time's resistless wheel,
 Watching each early comrade sink,
 Till they upon the desert brink
 Stand desolate !

Ay ! there are hours
 When life's horizon round us lowers—
 When yet afresh the wounds we feel
 Which Time may close, but cannot heal,
 That recklessly we seek relief
 By draining e'en the dregs of grief,
 (The bitter dregs which human pride
 Infuses in affliction's tide,)
 Repiningly upbraid the doom
 Which on our loved ones shuts the tomb,
 And half accuse long-suffering fate
 That opens not for us its gate.

This morbid mood, then, shall we nurse,
 That in affliction finds a curse?
 Shall we, when Providence destroys,
 Like Jonah's gourd, our cherished joys,
 The wisdom frowardly arraign
 That warps our web of life with pain?
 No ! let us with a pious trust,
 Though bent by sorrow to the dust,

Confide, while we submissive bow,
 That He will cheer who chastens now ;
 And to a loftier faith give scope,
 Not mourn as those who have no hope.

1813.

A PARTING DIRGE.

IN joyous Love's delicious spring,
 I said, ' I will of sorrow sing ;'
 For hearts too happy seek relief
 From joy itself in fancied grief.
 Alas ! was there a Demon near,
 That listened with malignant ear,
 That looked on us with evil eye,
 And laughed at coming misery ?
 Ah ! little wist I that my song
 Should be our parting dirge ere long ;
 And all thy lover's minstrel art
 The murmurs of a breaking heart !

So fondly loved—so sweetly won—
 And art Thou then for ever gone !
 And what on earth remains behind
 To cheer the darkening waste of mind ?
 What wish can Wealth or Glory wake,
 Though once I prized them for thy sake ?
 Is there no balm by Friendship lent
 To heal the hearts which fate hath rent ?
 Can Fancy's power no spell combine
 To hide that parting look of thine ?

Ay, other feelings may control
The inward current of the soul ;
Passion in apathy may die,
This lonely breast forget to sigh,
And changes o'er my spirit pass—
But ne'er the *heart* be what it was,
Ere the fell fingers of Despair
Had writ their cruel legend there !

And yet, had I again to choose,
I scarce could wish this lot to lose ;
Love, even though joy and hope are past,
Retains enchantment to the last :
But wherefore glows his living spark
With rapture's light to set so dark !

I heard the tempest's rising wrath—
But Thou wert *then* to light my path ;
And what from Fortune could I fear,
While hope was kind and Thou wert near ?
While round us breathed Elysium's bloom,
How could I heed the gathering gloom ?
Sweet dwelt on mine thy melting eyes,
Love's golden torch illumed the skies,
And, dazzled by the enchanting ray,
I thought the storm had passed away :
Alas ! 'twas like the rainbow's beam,
Quenched in the lightning's lurid gleam !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.



OF thee to think—with thee to rove,
 In fancy, through the gentle bowers
 That witnessed once our vows of love,
 In joyous youth's enchanted hours :

To picture manhood's ardent toils
 By love's endearing looks repaid ;
 While fancy culled her fairest spoils
 To deck thy home's domestic shade :

To think how sweetly thy control
 Had soothed the wound that aches unseen ;
 While griefs that waste the secret soul
 Had passed—perhaps had never been !

To dream of hours for ever past,
 And all that ne'er again can be—
 My best beloved ; is this the last,
 The only solace left to me ?

It must not be—I may not trust
 My fancy with the fond review—
 Go, perish in the silent dust,
 Ye dreams, that bright with transport grew !

Ay ! vain regrets shall soon be o'er,
 And sterner cares the tumult quell :
 And this lone bosom throb no more
 With love and grief's alternate swell.

Silent and sad, I go to meet
 What life may bring of woe or bliss ;
No other hope can be so sweet,
 No parting e'er so sad as this !

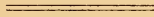
Ambition's strife,—without an aim,—
 No longer can allure me now—
I only sought the wreaths of fame
 To bind them round thy gentle brow !

EPHEMERIDES.

PART II.



SONGS AND SONNETS.



SONGS.

I.

LOVE AND SOLITUDE.

AIR—“ *Oh tell me the way how to woo.*”

I LOVE the free ridge of the mountain
 When Dawn lifts her fresh dewy eye ;
 I love the old ash by the fountain
 When Noon's summer fervours are high :
 And dearly I love when the grey-mantled gloaming
 A down the dim valley glides slowly along,
 And finds me afar by the pine-forest roaming,
 A-list'ning the close of the grey-linnet's song.

When the moon from her fleecy cloud scatters
 Over ocean her silvery light,
 And the whisper of woodlands and waters
 Comes soft through the silence of night,
 I love by the ruined tower lonely to linger,
 A-dreaming to fancy's wild witchery given,
 And hear, as if swept by some seraph's pure finger,
 The harp of the winds breathing accents of heaven !

Yet still, mid sweet fancies o'erflowing,
 Oft bursts from my lone breast the sigh—
 I yearn for the sympathies glowing
 When hearts to each other reply !
 Come, Friend of my bosom ! with kindred devotion
 To worship with me by wild mountain and grove ;
 Oh, come, my Eliza ! with dearer emotion—
 With rapture to hallow the chaste home of love !

 II.

MAID OF MY HEART, A LONG FAREWELL.

AIR—" *Logan Water.*"

MAID of my heart—a long farewell !
 The bark is launched, the billows swell,
 And the vernal gales are blowing free
 To bear me far from love and thee !

I hate Ambition's haughty name,
 And the heartless pride of Wealth and Fame ;
 Yet now I haste through ocean's roar
 To woo them on a distant shore.

Can pain or peril bring relief
 To him who bears a darker grief ?
 Can absence calm this feverish thrill ?
 —Ah, no !—for thou wilt haunt me still !

Thy artless grace, thy open truth,
 Thy form that breathed of love and youth,
 Thy voice by Nature framed to suit
 The tone of Love's enchanted lute !

Thy dimpling cheek and deep blue eye,
 Where tender thought and feeling lie !
 Thine eye-lid like an evening cloud
 That comes the star of love to shroud !

Each witchery of soul and sense,
 Enshrined in angel innocence,
 Combined to frame the fatal spell --
 That blest and broke my heart !--Farewell !

 III.

I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL.

AIR--“ *Farewell, ye fading flowers !* ”

I'LL bid my heart be still,
 And check each struggling sigh ;
 And there's none e'er shall know
 My soul's cherish'd woe,
 When the first tears of sorrow are dry.

They bid me cease to weep--
 For glory gilds his name ;
 But the deeper I mourn,
 Since he ne'er can return
 To enjoy the bright noon of his fame !

While minstrels wake the lay
 For peace and freedom won,
 Like my lost lover's knell
 The tones seem to swell,
 And I hear but his death-dirge alone !

My cheek has lost its hue,
 My eye grows faint and dim ;
 But 'tis sweeter to fade
 In grief's gloomy shade,
 Than to bloom for another than him !

IV.

O THE EWE-BUGHTING'S BONNY*.

AIR—*“The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.”*

O THE ewe-bughting's bonny, both e'ening and morn,
 When our blithe shepherds play on the bog-reed and horn ;
 While we're milking they're liting sae jocund and clear ;
 But my heart's like to break when I think o' my dear
 O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
 To raise up their flocks i' the fresh simmer morn :
 On the steep ferny banks they feed pleasant and free—
 But alas ! my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee !

O the sheep-herding's lightsome among the green braes
 Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-blossomed slaes,
 Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent the saft gale
 And the cushat croods leesomely down in the dale.
 There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae the thorn,
 And blithe lilt the laverok aboon the green corn,
 And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime—
 But my heart's wi' my love in the far foreign clime !

* The first verse of this song is old. It was transcribed by the editor, from a fragment in the handwriting of the celebrated Lady Grisel Baillie, inclosed in a letter written from Scotland to her brother Patrick, who was at that time an exile in Holland along with her father (afterwards Earl of Marchmont) and her future husband, Baillie of Jerviswood. The style is not unlike that of her own sweet song—*“O were na my heart light I wad dee.”* The other four verses are an attempt to complete the simple ditty in the same pastoral strain.—T. P.

O the hay-making 's pleasant, in bright sunny June—
 The hay-time is cheery when hearts are in tune—
 But while others are joking and laughing sae free,
 There 's a pang at my heart and a tear i' my ee.
 At e'en i' the gloaming, adown by the burn,
 Fu' dowie and wae, aft I daunder and mourn ;
 Amang the lang broom I sit greeting alane,
 And sigh for my dear and the days that are gane.

O the days o' our youthheid were heartsome and gay,
 When we herded thegither by sweet Gaitshaw brae,
 When we plaited the rushes and pu'd the witch-bells
 By the Cayle's ferny howms and on Hounam's green fells.
 But young Sandy bood gang to the wars wi' the laird,
 To win honour and gowd—(gif his life it be spared !)
 Ah ! little care I for walth, favour, or fame,
 Gin I had my dear shepherd but safely at hame !

Then, round our wee cot though gruff winter sould roar,
 And poortith glowr in like a wolf at the door ;
 Though our toom purse had barely twa boddles to clink,
 And a barley-meal scone were the best on our bink ;
 Yet, he wi' his hirsell, and I wi' my wheel,
 Through the howe o' the year we wad fend unco weel ;
 Till the lintwhite, and laverok, and lambs bleating fain,
 Brought back the blithe time o' ewe-bughting again.

V.

MARY OF GLEN-FYNE.

GAELIC AIR—" *O mo Mhairi Luogh.*"

Oh, my lovely Mary! Mary of Glen-Fyne!
Oh, my gentle Mary! Mary, thou art mine!
Oh, enchanting maiden! thou dost far outshine
All who wear the plaiden in this glen of thine!

By Loch-Moraig's wild wood young affection grew,
 Ere our simple childhood love's sweet language knew:
 Kindness still grew stronger, till its depth was more
 Than was known to lovers in this world before!

Oh, my lovely Mary! &c.

Cushats, fondly cooing, taught me how to woo;
 The soft art of suing woodlarks taught me too;
 And the laverok, thrilling in the sky above,
 Told the tender accents of impassioned love!

Oh, my lovely Mary! &c.

I am but the herdsman of Loch-Moraig's flock;
 She, my mountain rosebud, boasts no gentle stock;
 But for rank or riches I shall ne'er repine
 While that priceless jewel, Mary's heart, is mine!

Oh, my lovely Mary! &c.

VI.

COME AWA, COME AWA!

Air—" *Haud awa frae me, Donald.*"

Come awa, come awa,
 An' o'er the march wi' me, lassie :
 Leave your Southron wooers a',
 My winsome bride to be, lassie.
 Lands nor gear I proffer you,
 Nor gauds to busk ye fine, lassie,
 But I've a heart that's leal an' true,
 And a' that heart is thine, lassie.

Come awa, come awa,
 An' see the kindly North, lassie,
 Out o'er the peaks o' Lammerlaw,
 An' by the links o' Forth, lassie ;
 And when we tread the heather bell
 Aboon Demayat lea, lassie,
 You'll view the land o' flood and fell—
 The noble North Countrie, lassie !

Come awa, come awa,
 An' leave your Southland hame, lassie ;
 The kirk is near, the ring is here—
 An' I'm your Donald Græme, lassie,
 Rock and reel and spinning wheel,
 And English cottage trig, lassie,
 Haste, leave them a', wi' me to speel
 The braes 'yont Stirling brig, lassie.

Come awa, come awa,
 I ken your heart is mine, lassie,
 And true luvè sall make up for a'
 For whilk ye might repine, lassie.
 Your father—he has gien consent,
 Your step-dame looks na kind, lassie—
 Oh, that our foot were on the bent,
 An' the Lowlands far behind, lassie !

Come awa, come awa !
 Ye'll ne'er hae cause to rue, lassie ;
 My cot blinks blithe beneath the shaw,
 My bonny Avondhu, lassie :
 There's birk and slae on ilka brae,
 And brakens waving fair, lassie ;
 And gleaming lochs and mountains grey—
 Can aught wi' them compare, lassie !
 Come awa, come awa, &c.

 VII.

THE HIGHLANDS !

AIR—“ *My heart's in the Highlands.* ”

THE Highlands ! the Highlands !—O gin I were there ;
 Tho' the mountains an' moorlands be rugged an' bare,
 Tho' bleak be the clime, an' but scanty the fare,
 My heart's in the Highlands—O gin I were there !

The Highlands ! the Highlands !—My full bosom swells
 When I think o' the streams gushing wild through the dells,
 And the hills towering proudly, the lochs gleaming fair !
 My heart's in the Highlands !—O gin I were there !

The Highlands ! the Highlands !—Far up the grey glen
 Stands a cozy wee cot, wi' a *but* and a *ben*,
 An' a deas at the door, wi' my auld mother there,
 Crooning—“ Haste ye baek, Donald, an' leave us nae mair !”
 The Highlands ! the Highlands ! &c.

VIII.

THE DARK-HAIRED MAID.

GAELIC AIR—“ *Mo Nighean dhu.*”

*O SWEET is she who thinks on me,
 Behind yon dusky mountain ;
 In greenwood bower, at gloaming hour,
 We'll meet by Morag's Fountain.*

My hounds are on the hills of deer—
 My heart is in the valley,
 Where dark-hair'd Mary roams to hear
 The woodlarks singing gaily.
O sweet is she, &c.

My hawks around the forest fly,
 And wonder that I tarry,
 While lone on thymy banks I lie
 And dream of dark-haired Mary !
O sweet is she, &c.

Her step so light—her eye so bright—
 Her smile so sweet and tender—
 Her voice like music heard by night
 As o'er the wilds I wander !
O sweet is she, &c.

Her neck which silken ringlets shroud—
 Her bosom's soft commotion—
 Like sea-mew hovering in the cloud,
 Or heaving on the ocean!
O sweet is she, &c.

Her heart as gay as fawn at play,
 Among the braes of braiken—
 Yet mildly dear as melting tear
 That minstrel tales awaken!
O sweet is she, &c.

And she is mine—the dark-haired Maid!
 My bright, my beauteous Mary!—
 The flower of Ardyn's lowly glade,
 Shall bloom in high Glengary!
O sweet is she, &c.

 IX.

OH! NOT WHEN HOPES ARE BRIGHTEST.

AIR—"The Rose Tree."

OH! not when hopes are brightest
 Is all love's sweet enchantment known;
 Oh! not when hearts are lightest,
 Is all fond woman's fervour shown:
 But when life's clouds o'ertake us,
 And the cold world is clothed in gloom;
 When summer friends forsake us,
 The rose of love is best in bloom.

Love is no wandering vapour,
 That lures astray with treacherous spark ;
 Love is no transient taper,
 That lives an hour and leaves us dark :
 But, like the lamp that lightens
 The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
 The bosom's home it brightens
 When all beside is chill below.

X.

PLEASANT TEVIOTDALE.

AIR—" *Jock o' Hazeldean.*"

Her light touch wakes the tuneful keys,
 She sings some simple lay,
 That tells of scenes beyond the seas,
 In Scotland far away,—
 By " *Etrick banks,*" or " *Cowden knowes,*"
 Or " *The briery braes o' Cayle,*"
 Or " *Maxwell's bonny haughs and howes,*"
 In pleasant Teviotdale.

O GENTLE wind ('tis thus she sings)
 That blowest to the west,
 Oh could'st thou waft me on thy wings
 To the land that I love best,
 How swiftly o'er the ocean foam
 Like a sea-bird I would sail,
 And lead my loved one blithely home
 To pleasant Teviotdale !

From spicy groves of Malabar
 Thou greet'st me, fragrant breeze,
 What time the bright-eyed evening star
 Gleams o'er the orange trees ;

Thou com'st to whisper of the rose
 And love-sick nightingale—
 But my heart is where the hawthorn grows,
 In pleasant Teviotdale.

O that I were by Teviot side,
 As when in Springwood bowers
 I bounded, in my virgin pride,
 Like fawn among the flowers ;
 When the beauty of the budding trees,
 And the cuckoo's vernal tale,
 Awoke the young heart's ecstacies,
 In pleasant Teviotdale.

O that I were where blue-bells grow
 On Roxburgh's ferny lea,
 Where gowans glent and crow-flowers blow
 Beneath the Trysting Tree ;
 Where blooms the birk upon the hill,
 And the wild-rose down the vale,
 And the primrose peeps by every rill,
 In pleasant Teviotdale.

O that I were where Cheviot-fells
 Rise o'er the uplands grey,
 Where moors are bright with heather-bells,
 And broom waves o'er each brae ;
 Where larks are singing in the sky,
 And milkmaids o'er the pail,
 And shepherd swains pipe merrily,
 In pleasant Teviotdale.

O listen to my lay, kind love—
 Say, when shall we return
 Again to rove by Maxwell grove,
 And the links of Wooden-burn ?

Nay, plight thy vow unto me now,
 Or my sinking heart will fail—
 When I gaze upon thy pallid brow,
 Far, far from Teviotdale !

Oh haste aboard ! the favouring wind
 Blows briskly from the shore.
 Leave India's dear-bought dross behind
 To such as prize it more :
 Ah ! what can India's lacs of gold
 To withered hearts avail ?
 Then haste thee, love, ere hope wax cold,
 And hie to Teviotdale !

 XI.

DEAREST LOVE ! BELIEVE ME.

GÆLIC AIR—" *O mo Mhairi luogh.*"

DEAREST love ! believe me,
 Though all else depart,
 Nought shall e'er deceive thee
 In this faithful heart :
 Beauty may be blighted,
 Youth must pass away,
 But the vows we plighted
 Ne'er shall know decay.

Tempests may assail us
 From affliction's coast,
 Fortune's breeze may fail us
 When we need it most ;

Fairest hopes may perish,
Firmest friends may change ;
But the love we cherish
Nothing shall estrange.

Dreams of fame and grandeur
End in bitter tears ;
Love grows only fonder
With the lapse of years :
Time, and change, and trouble,
Weaker ties unbind,
But the bands redouble
True affection twined.

SONNETS.

—●—

In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is; and hence to me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground :
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find short solace there, as I have found.

WORDSWORTH.

I.

TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

THEY called us brother bards : The same blue streams
 Witnessed our youthful sports : our tears have sprung
 Together, when those ancient tales were sung
 That tinged our fancy's first and sweetest dreams—
 Two simple boys bewitched with magic themes !
 And still as riper years and judgment came,
 On mutual couch we planned our mutual schemes,
 Our tastes, our friendships, and our joys the same.
 But not the same our task : Thy venturous lyre,
 Which with the tide of genius swells or falls,
 Shall charm tumultuous camps and courtly halls,
 And rouse the warrior's arm and patriot's ire—
 While I shall chant my simple madrigals
 To smiling circles round the cottage fire.

II.

TO THE RIVER EARN.

THOU mountain Stream, whose early torrent course
 Hath many a drear and distant region seen,
 Windest thy downward way with slackened force,
 As with the journey thou hadst wearied been ;
 And, all enamoured of these margins green,
 Delight'st to wander with a sportive tide ;
 Seeming with refluent current still to glide
 Around the hazel banks that o'er thee lean.
 Like thee, wild Stream ! my wearied soul would roam
 (Forgetful of life's dark and troublous hour)
 Through scenes where Fancy frames her fairy bower,
 And Love, enchanted, builds his cottage-home :
 But time and tide wait not—and I, like thee,
 Must go where tempests rage, and wrecks bestrew the sea !

1812.

III.

OF LOVE AND LOVE'S DELIGHT.

OF love and love's delight no more I sing ;
 Nor praise Eliza's soft bewitching eye,
 And sunny locks descending gracefully
 O'er that fair bosom, like an angel's wing
 Floating in light. Alas ! the joyous string,
 That breathed responsive to love's blissful sigh,
 Ill suits the heart where hope and fancy die,
 Like flowers untimely blighted in their spring.
 Yet doth the memory of those gentle days
 In its fixed sadness soothe my darkened mind,
 And tempt oft-times to meditate the lays
 In hours of happiness for her designed,
 Whose lovely image, neither fates unkind,
 Nor time, nor absence, from my breast can raze.

IV.

LONG YEARS OF SORROW.

LONG years of sorrow and slow-wasting care
 Have stol'n from thy soft cheek its vermeil hue ;
 And somewhat changed the glossy locks that threw
 Their shadowy beauty round thy temples fair ;
 And lent to those sweet eyes a sadder air,
 That, from their long dark fringes laughing, blue,
 Once looked like violets fresh-bathed in dew,
 And seemed as they might even enchant despair !
 Sickness and grief have touched thee ; yet so mildly,
 That though some graces of thy youth are gone,
 The loveliness that witched my heart so wildly
 In life's romantic spring—is still thine own :
 And those meek pensive eyes, in their revealings,
 Speak now of higher thoughts and deeper feelings.

V.

THE EMBLEM.

SEEST thou, belovèd ! yonder cheerless Oak
 Above the river's torrent-course reclined,
 Where the fair ivy tenderly hath twined
 Its arms around each bough the storm had broke,—
 Hiding the ravage of the thunder stroke,
 And shielding its young blossoms from the wind ?
 Vain care !—for, by the current undermined,
 Beneath already nods th' unstable rock.
 Alas ! it is the emblem of our fate ;
 For oh ! I feel thee twined around my soul,
 Like yon green ivy o'er the wounded tree :
 And thou must leave me, ere it be too late—
 While I, in evil fortune's harsh controul,
 Drift down the stream of dark adversity.

VI.

TO LORD LYNEDOCH,

On his return to Spain, March 1813.

WARRIOR—thou seek'st again the battle-field
 Where freedom hails afar thy soul of flame ;
 And fall'n Iberia kindles at thy name,
 As 'neath the shade of England's guardian shield,
 She girds her armour on, and strives to wield
 Her long-forgotten lance. Yes, there thy fame
 Shall in the hymn of kindred hosts be sung
 Round Spain's romantic shores, when she hath thrust
 The Spoiler from her homes, and proudly hung
 Her falchion on the wall—no more to rust !
 Bright gleams that vengeful blade, as when of yore
 It smote the Crescent on the Moslem's brow :
 Warrior ! she hails in thee her Cid once more,
 To conquer in a fiercer conflict now !

VII.

TO A FEMALE RELATIVE.

LADY, when I behold thy thoughtful eye
 Dwelling benignantly upon thy Child,
 Or hear thee, in maternal accents mild,
 Speak of Departed Friends so tenderly—
 It seems to me as years now long gone by
 Were come again, with early visions fraught,
 And hopes sublime, and heavenly musings, caught
 From those kind eyes that watch'd my infancy!
 Friend of my Mother ! often in my heart
 Thy kindred image shall with hers arise,
 The throb of holier feeling to impart !
 And aye that gentle Maid, whom sweetest ties
 Of human care around thy soul entwine,
 Shall with a brother's love be bound to mine.

1813.

VIII.

TO AFFLICTION.

(Written during a dangerous illness.)

O THOU ! with wakening step and withering eye,
 And chalice drugg'd with wormwood to the brim,
 Who com'st to probe the nerve and rack the limb,
 And wring from bruised hearts the bursting sigh,—
 From thee in vain affrighted mortals fly !
 Thou breath'st upon them, and their senses swim
 In giddy horror—while thy comrades grim,
 Anguish and Dread, their snaky scourges ply.
 Affliction ! though I fear and hate thy hand,
 And fain would shun the bitter cup thou bear'st,
 Physician harsh ! thy merits too I own ;
 For thou dispell'st illusions that withstand
 Milder coercion,—and the roots uptear'st
 Of cancerous ills that have the heart o'ergrown.

IX.

ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND GOING ABROAD.

O, I could wish, in that light bark with thee,
 Now while the stormy night-wind rages loud,
 And the dim moon gleams through the dusky cloud,
 To travel o'er the wild and trackless sea !
 What joy, before the strong gale drifting free,
 To feel the soul (long cumber'd 'mid the crowd
 Of earthward-pressing cares) emerging proud,
 To picture bliss and glory yet to be !
 —And yet, with lingering gaze upon that shore,
 To weep for all the friendly hearts we leave—
 And leave even those we love not with a sigh—
 As parting spirits look to earth once more
 With human love —exulting while they grieve—
 From the dim Ocean of Eternity !

X.

TO THE POET CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL ! I much have loved thy fervid strain,
 Fraught with high thought, and generous feeling pure ;
 Rousing young hearts to dare, and to endure
 All things for Truth and Freedom ; to disdain
 Ambition's vulgar trophies—the vile train
 Of sordid baits that servile souls allure ;
 Intent a nobler guerdon to secure,
 And live like those who have not lived in vain.
 Ah ! wherefore silent that inspiring shell,
 Round which our souls with young entrancement hung ?
 The thrilling chords thy touch can wake so well
 To patriot strains—why slumber they unstrung ?
 What, though thou hast achieved a deathless name ?
 God and mankind have yet a holier claim !

1819.

XI.

POETS ARE NATURE'S PRIESTS.

POETS are Nature's Priests : their hallow'd eyes
 Behold her Mercy-Seat within the Veil ;
 From their melodious lips the nations hail
 Her oracles, and learn her mysteries.
 With pure and pious hearts, then let them prize
 Their consecration : Shall they hold for sale
 The gift of Heaven ? and tempt mankind to rail
 At glorious powers—profaned for lusts or lies !
 Thus Phineas and Hophni dared profane
 God's altar—till their father's house was cursed,
 And they destroy'd ; and even the Ark was ta'en
 From the lewd nation that such vileness nursed.
 Men highly privileged are prone to ill :
 Yet Israel then had SAMUEL—we have WORDSWORTH still.

1820.

EPHEMERIDES.

PART III.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE SPAEWIFE.

WHERE Grubet's ancient copsewood skirts the vale,
 Fringing the thymy braes of pastoral Cayle,
 Near to the spot where oft, in other times,
 Our gentle Thomson tuned his youthful rhymes,
 (Deserted now, for good Sir William's race
 Are 'wed away' and 'gathered to their place;')
 Beyond the hamlet, 'neath an aged tree,
 Crooning some scrap of ballad minstrelsy,
 Sits the old crone—prepared with cunning tale
 To cozen simple damsels of the dale,
 Whose smiles but half conceal the fluttering qualm
 With which they yield in turn the anxious palm;
 While o'er the pale, sly Sandy of the Mill
 Lends in a hint to help the gipsy's skill.

Old Madge the Spaewife, though now worn and frail,
 Can travel still her rounds from Jed to Cayle;
 With panniered donkey trudging o'er the moors
 To bear her almous-bag for winter stores;
 While frugal housewives, scolding as they give
 The wonted handful, add—'Poor Madge maun live;'

And maidens, though demure, are willing still
 To purchase sixpence-worth of gipsy skill,
 Even at the hazard of a stern rebuke,
 Should such colleaguings meet some elder's look.
 —Thus Madge contrives to 'make a fend.' But time
 Has sadly changed her since her stalwart prime,
 When straight and tall, with locks like raven's wing,
 She roamed, the jocund mate of gipsy king ;
 Now bent and palsied, cowering in her cloak,
 While 'neath the hood steals out the silvery lock.
 We scarce can recognise the form and mien
 Of her who once was 'every inch a queen.'
 Yet still she tells, as from the chimney nook
 She awes the rustics with a sibyl's look,
 How, in the blithe and boisterous days of old,
 Ere clanship's links were broke or blood grew cold,
 A hundred kinsmen drank her bridal ale
 To whom both Tweed and Tyne had paid black-mail ;
 And how her friends, from Humber to the Tay,
 Sped at her call to lykewake or to fray.
 " But times are changed," she adds ; " Och ! weel I trow,
 Kin are grown fremit—blood's but water now ! "

Poor Madge !—And yet, perchance in other guise,
 Our own regrets are not a whit more wise.
 Comparing the dull present with the past,
 The afternoon of life seems overcast :
 Not that the sun his brightness has withdrawn,
 But *we* have lost the freshness of our dawn.

Ay ! while I dally with this idle strain,
 Blithe schoolboy days come back to me again ;
 Th' adventurous rambles high o'er Hounam fells ;
 The feast of blaeberries by Wearie's Wells ;

The harrying of hawk-nests on Græmeslaw rock ;
 The hunts in Clifton woods of tod or brock ;
 Long quiet days of lonely angling sport ;
 Long hours by mirthful converse rendered short,—
 When by the Manse, beside the cherry trees,
 We tilled our little plots 'mong flowers and bees,
 With hearts like that fair garden in the spring
 When buds unfold and birds break forth to sing ;
 And he, the good old pastor, smiling nigh,
 And lifting aye, at times, our thoughts on high—
 “ How happily the years of Thalaba went by ! ”

But where's our Spaewife ?—With her tawny brood,
 I see her sitting 'neath old Gaitshaw wood ;
 Her asses grazing down the broomy dale,
 And Faa, her husband, angling in the Cayle.

'Tis thirty years since, near that very spot,
 Just where the stream sweeps round old Elshie's cot,
 Madge stopped me at the ford to spae my lot ;—
 And, poring o'er my palm with earnest look,
 Said that my name should be in printed book ;
 For I (a scape-grace, then some nine years old)
 Should travel to far lands, and gather gold ;
 Should be a scholar—wed a “ gentle bride ”—
 And build a castle on fair Teviot's side :
 —“ And this shall sooth betide,” quoth black-browed Madge,
 “ Ere nine times thrice the haw grows on the hedge ! ”

My Sibyl's *spae-weird*, like Pelides' prayer,
 Was half fulfilled, half lost in empty air :
 I grew a scholar—*such* as Madge foretold ;
 Became a traveller—but caught no gold ;
 Was wedded—but (thank Heaven !) with happier fate
 Than to be matched with a patrician mate,

Though here my fortune, faithful to the letter,
 Failing the gipsy's meaning, found a better.
 —But, castle-building!—that has been my joy,
 In all my wanderings ever since a boy;
 Not in the Greek or Gothic style restored,
 Or on Sir Walter's plan at Abbotsford,—
 But, scorning line and plummet, rule and square,
 I build ('tis most convenient) in the air!

1829.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

THIS fair Volume to our eye
 Human life may typify.
 View the new-born infant's face
 Ere yet Mind hath stamped its trace,
 Or the young brain begun to think—
 'Tis like this book ere touched by ink.
 Look again: As time flows by
 Expression kindles in the eye,
 And dawning Intellect appears
 Gleaming through its smiles and tears;
 Lightening up the living clay,
 Year by year, and day by day;
 While the Passions, as they change,
 Write inscriptions deep and strange,
 Telling to observant eyes
 Life's eventful histories.

Lady, even so thy book
 By degrees shall change its look,

As each following leaf is fraught
With some penned or pictured thought,
Or admits the treasured claims
Of endeared and honoured names ;
While gleams of genius and of grace,
Like fine expression in a face,
Lend even to what is dark or dull
Some bright tinge of the beautiful.

Farther still in graver mood
Trace we the similitude ?
Apter yet the emblem grows
As we trace it to a close.
Life, with all its freaks and follies,
Mummeries and melancholies,
Fond conceits, ill-sorted matches,
Is—a book of shreds and patches ;
Stained, perchance, with many a blot,
And passages were well forgot,
And vain repinings for the past :
While Time, who turns the leaves so fast,
(The hour-glass in his other hand
With its ever-oozing sand,)
Presents full soon the final page
To the failing eye of Age,
Scribbled closely to the ending—
And, if marred, past hope of mending.

A POET'S FAVOURITE.

—♦—
 ON she is guileless as the birds
 That sing beside the summer brooks !
 With music in her gentle words,
 With magic in her winsome looks.

With beauty by all eyes confessed,
 With grace beyond the reach of art ;
 And, better still than all the rest,
 With perfect singleness of heart.

With kindness like a noiseless spring
 That faileth ne'er in heat or cold ;
 With fancy like the wild-dove's wing,
 As innocent as it is bold.

With sympathies that have their birth
 Where woman's best affections lie ;
 With hopes that hover o'er the earth,
 But fix their resting-place on high.

And if, with all that thus exalts
 A soul by sweet thoughts sanctified,
 This dear one has her human faults,
 They ever 'lean to Virtue's side.'

ON A VIEW OF SPOLETO.

A SCENE such as we picture in our dreams :
 Grey castled rocks, green woods, and glittering streams ;
 Mountains in massive grandeur towering high ;
 Spires gleaming in the soft Ausonian sky ;
 Groves, gardens, villas, in their rich array ;
 Majestic ruins, glorious in decay ;
 Marvels by Art and Nature jointly wrought—
 And every stone instinct with teeming thought :
 Such look'st thou, fair Spoleto !—And the Art
 That through the eye speaks volumes to the heart,
 Lifting the veil that envious distance drew,
 Reveals thee, bathed in beauty, to our view ;
 Each feature so distinct—so freshly fair,
 We almost seem to scent thy mountain air—
 Breathing upon us from yon clump of pines,
 Where the blithe goatherd 'mid his flock reclines.

How rich the landscape !—opening, as we look,
 To many a sacred fane and sylvan nook ;
 While through the vale, by antique arches spanned,
 The river, like some stream of Fairyland,
 Pours its bright waters,—with deep solemn sound,
 As if rehearsing to the rocks around
 The tale of other times. Methinks I hear
 Its dream-like murmur melting on the ear,—
 Telling of mighty chiefs whose deeds sublime
 Loom out gigantic o'er the gulfs of Time ;
 Of the stern African whose conquering powers
 Recoiled abashed from these heroic towers ;

Of him who, when Rome's glorious days were gone,
 Built yon grim pile to prop his Gothic throne ;
 Of Belisarius, Narses——But 'twere vain
 To weave such names into this idle strain ;
 These mouldering mounds their towering aims proclaim,
 —The historic Muse hath given their acts to fame.

Spoletto ! midst thy hills and storied piles,
 Thy classic haunts and legendary aisles,
 'Twere sweet, methinks, ere life hath passed away,
 To spend one long, reflective summer's day ;
 Beneath those quiet shades my limbs to cast,
 And muse o'er all that links thee to the past ;
 To linger on, through twilight's wizard hour,
 Till the wan moon gleamed high o'er rock and tower,
 And, with her necromantic lustre strange,
 Lit up the landscape with a solemn change—
 Gilding its grandeur into sad relief,
 Like a pale widow stately in her grief.

So rose this scene on ROGERS' classic eye—
 And thus, embalmed in words that ne'er could die,
 Its touching image had remained enshrined,
 Had *he* to verse transferred it from his mind.
 Far other fate awaits this rustic lay,
 Framed for the passing purpose of a day :
 Enough for me if he its tone commend
 Whom 'tis a pride and grace to call my Friend.

VERSES,

ON THE RESTORATION OF DESPOTISM IN SPAIN, IN 1823.

'Tis the old tale ! perfidious wars,
 And forts and fields for tyrants gain'd ;
 And kings, and emperors, and czars,
 Collegued to hold mankind enchain'd.

'Tis the old tale !—an abject race,
 To wisdom, virtue, mercy blind,
 Resumes the jealous despot's place,
 Triumphant o'er man's soaring mind.

And Freedom's hopes again are crush'd,
 All soil'd the flag she late unfur'd,
 Her song upon the mountains hush'd,—
 While sullen gloom pervades the world.

And, one by one, each glorious light
 Is quench'd at foul Oppression's nod,
 Whose LEAGUE unhallow'd courts the night,
 To clinch the chain and ply the rod.

Thus sink the stars in sickening gloom,
 And poisonous fogs the heavens infold,
 When fiends and ghouls forsake the tomb,
 Their hellish sacrament to hold !

And now, as erst in elder days,
 The patriot earns a traitor's fame ;
 And MINA, like sad BRUTUS, says—
 “ Virtue is but an empty name ! ”

Alas, for Spain ! that fiercely fought,
 Nor vainly, 'gainst a nobler foe ;
 Now, by the BOURBON sold and bought,
 And shamed and sunk without a blow.

Degraded Spain ! a fitting fate
 Awaits her with her recreant chief ;
 Foul superstition, fraud, and hate,
 And mockery amidst her grief.

Alas, for craven Italy !
 That chants in Austria's iron cage
 Her soft voluptuous minstrelsy,
 To charm the brutal Vandal's rage.

And thou, betray'd, insulted Pole,
 And Saxon of the Elbe and Rhine,
 I see the iron pierce your soul,
 The tears commingling with your wine.

I hear deep curses mutter'd low,
 See fingers grasp the warrior's brand,
 To burst the bondman's chain—But, no !
 Ye have the heart without the hand.

But now my glance to England turns,
 Whose beacon light, 'midst ocean set
 Impregnable, for ever burns,
 To tell where Freedom lingers yet.

And to that guardian Isle, the eye
 Of fetter'd Europe fondly bends,
 Waiting for England's battle cry
 To rouse the earth's remotest ends.

And slumberest thou, my Native Land !
 While Slaves and Despots league around ?
 Ah ! where is CHATHAM's high command,
 To bid thy warning trumpet sound ?

And where is CHATHAM's mighty Son ?
 And he—the thunderbolt of war
 That shiver'd all he struck upon—
 The Chief of Nile and Trafalgar !

And where are FOX and SHERIDAN—
 Of Freedom's friends were they the last ?
 Remains there not a living man
 Still fit to sound that signal blast ?

Yes, hark !—it sounds !—I hear it now—
 And Britain rouses at the peal,
 And binds the helmet on her brow,
 And grasps once more the glittering steel

Her mighty voice is on the breeze—
 Her martial step is on the plain—
 Her flag's afloat upon the seas—
 To bid the world BE FREE again !

Uprise the nations at her call,—
 As once they started with a bound
 To hurl to earth the tyrant Gaul,
 Who fiercely trod them to the ground.

But not, as then, to stoop their necks
 Again beneath the despot's yoke ;
 And idly champ the curb—that checks
 The fretful spirit it has broke.

No ! Courts and Congresses must yield
 To Nations bursting from their chain—
 And, under Britain's guardian shield,
 Law, Freedom, Truth, begin their reign.

1823.

THE REFUGEES.

'Tis Summer—'neath the brilliant sky
 Of fair Castile or Italy.
 The sighing breeze just stirs the bower,
 Rich with the spoils of fruit and flower ;
 Above, the marble porch is gleaming ;
 Below, the sparkling fount is streaming :
 And circling woodlands stretch their shade
 O'er limpid stream and lawny glade.

It is a lovely spot ; and there
 Are happy hearts its joys to share :
 Yon group that o'er the lakelet's brim
 Watch where the swans in beauty swim ;
 And, there the sage released from toils,
 The warrior won from battle broils.
 The lady in her matron charms,
 The laughing girl with clasping arms

Around her brother's neck,—and she
Who dandles on her dancing knee
The infant crowing wild with glee.

A graceful group—a joyous scene !—
But turn we now from what *hath been*,
And follow far that gentle band
In exile from their native land,
'Midst wreck of those who dared proclaim
To trampled nations Freedom's name.

It was their crime to hope too high
Of their fall'n country's destiny :
And villany was prompt and strong,
And England held her hand too long,
Till, quenched once more in blood and shame,
Expired fair Freedom's rising flame ;
And now the remnant of her train
From Naples, Portugal, and Spain,
The high of heart, the fair, the young,
Like sea-weed by the waters flung,
Upon our British shores are lying—
For famine in our land are dying !

God of our fathers ! and shall we
The offspring of the brave and free —
Of men who freely poured their veins
To ransom us from servile chains —
Shall we in this their evil day
From these sad exiles turn away ?
From their despair our faces hide,
Besotted with our selfish pride,
And shut our sordid hearts and hands,
When man implores and God commands ?

Oh, no ! the thought I will not brook
 That gentle eyes, which here may look
 On pictured scene or poet's lay,
 Will turn in apathy away,
 While thus the stranger, at our gate,
 Sinks destitute and desolate !
 No ! though the train of pampered pride
 Pass by " upon the other side,"
 As did the Pharisee of old,
 Yet there are hearts of better mould
 High throbbing in Old England's breast—
 Ten thousand hearts that will not rest
 Till they have succoured the distressed—
 To whom even this brief hurried strain
 I know will not appeal in vain :
 And foremost of that generous band
 Are they, the ladies of our land,
 Whose bounty, like the dew of heaven,
 Though silently is freely given.

Enough—the blush—the starting tear
 Reveal the purpose nobly dear !
 And see ! the Exile's languid eyes
 Are lightened up in glad surprise,
 As, wakening from despair's wild trance,
 Kind faces meet his wildered glance.
 —Enough !—here let the curtain fall :
 Hearts that can feel will picture all—
 All that my verse may not unfold
 Of meeting minds of generous mould.

Sept. 1828.

SPANIARDS, YIELD NOT TO DESPAIR.

(WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.)

SPANIARDS, yield not to despair !
 Sink not, Portuguese, forlorn !
 Wintry nights are worst to bear
 Just before the break of morn.

Though down-trampled in the dust
 By the traitor's cruel heel,
 Freedom's cause ye hold in trust—
 Falter not for rack or wheel.
Spaniards, yield not to despair !

Hunted from your native strand
 By the Blood-hounds Hate and Fear,
 Sink not yet, high-hearted band,
 Retribution's hour is near.
Spaniards, yield not to despair !

Lo ! yon perjured caitiff slaves,
 While they clinch their country's chain,
 Tremble even amidst the graves
 Of the victims they have slain.
Spaniards, yield not to despair !

Let them tremble !—they have cause
 Loudest when they rant and boast ;
 Freedom on her march may pause,
 But her battle ne'er is lost.
Spaniards, yield not to despair !

Though the tyrant's bitter taunt
 Sting you like a viper foul,
 Though Despite and Famine gaunt
 Like hyænas round you howl—
Spaniards, yield not to despair !

Though your dearest blood may flow,
 On the scaffold or the plain,
 Though your bravest be laid low
 Ere their country rise again—
Spaniards, yield not to despair !

Ne'er in vain the patriot dies :
 Pours he not life's fountain free
 Servile millions to baptize
 Proselytes of LIBERTY !
Spaniards, yield not to despair !

1829.

 OUR NEIGHBOUR.

LUKE X. 29.

“ Who is my neighbour ? ”—SELFISHNESS replies,
 “ The man who best can aid your steps to rise ;
 The powerful—for whose favour all contend ;
 The wealthy—who may prove a useful friend ;
 The fashionable—whose notice is a grace ;
 In short, whoe'er is forward in the race
 Of worldly honour. Such as lag behind,
 The poor, th' oppressed, the wretched of mankind,—
 If you are *prudent*, from their presence fly—
 Leave them to PROVIDENCE, and pass them by.”

MEMENTO.

—◆—

MY Son, be this thy simple plan :
 Serve God, and love thy brother man ;
 Forget not in temptation's hour,
 That Sin lends Sorrow double power ;
 Count life a stage upon thy way,
 And follow Conscience, come what may :
 Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
 With hand, and brow, and bosom clear,
 ' Fear God—and know no other fear.'

 THE VALLEY OF HUMAN LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

—◆—

" O see ye not yon narrow road,
 So thick beset with thorns and briars ?
 That is the path of Righteousness,
 Though after it but few enquires.

" And see ye not that braid braid road,
 That lies across that lily leven ?
 That is the path of Wickedness,
 Though some call it the road to heaven."

Old Ballad.

METHOUGHT a valley wild and wide,
 With granite cliffs on either side
 Embattled, stretched from sea to sea :
 Old Ocean's voice came dreamily

From its dim openings east and west,
Where clouds and misty vapours rest :
And from beneath the eastern cloud
Of human kind a countless crowd,
Methought, were landing evermore,
Like seafowl flocking to the shore,
And up that vale incessant wending
In a train that had no ending.

Then, lifting up my eyes to view
The path this multitude pursue,
I straight beheld a giant mound
Stretching across the valley ground,
So high the eagle's wing would fail
Its sky-topt battlements to scale.
Soon by that rampart's frowning wall
I stood, and heard a herald's call ;
While, like the current of a river,
The human tide rolled on for ever.

Two passages received that tide ;
The one, a gateway large and wide,
Like a triumphal arch bestrode
The level highway, sweeping broad
Right through the rampart to the left :
The other, like some fissure cleft
By earthquake or volcanic fires,
All overgrown with thorns and briars,
Appeared so dismal, strange, and rude,
That of the countless multitude,
Methought, comparatively few
Sought there to find a passage through.

But by that rugged entrance stood
A herald, grave, yet mild of mood,

Proclaiming, in high solemn strain,
 That all who peace and rest would gain,
 Or 'scape the fierce Pursuer's wrath,
 Must enter by the Narrow Path.
 And, as he cried aloud, I saw
 That many heard the voice with awe,
 Hushed a brief space their boisterous din,
 And turned, as if to enter in
 By that rude portal ; till amain
 From the great gate some mirthful strain
 Lured back their giddy hearts again.

Then, looking to the left, a blaze
 Of dazzling lustre caught my gaze,
 Where by the gate a lady sate,
 In queenly guise, on throne of state :
 She wore a crown of gems and gold ;
 Her robe was loose, her looks were bold ;
 And round her a voluptuous train
 Of bacchanals and jugglers vain
 Were dancing to a Lydian measure :
 It was the court of WORLDLY PLEASURE.
 And thus unto the passing crowd
 The cunning Sorceress cried aloud :—

“ Heed not, my friends, the frantic call
 Of that old maniac, by the wall !
 The dismal chasm he calls a path
 (A relic of some earthquake's wrath)
 'Mong savage rocks and grottoes wending,
 Must end—if it has any ending—
 In some dark gulf or dreary bourne
 Whence living wight shall ne'er return !

Come hither ; this way bends the road,
 Well-paved and pleasant, smooth and broad,

Which none but madmen would forsake
 For yon wild track by cliff and brake.
 Come hither ; cast off foolish fear ;
 The Land of Pleasure lieth here.
 Look through the gate : behold the bowers
 Of citron, shedding fruits and flowers ;
 The groves of palm by limpid brooks ;
 The grottoes cool, the grassy nooks ;
 The banks where joyous groups recline,
 With music solaced and with wine.
 Come, enter freely the domain
 Where I, indulgent empress, reign :
 Each moment lost is wasted time,
 Till you have gained that luscious clime :
 Haste then, and every sense employ—
 For life was given you to enjoy.”

The Enchantress thus : and, with a shout
 Of high acclaim, the heedless rout
 Pressed through the portal's mighty jaws.
 Yet many made a doubtful pause,
 And some (too few, alas ! were they)
 Recoiled, and took the Narrow Way.
 The rest irresolutely stand,
 Gazing on the delicious land
 Within : yet blushing, as with shame,
 To look on that seductive dame,
 And those who danced around her throne
 With drunken gait and loosened zone :
 And oft, as if with sudden fright,
 They glanced with terror to the right,
 Whence rose the herald's warning cry—
 “ From the Betrayers hither fly !”

Then that Witch with smiling malice
 Quickly seized a golden chalice,

And its charmèd mixture threw,
Sprinkling all that hapless crew—
Those alike who hasten in
And those who halt, but fly not sin—
“ Thus,” she said, “ I make you mine
By a sure baptismal sign !”
Then, submissive to her call,
Through the huge gate hurried all.

Soon or slow the fiendish spell
Wrought on all on whom it fell :
While I gazed, a fearful change
Came o’er all with aspect strange :
By degrees the human face
Lost each intellectual trace,
And the features took the cast
Of the bestial kind at last.
Yet still within the eyes there dwelt
A look as if the wretches felt
A hateful consciousness of harm,
Produced by that prevailing charm,
Which gave man’s countenance divine
The expression of the wolf or swine.

* * * * *

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. DR. WAUGH.

WHOE'ER thou art whose eye may hither bend,
 If thou art human, here behold a friend.
 Art thou of Christ's disciples? He was one
 Like him whose bosom Jesus leant upon.
 Art thou a sinner burthened with thy grief?
 His life was spent proclaiming sin's relief.
 Art thou an unbeliever? He could feel
 Much for the patient whom he could not heal.
 Whate'er thy station, creed, condition be,
 This man of God has cared and prayed for thee.

Do riches, honours, pleasures, smile around?
 He would have shown thee where alone is found
 Their true enjoyment—on the Christian plan
 Of holiness to God and love to man.
 Are poverty, disease, disgrace, despair,
 The ills, the anguish to which flesh is heir,
 Thy household inmates?—Yea, even such as thee
 He hailed as brothers of humanity;
 And gave his hand and heart, and toiled and pled,
 Till nakedness was clothed and hunger fed;
 Till pain was soothed, and even the fiend Despair
 Confessed a stronger arm than his was there.

And ye far habitants of heathen lands,
 For you he raised his voice and stretched his hands;
 And taught new-wakened sympathy to start
 With generous throb through many a British heart;

Till wide o'er farthest oceans waved the sail
 That bade in Jesus' name the nations hail.
 And Afric's wastes and wildered Hindostan
 Heard the glad tidings of GOOD WILL TO MAN.

Such was his public ministry. And they
 Through life who loved him till his latest day,
 Of many a noble, gentle trait can tell,
 That, as a man, friend, father, marked him well :
 The frank simplicity ; the cordial flow
 Of kind affection ; the enthusiast glow
 That love of Nature or his Native Land
 Would kindle in those eyes so bright and bland ;
 The unstudied eloquence that from his tongue
 Fell like the fresh dews by the breezes flung
 From fragrant woodlands ; the benignant look
 That like a rainbow beamed through his rebuke—
 Rebuke more gentle than a despot's frown,
 For sorrow more than anger called it down ;
 The winning warmth and indliness of speech,
 With which he wont the little ones to teach,
 As round his chair like clustering doves they clung—
 For, like his Master, much he loved the young.

These, and unnumbered traits like these, my verse
 Could fondly dwell upon : but o'er his hearse
 A passing wreath I may but stop to cast,
 Of love and grateful reverence the last
 Poor earthly token. Weeping mourners here
 Perchance may count such frail memorial dear,
 Though vain and valueless it be to him
 Who tunes his golden harp amidst the seraphim !

A HYMN.

WHEN morn awakes our hearts,
 To pour the matin prayer ;
 When toil-worn day departs,
 And gives a pause to care ;
 When those our souls love best
 Kneel with us, in thy fear,
 To ask thy peace and rest—
 Oh God our Father, hear !

When worldly snares without,
 And evil thoughts within,
 Stir up some impious doubt,
 Or lure us back to sin ;
 When human strength proves frail,
 And will but half sincere ;
 When faith begins to fail—
 Oh God our Father, hear !

When in our cup of mirth
 The drop of trembling falls,
 And the frail props of earth
 Are crumbling round our walls ;
 When back we gaze with grief,
 And forward glance with fear ;
 When faileth man's relief—
 Oh God our Father, hear !

When on the verge we stand
 Of the eternal clime,
 And Death with solemn hand
 Draws back the veil of Time ;
 When flesh and spirit quake
 Before THEE to appear—
 For the Redeemer's sake,
 Oh God our Father, hear !

1830.

 INSCRIPTION,

 FOR A TOMB-STONE IN THE BURIAL-GROUND AT DRYBURGH ABBEY.

A SCOTTISH patriarch lies buried here ;
 An upright man, a Christian sincere ;
 A frugal husbandman of th' olden style,
 Who lived and died near this monastic pile.
 A stone-cast from this spot his dwelling stood ;
 His farm lay down the margin of the flood ;
 Those moss-grown abbey orchards filled his store,
 Though now scarce blooms a tree he trained of yore ;
 Amidst these ivied cloisters hived his bees ;
 Here his young children gambolled round his knees ;
 And duly here, at morn and evening's close,
 His solemn hymn of household worship rose.

His memory now hath perished from this place,
 And over many lands his venturous race
 Are scatter'd widely : some are in the grave ;
 Some still survive in Britain ; ocean's wave
 Hath wafted many to far Western woods
 Laved by Ohio's and Ontario's floods :

Another band beneath the Southern skies
Have built their homes where Caffer mountains rise,
And taught wild Mancazana's willowy vale
The simple strains of Scottish Teviotdale.

A wanderer of the race, from distant climes
Revisiting this spot, hath penned these rhymes,
And raised this stone, to guard, in hallowed trust,
His kindred's memory and great-grandsire's dust ;
Resting in hope, that at the Saviour's feet
They yet may re-unite, when Zion's pilgrims meet.

1830.

NOTES.

1.—*The elf-enchanted Hanging-Stone*,—P. 119, l. 8.

THE Hanging-Stone is a crag on the northern brow of Cheviot, impending over a rocky chasm called Hell's Hole, with which some ancient, but indistinct, popular traditions are associated.

2.—*From Bowmont's banks* ——— —P. 119, l. 25.

Beaumont or Bowmont Water is a sequestered pastoral stream in the south-eastern extremity of Roxburghshire, which, after crossing the English border, joins the river Till near Flodden Field.

The friend to whom the "Autumnal Excursion" is addressed, (that poem being originally designed as a mere rhyming epistle, without any view to publication,) is a native of the Vale of Beaumont. The author and he were born in adjoining parishes, amid the secluded glens of Cheviot, and were inseparable associates in early youth; and, though our pursuits in maturer life have been widely different, it is not the less pleasing to look back over a twenty years' friendship, which no selfish jealousy has ever disturbed, or coldness interrupted, or even long separation impaired. My old companion and valued friend will, I trust, excuse this slight expression of affectionate remembrance, and forgive me for adding that the R—— S—— of my little poem, though not the Poet Laureate of England, (as the Quarterly Review once supposed,) is a person who fears God, and loves mankind not less sincerely—namely, the Rev. Robert Story, minister of Rosencath.

3.—*To the rude verge of dark Lochskene*.—P. 119, l. 26.

Lochskene is a wild mountain lake at the head of Moffat Water, on the borders of Dumfriesshire.

4. ———— *a refuge given*
To outlaws in the cause of Heaven.—P. 119, l. 33, 34.

The persecuted covenanters, when outlawed and hunted down in the evil times of Charles II. and James II., often found a temporary refuge among the secluded moorland recesses of the Border mountains.

5.—*The despots' champion, Bloody Graham*,—P. 120, l. 16.

The celebrated James Graham, of Claverhouse, afterwards created Viscount Dundee, was a man of eminent talent and audacious enterprise; and these qualities have procured him, even in our own times, zealous eulogists, or at least very partial apologists. His real character, however, as drawn in the stern lines of truth and justice, by my old and reverend friend Dr. M'Crie, is recorded in the following passage, which, as it is only to be found in the columns of a provincial journal, the reader will probably not be displeased to have here presented to him:—

“ Claverhouse was not in Scotland at the beginning of the persecution, but he had been employed in it as the captain of an independent troop, at least two years before the affair at Drumclog. His behaviour soon recommended him to his employers. Officers not distinguished for humanity, and sufficiently disposed to execute the orders which they received with rigour, had been previously employed by the court. But the deeds of Turner, Bannatyne, Grierson of Lagg, and General Dalziel, were soon eclipsed by those of Grahame, who long continued to be known in Scotland by the name of *Bloody Claverhouse*. His actions, as recorded in the history of those times, do certainly prove that he was not undeserving of this appellation. A brief reference to some of these will assist us in judging of the character which the author has given of him. We shall not speak of the blood wantonly shed by him in the pursuit of the Covenanters after their rout at Bothwell, nor of the ravages and cruelties which he committed in Ayrshire and in Galloway during that and the succeeding year; as it may be alleged that revenge for the disgrace which he had suffered at Loudon Hill, prompted him to acts not congenial to his natural disposition. But this feeling had sufficient time to subside before 1684. During that year he had the chief command in the west of Scotland, and he employed the most disgraceful and barbarous measures to discover those that were intercommuned, and, if possible, to exterminate the whole party. He sought out and employed persons who could, with the greatest address, feign themselves to be pious men, and friendly to Presbyterians, and by this means discovered their retreats, or drew them from places where they could not be attacked by his troops. Having divided the country into districts, he caused his soldiers to drive all the inhabitants of a district, like so many cattle, to a convenient place. He then called out a certain number of them, and, while his soldiers surrounded them with charged guns, and bloody threatenings, he made them swear that they owned the Duke of York as rightful successor to the throne. If they had formerly taken the test or abjuration oath, he interrogated them if they had repented of this, and then caused them to swear anew that they would not, under pain of losing their part in heaven, repent of it for the future. If any hesitated to swear, he was taken out a few paces from the rest, his face was covered with a napkin, and the soldiers ordered to fire over his head, to terrify him into compliance. At other times he gathered together all the children of a district, from six to ten years of age, and, having drawn up a party of soldiers before them, told them to pray, as they were going to be shot. When they were sufficiently frightened, he offered them their lives, provided they answered such questions as he proposed to them concerning their fathers, and such as visited their houses. Claverhouse scrupled not to take an active part in these disgraceful scenes, so far as to fire his own pistol twice over the head of a boy of nine years of age, to induce him to discover his father.

He frequently shot those who fell into his power, though they were unarmed, without any form of trial; and when his soldiers, sometimes shocked at the wantonness of his cruelty, hesitated in obeying his orders, he executed them himself. The case of John Brown, in the parish of Muirkirk, affords an example of this kind. He was a man of excellent character, and no way obnoxious to government, except for nonconformity. On the first of May, 1684, he was at work in the fields near to his own house, when Claverhouse passed, on his way from Lismahago, with three troops of dragoons. It is probable that information of his nonconformity had been given to the Colonel, who caused him to be brought from the fields to his own door, and, after some interrogatories, ordered him to be instantly shot. Brown being allowed a few minutes to prepare for death, prayed in such an affecting strain, that none of the soldiers, profane and hardened as they were, could be prevailed upon to fire; upon which Claverhouse, irritated at the delay, shot him dead with his own hand, regardless of the tears and entreaties of the poor man's wife, who, far gone in her pregnancy, and attended by a young child, stood by. The afflicted widow could not refrain from upbraiding the murderer, and telling him that he must give an account to God for what he had done. To which the hardened and remorseless villain proudly replied, *To man I can be answerable; and as for God, I will take him into my own hand.*—The apologists of Claverhouse have been obliged to notice the fact of his becoming the executioner of his own sentences, in the exercise of military discipline; but, with their usual fertility in inventing excuses for his most glaring faults, and with their wonted ignorance of human nature, they impute such deeds of cold-blooded severity to a desire on his part to do honour to the individuals on whom the punishment was inflicted! Thus Dalrymple, after telling us that the only punishment which Claverhouse inflicted was death, and that all other punishments, in his opinion, disgraced a gentleman, states that, a young man having fled in the time of battle, he brought him to the front of the army, and, saying that 'a gentleman's son ought not to fall by the hands of a common executioner,' shot him with his own pistol. Those who recollect the case of poor Brown, who was neither a soldier nor a gentleman, will know how to treat this absurd and ridiculous allegation.

"The most hardened and irreligious persecutors do not always feel, upon reflection, that ease of mind which they affect. It is said that Claverhouse acknowledged to some of his confidential friends, that Brown's prayer often intruded on his unwelcome thoughts; and it is not improbable, that some degree of remorse at his late deed made him show an unwonted reluctance to a murder which he committed only ten days after. In one of his marauding expeditions, he seized Andrew Hislop, and carried him prisoner along with him to the house of Sir James Johnston of Wester-raw, without any design, it would appear, of putting him to death. As Hislop was taken on his lands, Wester-raw insisted on passing sentence of death on him. Claverhouse opposed this, and pressed a delay of the execution; but his host urging him, he yielded, saying, 'The blood of this poor man be upon you, Wester-raw; I am free of it.' A Highland gentleman, who was traversing the country, having come that way with a company of soldiers, Claverhouse meanly endeavoured to make him the executioner of Wester-raw's sentence; but that gentleman, having more humanity, and a higher sense of honour, drew off his men to some distance, and swore that he would fight Colonel Grahame sooner than perform such an office. Upon this, Claverhouse ordered three of his own soldiers to do it. When they were ready to fire, they desired Hislop to

draw his bonnet over his face, but he refused, telling them, that he had done nothing of which he had reason to be ashamed, and could look them in the face without fear; and holding up his Bible in one of his hands, and reminding them of the account which they had to render, he received the contents of their muskets in his body.—Say, reader, who was the *hero*, and who the *coward*, on this occasion? We have no doubt that every person of genuine feeling, and whose judgment is unwarped by prejudice, will pronounce, that this man met his death with truer and more praiseworthy courage than Claverhouse afterwards did, when he died ‘in the arms of victory,’ to use the canting language of certain historians, ‘and wiped off the stain which he had contracted by his cruelties to the Covenanters;’ a stain which no victory, however brilliant, could efface, and which all the art and labour of his most eloquent apologists, instead of covering, will only serve to bring more clearly into view.”—*Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, vol. XIV. p. 63.

6.—’*Mong Cayle’s fair cottages and towers.*—P. 122, l. 8.

The Cayla, or Cale-Water, is one of the many subsidiary branches of the river Teviot. Arising in the midst of the Cheviot mountains, it waters a pleasant pastoral valley, remote from all resorts of commerce or provincial bustle. Its name is conjectured by Chalmers, the author of *Caledonia*, to have been derived from the woody coverts which in ancient times covered its banks. *Celli*, in the British language, signifying a grove; and *Coille*, in the Gaelic, a wood.

Of the lofty woods which formerly embellished the banks of Cale-Water but scanty vestiges now remain in the upper part of its course. The landscape to a *Southron* eye would, perhaps, at first sight, appear somewhat bare: but the soft aspect of the smooth, verdant, yet lofty hills, which every where environ the dell traversed by the “wimpling stream;” the quiet seclusion of its long winding *haughs*, adorned, here and there, with a solitary ash or birch-tree, or fringed with little brakes of hawthorn, dwarf willow, broom, or wild briar; and the deep stillness, broken only at times by the plaintive bleating of the milk-white sheep scattered over the declivities of the sunny hills,—give, all combined, a character of soothing simplicity to the landscape, the touching charm of which is, perhaps, not often surpassed by scenery far more more varied and picturesque.

An old ruin, called Corbet Tower, a favourite haunt of the author in his schoolboy days, still adorns the banks of Cale-Water, a little way from the village of Morebattle. Hounam is the name of a neighbouring mountain, crowned with an ancient entrenchment.

7.—*Even he, in rustic verse, who told
Of Scotland’s champion—Wallace bold*—P. 122, l. 28.

The old Scottish minstrel, commonly called Blind Harry.

- 8.—*Of Weeping Spirit of the Glen ;
Or Dragon of dark Wormeden ;
Of Ladies doom'd by Rome's command
To sift the Church-yard mound of sand.*—P. 127, l. 29—32.

These lines refer to some of the popular superstitions and romantic legends of the Author's native district, the most interesting of which have been commemorated in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*.—See Scott's *Poetical Works* (edition of 1833), vol. III. p. 236, and vol. I. p. 193.

- 9.—*To trace the shepherd's homelier tale ;*—P. 132, l. 2.

Old John Turnbull, the person alluded to—(for many years my father's shepherd, as his father had been shepherd to my grandfather)—was one of the worthiest, and, in his humble sphere, one of the most generous-hearted men, I ever knew. To the most reverential piety, he also united a rich vein of genuine humour and drollery, combined with a native delicacy of feeling, and regulated by a propriety of demeanour, that might do honour to any station. My old friend, however, was not without some of the hereditary prejudices of his rank and nation. One of his characteristic traits was, a determined detestation of the "Southron" of ancient times, and a sovereign contempt for those of the present ; and he always spoke of the Parliamentary Union as the "ruination of Scotland."

*And though (if bodings be not vain)
Far oiter roamings yet remain,
In climes where, 'mid the unwonted vales,
No early friend the wanderer hails,*—P. 134, l. 15—18.

At the time these lines were written, in 1811, the Author entertained some thoughts of going abroad, perhaps permanently ; but he had not the slightest anticipation of the circumstances which, eight years afterwards, induced him to emigrate with his relatives to South Africa, and so singularly realized the "bodings" he thus expressed.

*And she, her vengeful bow to please,
Strung his bow with captive bees ;*—P. 139, l. 15, 16.

Camdeo, the Hindoo Cupid, is represented as a beautiful youth, bearing a bow of sugar-cane, with a *string of bees*, and five arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a pungent quality.

———— *good Sir William's race*—P. 137, l. 5.

Sir William Bennet, of Grubet, was the early patron of the poets Thomson and Allan Ramsay. It was at his seat on Cale-Water, a branch of the Teviot, that Thomson is said to have written several of his juvenile pieces ; and there is still a tra-

dition current in the vicinity, that the impressive description, in his "Winter," of a man perishing in the snows, was suggested by an affecting incident of this sort which occurred at Wideopen, a neighbouring farm, during one of the poet's Christmas visits. Grubet is now a mere pastoral hamlet. The last of Sir William's descendants was "gathered to his place," as the country people quaintly but touchingly express it, about seventy years ago.

Old Madge the Spaewife,— —P. 187, l. 15.

Madge the Spaewife is not a sketch from fancy but from real life; although I have, in some respects, blended the features of two different gipsies of this name and vocation, who were personally known to me in early youth. The younger of these may possibly be still alive; the elder was Madge Gordon, a grand-daughter, I believe, of the famous Jean Gordon (the now acknowledged prototype of Meg Merrilies), and who, in my schoolboy days, was accounted a sort of queen among the gipsies of Yetholm.

Marvels by Art and Nature jointly wrought—

*And every stone instinct with teeming thought:—*P. 193, l. 7, 8.

"The ancient town of Spoleto is situated on the side and summit of a hill. It is well known that Hannibal attacked this town immediately after the defeat of the Romans at Thrasimenes; and the inhabitants still glory in having repulsed the Carthaginian general, flushed as he was with conquest, and certain of success. An ancient gate commemorates this event, so honourable to the people of Spoleto, in an inscription on the great arch. . . . Some vast masses of stone, forming the piers of a bridge, the ruins of a theatre, and of a temple said to be dedicated to Concord, as being Roman, deserve a passing look. The Cathedral, in a commanding situation, presents a front of five Gothic arches, supported by Grecian columns, and within consists of a Latin cross, with a double range of pillars. The order is Corinthian. The two side altars are uncommonly beautiful. Two vast candelabra, near the high altar, deserve attention. . . . The view from the terrace of the Cathedral is very extensive and beautiful. Near it, a very fine fountain of an elegant form pours out, though near the summit of a high hill, a torrent of the purest water. . . .

"The castle is a monument of barbarous antiquity, built by Theodoric, destroyed during the Gothic war, and repaired by Narses, the rival and successor of Belisarius. It is a vast stone building, surrounded by a stone rampart, standing on a high hill that overlooks the town. . . . Behind the Castle, a celebrated aqueduct, supported by arches of an astonishing elevation, runs across a deep dell, and, by a bridge, unites the town with the noble hill that rises behind it, called Monte Luco. This latter is covered with evergreen oaks, and adorned by the white cells of a tribe of hermits, established on its shaded sides. . . . The aqueduct is Roman, but said to have been repaired by the Goths."—*Eustace*.

This romantic town and its monumental environs have been particularly mentioned also by Forsyth, La Lande, and other travellers in Italy, to whom the reader may

refer. The following slight but interesting notice is extracted from the MS. note-book of my accomplished friend, Mr. Rogers the poet:—"Spoleto, with its walls and turrets, soon appeared on the mountain side. . . . The gate of Hannibal. . . . The gigantic aqueduct crossing a deep and unfathomable chasm. . . . Saw it by moonlight; and its vastness and entireness, connecting us at once with some mighty and unknown people, affected me deeply."

For famine in our land are dying!—P. 199, l. 21.

These lines were written in September, 1828, when the Spanish and Italian refugees in England were reduced to extreme destitution; and they were adapted to a picture in "Friendship's Offering," and published there with the view of aiding, however humbly, the appeal then made in England for pecuniary support to them.

THE END.

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